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BEAUTY CAN BE A BORE

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 19, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1939

Cover Design
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Articles

Eat, Drink and Be Merry :
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Decoration by *J. Nicolson*
4–5 and 100

Rockets to the Moon :
by *Walter Shepherd*
10–11 and 70

Old Tales Re-told :
The Christmas Adventures of Carlo Goldoni. Written and illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.*
21–24 and 70

"Gold Bullets" Win Wars :
by *Christopher Howse* 25 and 97

Taglioni : Another Maid of Perth :
by *Harry J. Greenwall* 28–29 and 80

All in the Downs :
by *C. Fox Smith*
Decorations by *C. Walter Hodges* 40–41 and 87

Home Section

She's Growing up in the War : 26–27

Christmas Medley : 34-35

"I Like to Think of You All Having a Good Time" : 42-43

Health :
Aimlessness
by *Chrysis* 44

Keeping Christmas: 45-48

Stories

Standing Orders :
by *Baynard Kendrick*
Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 6–9 and 74

Carelessness :
by *Arthur Mills*
Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 12–15 and 72

Broken Wings :
by *J. H. Stafford*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 16–19 and 89

Green Brocade :
by *Lady Troubridge*
Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 30–33 and 77

Unfinished Symphony :
By *Marguerite Steen*
Illustrated by *Clive Upton* 36–39 and 82

Home Section

Beauty :
Freshness
by *Chrysis* 49

Fashions :
by *Jean Burnup* 50–51

Knitting Pages : 52-53 and 96

A Word of 4 letters :
by *Winifred Lewis* 54–55

Food to Make You Forget :
by *Harriet Muir* 56–57 and 104

Economy Alphabetically : 58

Christmas by Post : 60 and 67

Mary Young's Guide to a Pleasanter Life (even now) : 62

Confidently Recommended : 64

General

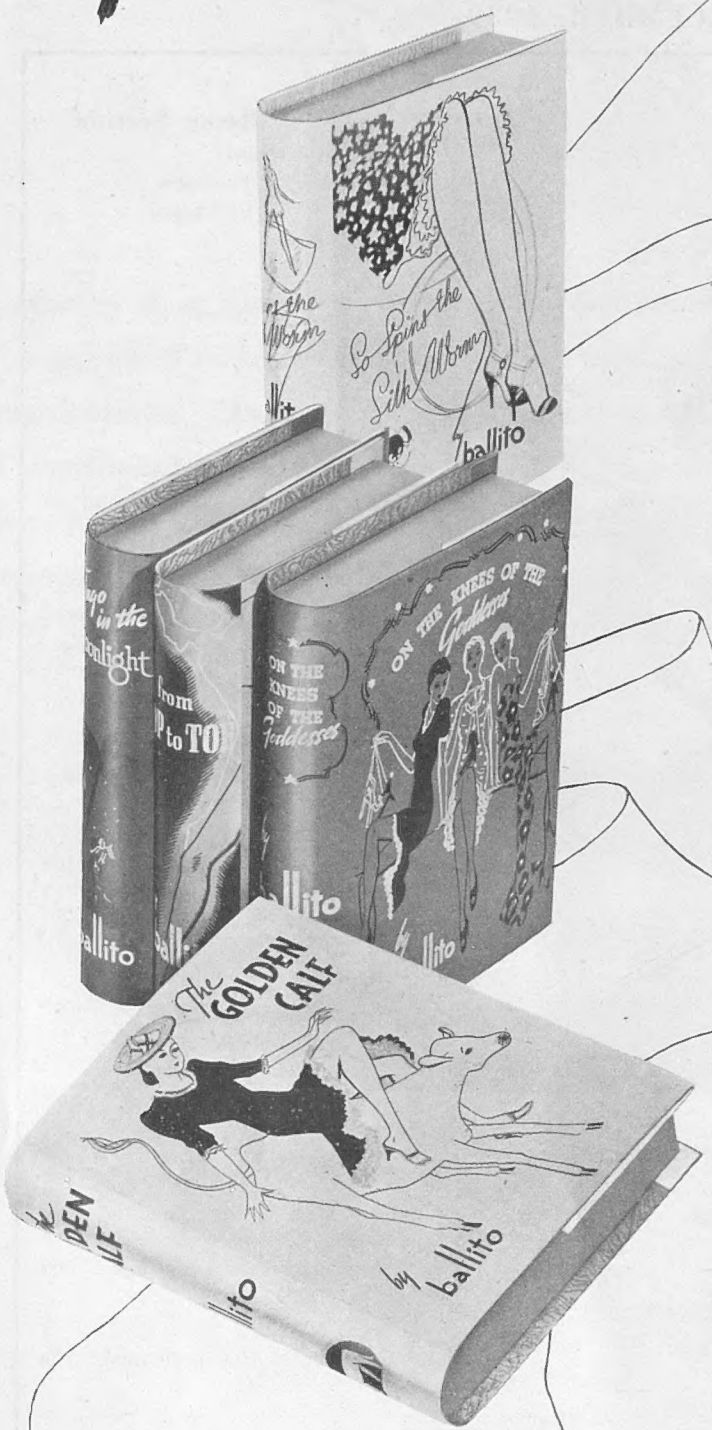
What About Motoring Now? :
by *Alan Hess* 69

Books :
Reviewed by *Alan Seymour* 20 and 67

The Story of Christmas : 3

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 104. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Give-and Give Gaily!



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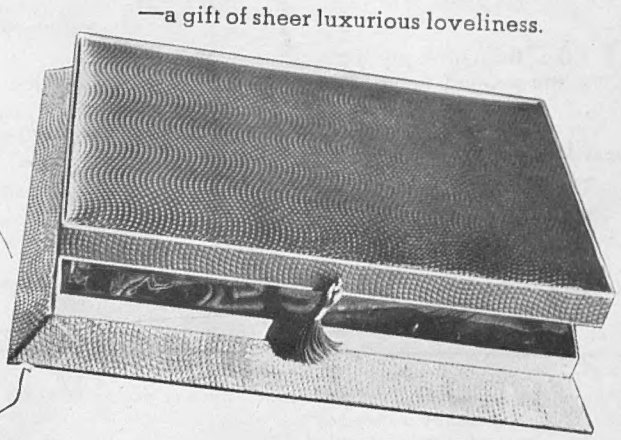

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The Story of Christmas

FROM ocean to ocean the festivity of Christmas is observed. Yes, even in Germany, whence comes the custom of the stiff, frostily green, gift-hung pine tree, and in pagan Russia, whose patron saint is St. Nicholas, otherwise Santa Klaus, white-whiskered, red-robed against the cold, driving the bell-tinkling reindeer, who draw his sled full of toys. But who made Christmas?

Nobody knows. The birth of Jesus was not celebrated annually even by His disciples in His lifetime; nor by His followers for long years after His death. Many nations, hot country and cold country tribes, and many persons, kings and priests and painters and poets, have contributed something to the feast of feasts, and the customs and the ceremonials, grave and gay, which distinguish it in our world and time.

In Anglo-Saxon England they made Christmas also New Year's Day. It seemed to them apt to begin their new rotation of the season on the day that Christ was born. But was Christ born on Christmas Day, as the modern calendar records it? Many authorities think not. Christian countries in medieval times put the birth of Christ in March, and began a new year on March 25. But the exigencies of the Gregorian calendar—and ancient custom—at last made the twenty-fifth day of December universally accepted as Christmas.

The MAN, born in a stable in the dusty little shepherd-haunted town of Bethlehem, nearly 2,000 years ago, gave mankind the outstanding day of the whole year. But the Holy Land know no carols and no mistletoe bough, no chiming bells, and neither turkey, nor plum-pudding, nor mince pies. Men who lived before Jesus, men more ancient than the Vikings and the Pharaohs, probably originated the annual feast and celebration, which at last was absorbed by and lost in Christ's Mass.

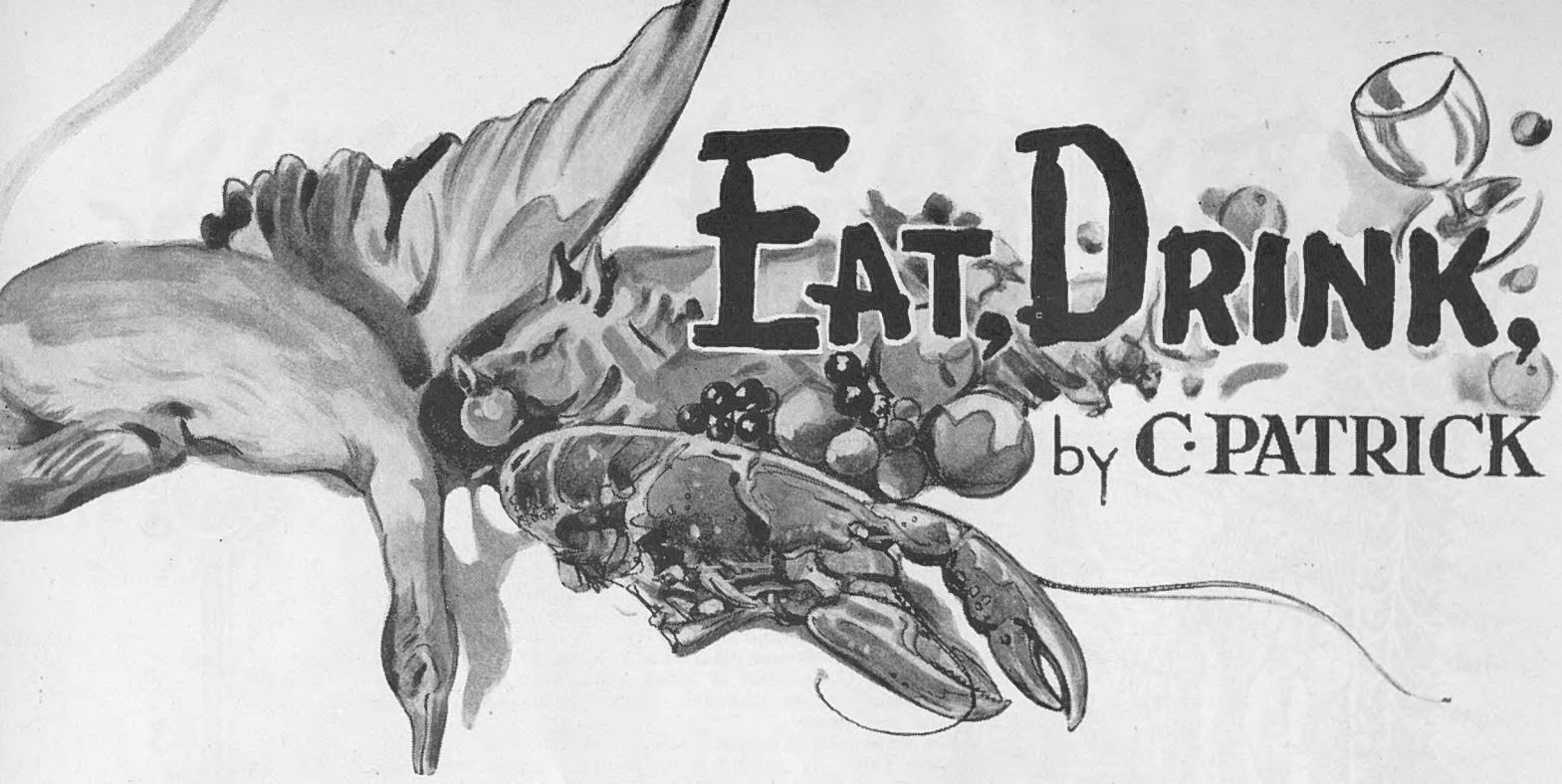
THERE is now more of the Northlands than of the Southlands in the Yuletide rituals. The mistletoe comes to us out of the old Teutonic mythology. But when you kiss under the white berries and cleft green leaves of the mistletoe, you go back beyond Balder, god of light and beauty, whom the mistletoe slew; for that legend, in its turn, was borrowed from an earlier myth entwined around the lives and loves and deaths of earlier gods of cold central Asia; and you may be quite sure that the shrub which symbolises at Christmas time happiness, safety, and good fortune, brought laughter and joy to the child-hearts of festive young men and women in the youth of the world.

Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, beamed on children three centuries after Christ, and gave them gifts on Christ's day. His example was followed in Russia, then becoming Christianised; it was excellent propaganda among the young, and their parents. Nicholas was adopted as the patron saint of Russia. Saint Nicholas, the benign bishop, became Santa Klaus. His reindeer and sled enchanted the children of warmer lands.

Victoria's German consort, Prince Albert, brought the Christmas tree to this island, a century ago. The first Christmas party to be adorned by a gift-hung fir tree was held in Windsor Castle. The Christmas tip to postmen and the rest originates in the church and mansion boxes into which one dropped small coins for servants, beggars, and the poor; the boxes being opened, and the contents distributed, at Christmas. We can blame the English singing watchmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for the carol-singing "waits"; although most of the carols come from northern Europe—the favourite *Good King Wenceslaus* carol, incidentally, commemorating, not Christmas, but Saint Stephen, first of the Christian martyrs, whose feast falls on December 26.

And our mental image of the birth of Christ? The famous laconic paragraph in the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke inspired no pictorial record until fifteen hundred years had elapsed. Then the painters, Bicci and David, Mantega and Giovanni, made pictures in bright oil colours on immense canvases; and the birth scene in the Bethlehem stable was planted in the human mind by way of the eye.

They made our picture for us between three and five centuries ago; and it has never been changed since.



EAT, DRINK,

by C. PATRICK

THIS Christmas I had planned to have sucking-pig—sucking-pig stuffed with garlic, sage, parsley and its own giblets. The roast piglet was to be dashed with white wine before serving. With it, a Château Mouton Rothschild, '29, of which I have five magnums left of an original dozen—a smooth, full claret, fine but not sensational.

I have never had sucking-pig, which, I am told, is a most succulent dish, superior even to baby lamb; and baby lamb comes close to being the tenderest and tastiest meat man has found in his ardent search for foods to tempt his palate, fuel his machine, and renew his tissues. A French gourmet—the difference between a totalitarian and a democrat is not greater than that between a gourmet and a glutton—who made his fortune in Romanoff Russia, but whose chief pride lies in the Scots blood infused into him by an ancestor who arrived with Marlborough, and stayed—gave me the recipe, and promised to send over the piglet.

At the time, we tucked into the *poulet rôti à la broche*, with a bottle of the Anjou, *propriété de la maison*, at the Auberge du Père Louis, round the corner from the Rond Point. It was April in Paris, but we had jumped ahead to Christmas, because I recalled that the first time I tasted chicken done on the spit over a wood fire was in a cellar back of Maroc, shortly before the Loos affair in 1915; and the Great War linked me up to my Christmas dinner in a very important way.

I RECALL only four Christmas dinners in the eighteen years of my life prior to 1914. And they were all the same. Twice there was a turkey and plum pudding, blue-flaming; and twice there was chicken and plum pudding, not blue-flaming. The latter two dinners were eaten at midday—I was young. But these were not red-letter days in my life. I date my first real Christmas dinner twenty-four years ago.

This unique and unforgettable dinner consisted of two slices of bully beef, a raw onion, a hard biscuit the size and consistency of a dog biscuit (three potatoes between two, and they were small ones, and sprouting), half a tin of jam said to be blackberry and apple, and a couple of litres of *vin ordinaire*, one white and the other red, mixed in a tin mug. A Lyonnaise gunner had taught me the latter tricks. He said these wines of the north country were too rough for his palate, but by blending the sweet *vin blanc* with the sour *vin rouge* one got a tolerable drink which was neither one thing nor the other, but was at least wine of the grape.

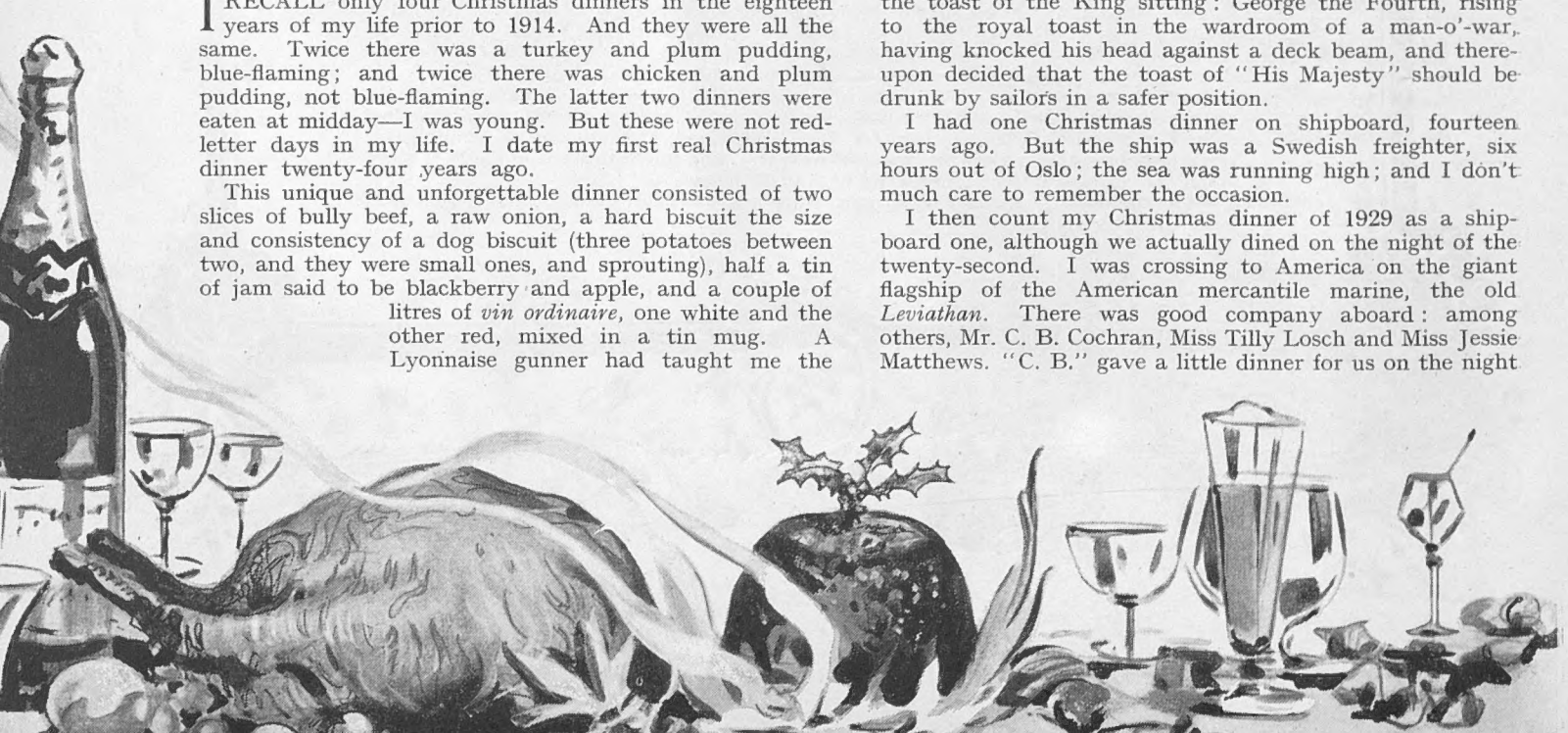
My companion and I had been without food for twenty-seven hours; and I have never forgotten the pleasure that food gave me, and the warm and rapturous contentment that followed it. I was more acutely aware of being alive, and of the goodness of living, than I ever remember being before. I have often tried to recapture the sensation since. But these rapturous experiences only happen about once in a lifetime. I have gone without food for twenty-four hours on a number of occasions since; but the second time is never the same. It is like that with love.

I made a vow, sitting on a duck-board in a blown-in trench, that if I ever got out of this war I would pay particular attention to my dinner on Christmas Day for evermore, instead of taking it for granted—turkey and plum pudding, mince pies and nuts. And I have done it, wherever I happened to be—and I have found myself in this little island in the North Atlantic on only seven Christmases in the last twenty-two.

WELL, this year it does not look as though I will be dining on sucking-pig. According to present tentative plans, I shall—Hitler permitting—eat my 1939 Christmas dinner aboard a warship. I have always been curious to dine aboard a warship ever since I learnt that they drink the toast of the King sitting: George the Fourth, rising to the royal toast in the wardroom of a man-o'-war, having knocked his head against a deck beam, and thereupon decided that the toast of "His Majesty" should be drunk by sailors in a safer position.

I had one Christmas dinner on shipboard, fourteen years ago. But the ship was a Swedish freighter, six hours out of Oslo; the sea was running high; and I don't much care to remember the occasion.

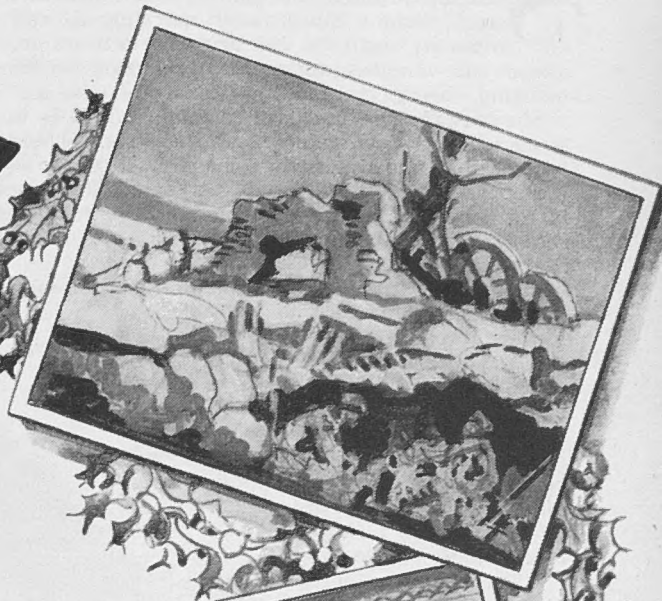
I then count my Christmas dinner of 1929 as a shipboard one, although we actually dined on the night of the twenty-second. I was crossing to America on the giant flagship of the American mercantile marine, the old *Leviathan*. There was good company aboard: among others, Mr. C. B. Cochran, Miss Tilly Losch and Miss Jessie Matthews. "C. B." gave a little dinner for us on the night



AND BE MERRY

THOMPSON

Christmas dinners—magnificent, mediocre and peculiar, eaten in many countries by the Author



of the twenty-second. It was a full Christmas feast, with caviare, turtle soup, lobster Americaine, roast Vermont turkey, Christmas punch, plum pudding with brandy sauce, and crackers. We went right through, didn't miss a thing.

Tilly Losch—she has been Lady Carnarvon since last August—was feeling a little lost. It was her first crossing. A new adventure. "C. B." reassured her. A dancer should not stay in one capital too long. She had been in London several years. Time to move on. New York would do her good. London would miss her. That was the way to keep the public interest. She would return with added prestige. Jessie Matthews, listening in to his intimate aside, made us laugh by interjecting: "Remind Cocky of that when you come back and talk money and contracts again!"

Around midnight, much enlivened, I took a few turns around the enormously long promenade deck, chilled off, landed with a temperature, and spent Christmas Day in bed at the Ritz-Carlton with a bowl of bread and milk.

But on the whole that was a happier Christmas than the one I had in New York two years earlier. A writer and his pretty wife, lately back from a Japanese trip, insisted on lunching me at the Miyako on West 58th. We had *suimono*, a soup into which seaweeds and other things go, *kaba-yaki*, because I wanted eel done with Japanese "tare" sauce, *chawab-mushi*, chicken with bamboo shoots, fish timbul, shrimps and mushrooms, and *kuchitori*, an assorted dish of cold sweets. Sweet hot wine went with it.

Then I looked in with them on a cocktail party, went on to another cocktail party, looked in at a speakeasy, then bathed and dressed, and went out to dine in formal company at Pierre's, where the host, a distinguished editor, personally replenished our glasses from bottles under the table.

The bottles held whisky and champagne, all the *maître* had been able to get for him. This was prohibition, of course, but New York enforcement was so lax that at the speakeasy aforesaid my companion invited a mounted cop to come in and have one, and the cop did, leaving his well-trained horse standing right there, motionless at the portal, with his forefeet on the kerbstone, in the best English tradition of the faithful dog waiting for master outside the pub. At Pierre's we danced.

Sometime after ten I looked in (*Continued on page* 100)

Standing

SOUND roared dully up from the streets of Vienna, beating through the tightly closed windows of Judy's small room. Since early morning it had grown in intensity until its cadence was unbearable. She had closed the windows against it, preferring stuffiness to the mocking cheers, the blaring bands, and the roll of wheels.

She was twenty, and still remembered shots in the Ringstrasse below, frightening her as a child. There were men lying still on the street when she climbed up to look, and her father pulled her away. That was years before—ten, twelve—it was hard to say exactly how many. To-day there had been shots, too—cannon booming out salutes, killing no one, but shattering the heart of a city.

It was growing dark. Through the thin muslin curtains Judy could see the flash of rockets staining the sky—a welcome of fire to the invaders who were making Vienna their own. She drew the heavier curtains to hide the sight, stood for a moment in the darkness, then switched on a small pink lamp on the table. Under its shaded glow, the worn furniture looked newer, more comfortable.

"Loyal citizens of the blood, a nation is never a nation until those of common interests are combined. Only as one——"

Colour flooded into Judy's face, touching the roots of her blonde curly hair. The voice on the radio was commanding and cold. As temper seized her, she resisted a desire to dash the tiny set to the floor. Instead, she turned it off as she might touch something which would soil her slender fingers.

The clock struck seven. Judy crossed the room and tried the phone again, listening for the tenth time to the long interminable rings which brought no answer from the other end.

"*Bitte!*" she said dully to the reporting operator. "I'll try again later."

"Later——" She repeated the word when the phone was back on its stand. The smell of the frugal meal too long on the stove was already strong. Her father's slippers were mutely waiting. His great curved pipe was on the rack beside his easy chair. The fine paper of his manuscript rustled in her hand as she straightened its pages. One of the words was blurred. She touched it with the tip of a handkerchief and smiled. He'd chide her gently for that careless tear.

Somewhere on a sundial she had once read the words: "It's later than you think!"

She was due at the Café Strobel at nine to dance in the first show. More than ever, with Vienna in a holiday mood, she must be there on the hour. The streets were so crowded that progress was slow, and a taxi was out of the question.

WATER trickled slowly into the bath. For an instant before she found bodily comfort in its lukewarm depths, she stood regarding her slim perfection in the glass. Her glance was more questioning than admiring. She was beautiful, that she knew. Herr Strobel never looked twice at a dancer who was without beauty. Never before had she thanked God that she was blonde.

Her inexpensive evening gown of black was smoothed into place and she was busy fluffing her hair when she heard the scratching at the door. Soft and imperative, it lighted the fear which had smouldered in her all day. Holding the hairbrush motionless in her hand, she watched the door in the mirror.

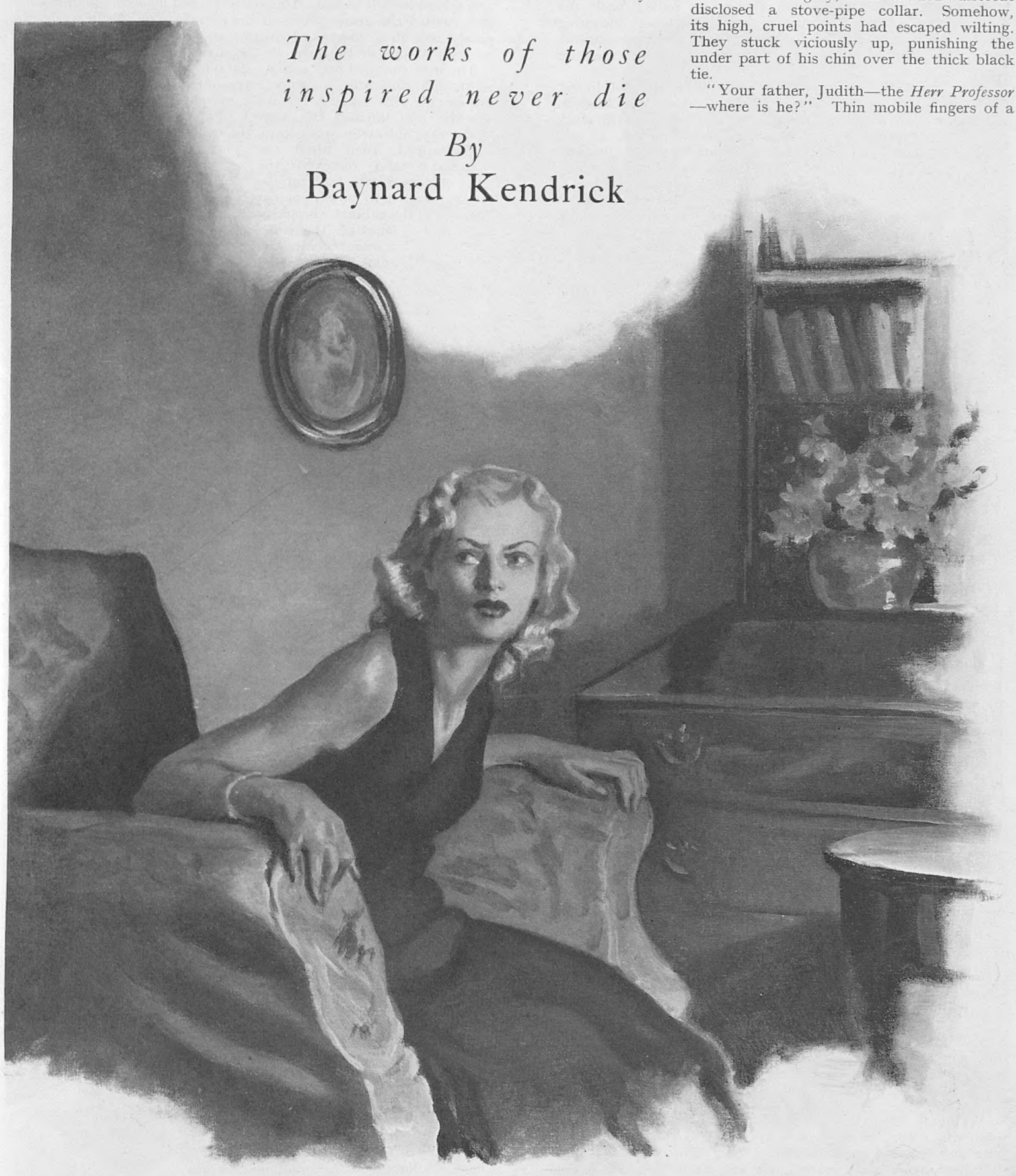
Her father always entered without knocking. Even had he

A CLINK of metal arrested her attention as the dark-eyed youth, left on guard, brought his gun up sharply to his side

Orders

The works of those inspired never die

By
Baynard Kendrick



been delayed by the crowds, he would have phoned. There were nights when he worked late at the laboratory on Waringerstrasse, but he never forgot to call. She pictured him entering, opening the door behind her and stepping in, his sombre face lighted with a smile, his shoulders slightly stooped from a tiring day.

"Bless you, dear!" His greeting never varied before he kissed her. After the kiss came the ceremony. The bag with two of her favourite chocolates from the Kohl-Markt shop was presented with a dignity befitting gifts to a queen.

Judy placed the hair-brush on the table and tiptoed to the door. It was foolish to fear a summons so furtive. She wasn't afraid—not for herself, at any rate. She was filled with dread. That was it. Dread for a message which any courier might bring. Without asking: "Who's there?" she turned the knob and flung the door wide.

"*Herr Doktor!*" White lipped, she drew back to rest against the edge of the table.

The little man stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. He wore a long-tailed coat which made him appear unnaturally small. The V of his grey, black-braided waistcoat disclosed a stove-pipe collar. Somehow, its high, cruel points had escaped wilting. They stuck viciously up, punishing the under part of his chin over the thick black tie.

"Your father, Judith—the *Herr Professor*—where is he?" Thin mobile fingers of a

surgeon plucked at his small goatee. "I'm followed, child. Speak quickly! I must know."

"*Herr Doktor!*" Unbelievingly she held out both her hands. "He's at the laboratory. He's been there all day—with you!"

"*Gott in Himmel!*" He took two quick steps forward and seized her arm. "He hasn't been here since morning?"

"*Nein, Herr Doktor.*" Judy shook her head. "How could he be? He seldom leaves the laboratory before five." She straightened up, watching his face, following his searching eyes, "He's hurt—tell me—I'll call the police. They must know—must help!"

"There are no police, child," he said slowly and placed one hand over the phone. "Look!"

He flicked off the lamp on the table, pulled back the curtains and pushed the window high. Endlessly, gleaming fitfully under the street light, and casting nervous shadows from the flicker of neon signs, serried ranks moved steadily below.

After a glance she drew back into the room. "I know, *Herr Doktor*; I'm no longer a child. But this is Austria. My father is an Austrian—a noted man, a scholar. His work of years lies there on the table almost completed. It will change all this, show the world the fruitlessness of conquest and war. Am I to believe, *Herr Doktor*, that Professor Max Lutzker is denied the protection of the Viennese police?"

The little doctor closed the window, pulled the curtains together, and waited until the table lamp was shining again. When he spoke, Judy saw the mistiness of his eyes and the tremor of his lips. "None of us can get protection from an institution which is dead. The police of Vienna cannot protect your father, child; they no longer exist. Out of your window you have just watched Austria's funeral. My laboratory, my work, and my career died to-day with my country. God give me strength, and I will soon follow!"

Illustrated by

W. Smithson-Broadhead

A DOOR banged on the floor below. Judy's face was transfigured at the sound. "Quick, *Herr Doktor*!" she commanded. "You must go. There are stairs at the back to a door in the rear. And take this, please!" She grabbed a small portable typewriter from a table in the corner and thrust it into his hands. "Throw it away, *Herr Doktor*! Get rid of it—anything—it mustn't be seen. There may be a chance to save his work so this can never happen again!"

She ran into the tiny kitchen and pulled open a cupboard drawer. Nearly a ream of white paper lay before her, covered with her neat, methodical typing—a copy made day by day of her father's pains-taking script which lay on the table in the other room.

Desperately, she removed it from the drawer and looked around. She could hear the clump of heavy boots on the floor below walking towards the stairs. Her light feet made no sound as she crossed the sitting-room and bolted the door once more. When she returned to the kitchen, she was carrying the case for her portable typewriter, carelessly overlooked in the shadows on the floor.

She thrust the typed manuscript inside, clicked the leather tip shut, and turned to the kitchen window. An awning was down outside, and a guy rope fastened it to the window-sill against the lift of the wind. She ran the guy rope through the handle of the typewriter case, tied it securely, and hoisted the awning high. By the time she was finished, someone was knocking on the sitting-room door.

Judy took her time. She lighted a cigarette, put a record on the ancient gramophone, and started it playing. At the sound of the music, the knocking increased. When it reached a stage of violence, she opened the door.

At first, she saw only her father. He was hatless, and the wisp of grey hair which was never in place hung damply over his forehead. There were men with him—three of them, but they formed a background for Max Lutzker. The sameness of their dress blended them into an entity, and for many seconds they were unimportant as a firing squad escorting a single prisoner to his death. Rifle butts thudded lightly to the floor as two of the men took post guarding the door.

Her father addressed the third: "*Herr Oberleutnant*, this is the girl. Her name is Judith Freystadt." His speech came with difficulty, and his lips moved but slightly. "We live here together—unmarried, yes, but happily. Is that such a crime?"

Watching her father's lips, Judy battled with a physical pain which threatened to turn to tears. His sensitive mouth was swollen and marred with a tiny drop of blood. She breathed deeply and waited, for she knew the look in his eyes. He expected something from her—courage and understanding. He had looked at her in such a fashion when her mother died.

The officer seemed not to hear. He was a pudgy man with very white skin. Judy felt that a probing finger might leave a depression in his cheek, and fought a desire to try it. She had a similar impulse whenever she was near rising dough. He came closer to her, picked the small lamp from the table and let the light fall on her hair.

"Fräulein Freystadt, from your name you are Prussian, *nicht wahr*? To-day, your people have come to free you for ever—from this." He set the lamp down and swung his arm in a slow gesture designating the room. Judy backed until the edge of the mantelpiece pressed into her shoulders, and forced herself to nod. The officer turned his expressionless face toward the gramophone in the corner. The lilting waltz record rose in a passage of dreams and love. "Stop that!" he ordered one of the men by the door.

The man snapped into action, moving with a quick stiffness as though motivated by some force outside his own control. He set his rifle against the wall, marched to the offending machine and touched the control. The strains of the waltz died away, hideously losing key. He waited until the recording had stopped, then lifted the sound-arm and removed the disk, holding it with both hands. As he raised it to smash against the side of the cabinet, the pasty face of the *oberleutnant* became circular with surprise.

"*Nein!*" he commanded throatily, and emphatically repeated, "*Nein!*"

"But, *Herr Oberleutnant*, you ordered the music——"

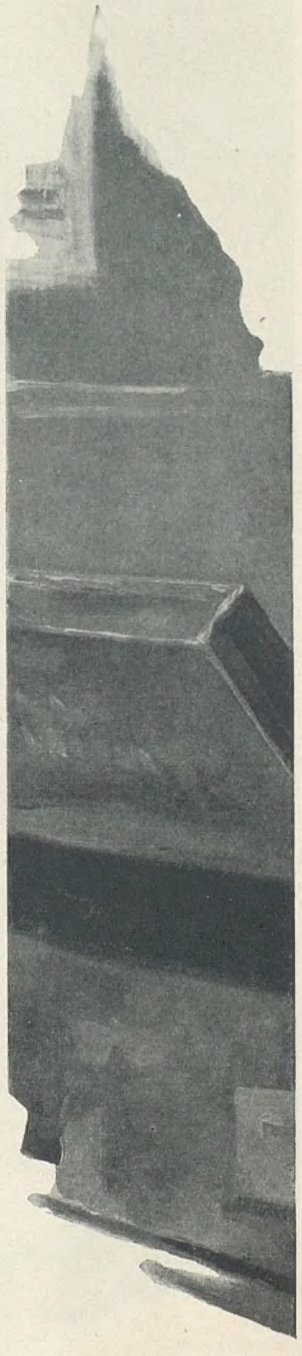
"Stopped," said the officer. "Not broken!" He straightened himself, tugging his close-fitting tunic down at the sides, and began to talk. Words came out of him with a kind of ordered fervour, in the way some ignorant statesman might read a speech which he failed to comprehend.

She listened quietly, holding herself as still as stone.

"We have standing orders from the High Command. The German people read what they want to read, hear what music they want to hear, worship as they wish to worship, and live united as they wish to live. We have come to Austria to save it, not destroy it. All its books will be preserved, its science will be preserved, its people who are German in heritage will be preserved, and its music will also be preserved."

"But never played!" said Max Lutzker. "You will preserve it. *Ja!* To prove to the outside world how fair you are. You erred in Germany when you destroyed those things the outside world had come to reverence. And now, *Herr Oberleutnant*, you have standing orders not to err again. The books of Austria, the music of Austria, and the soul of Austria will be preserved. I think, *Herr Oberleutnant*, that mummified would be a better word!"

The officer's face grew mottled as Judy's father spoke, but he made no move to interrupt. The *Herr Professor* was holding the rifle which the trooper by the gramophone had leaned against the wall. He turned towards his daughter, and his dark, kindly face was lighted with a madness



which was quite controlled, almost divine.

"You have been kind to an old man who loves you, *gnadiges Fräulein,*" he said softly. "Thank God that the non-Aryan poison which runs in his veins has not polluted you. My memory will soon be forgotten. Your tenderness will live beyond the grave. *Auf wiedersehen!*"

With the rifle held tautly before him, he backed into the adjoining room and closed the door. Far in the sky above Vienna, a rocket burst with a roar and showered down stars. It covered the report of the trooper's rifle, but not the sound of Professor Max Lutzker's body falling to the floor.

The officer strode to the door, pushed it wide and looked into the other room. He closed the door again and returned to the table. Judy's shoulders were still against the edge of the mantelpiece. She was startled that she could watch the man so impersonally, anticipate every move he made. He fitted into a pattern, moving about like a poor actor in a badly-directed play, boring her with a series of obvious clichés.

With the point of his cane, he rifled the pages of her father's close-written script. He pushed the stick farther between them, flipped part of them over on the table, leaned closer, and began to read.

For the first time, Judy noticed the trooper who was stlll standing guard by the door to the hall. He was in the shadow. The depth and blackness of his eyes made his face look white—not unhealthily white, like the *Oberleutnant,* but pale. The numeral "7" glinted on each of his shoulder straps. He stood immobile, his rifle slanted out before him, but his hand was not steady. The rifle was swaying slowly from side to side.

The officer turned from the manuscript to Judy. "Did you love this man, *Fräulein*—this Lutzker?" (*Continued on page* 74)

BEHIND the curtains at the rear of the bandstand, a man in a musician's uniform was busily packing musical scores into a large oblong metal box. He looked up, saw Judy watching him and said: "Your dancing made an impression on the High Command, Fräulein. Accept my congratulations!"

Rockets to

TEN summers ago Max Valier, a young German engineer, was blown twenty feet into the air by a rocket explosion and killed. He was the first victim of the new experimental science of big-scale "rocketry."

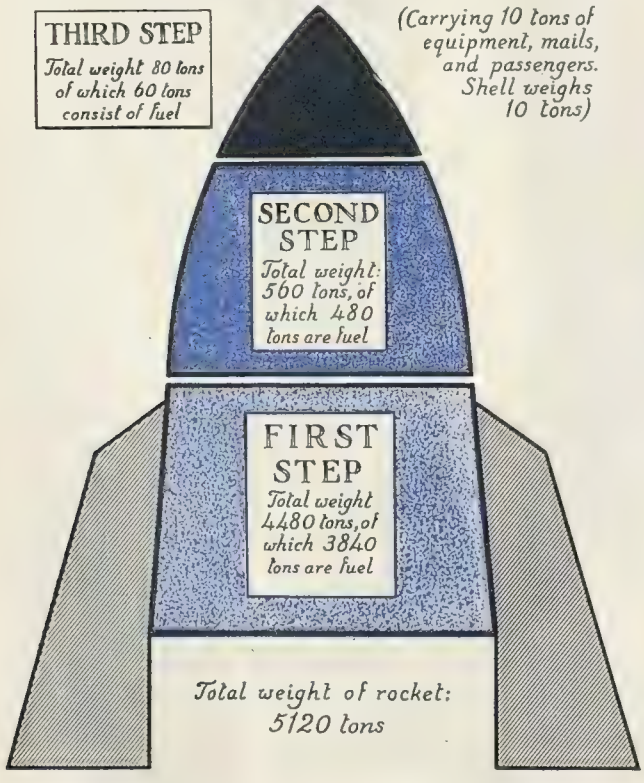
That very autumn (1930) the world's first rocket flying-field, the Rakatenflugplatz, was established within five miles of Berlin, and a full-time staff of six engineers and scientists began to tackle the problems of rocket propulsion in earnest. Their programme was ambitious and the Government was interested.

They hoped to devise rockets capable of delivering mails across the Channel, and looked far ahead to flights from Berlin to New York—and then to the moon! The idea of reaching the moon in a rocket was suggested as long ago as 1640, by Cyrano de Bergerac, but we know now that gunpowder does not release sufficient energy to lift its own weight free of the earth's gravity, and an intensive search for new explosives has been undertaken.

Novelists, from Jules Verne to H. G. Wells, have toyed with the idea of firing off a "space rocket" from an enormous gun, but the astronomers have calculated that a muzzle-velocity exceeding 6.664 miles per second—or 24,000 m.p.h. —would have to be attained before the projectile could escape the earth. This is more than six times the muzzle-velocity of the shells of "Big Bertha," which were fired to a height of twenty-four miles during the war of 1914-1918.

A MISSILE projected at five miles per second would adopt a closed orbit round the earth, like the moon, while at anything less than this speed it would simply fall to the ground again. In any case, it would be impossible to send human beings to the moon in that way, for their bodies would not stand the strain of the explosive start. It has been found that, if the gun were fifty feet long, a muzzle-velocity of 100 feet per second would be the utmost that a strong man could endure, and this would impose strains on all his organs equivalent to four times their weight.

One could travel away from the earth much more gently in a sky rocket, for any rocket which will leave the ground at all is capable of continuing as long as its fuel lasts. In 1907 the French engineer, Esnault-Pelterie, completed an exhaustive survey of the possibilities of rocket machines, and in 1919 Dr. Goddard showed that they would operate with perfect


THIRD STEP
Total weight 80 tons of which 60 tons consist of fuel
(Carrying 10 tons of equipment, mails, and passengers. Shell weighs 10 tons)
SECOND STEP
Total weight: 560 tons, of which 480 tons are fuel
FIRST STEP
Total weight 4480 tons, of which 3840 tons are fuel
Total weight of rocket: 5120 tons

Professor Hermann Oberth's design for a three-step rocket which would be capable of transporting a load of ten tons to the moon

An artist's conception of the latest type of revolving "space rocket" in flight. The hexagonal batteries of rockets are cast off as they become exhausted

efficiency in the vacuum of empty space. Propulsive power in space would be needed for controlling the machine but not for the actual journey, for once free of the earth's gravity any projectile would travel on in a straight line of its own accord.

The Germans, French and Americans have been the pioneers in modern rocket design, and for the past twenty years various money grants have been made in these countries to assist their researches. There are "Interplanetary" or "Astronautic" societies in all these countries, and in England, and countless "ground" experiments have already been made.

In 1928 Max Valier drove a sledge over the ice of Lake Starnberg, Germany, at 235 m.p.h. by means of a battery of rockets, and in 1929 Fritz von Opel flew a rocket-driven aeroplane one and a quarter miles at Frankfort.

By 1930, Dr. Paul Heylandt had perfected a rocket motor developing six horse power for every one pound of its weight, the fuel being liquid oxygen, alcohol and water. This is

the Moon

To project a missile to the Moon has been the aim of many inventors. In this article the author describes the experiments that have been made by scientists during the past twenty years to achieve this object

By Walter Shepherd

Above are shown the paths of missiles fired at: (a) three miles per second, or less; (b) five miles per second; (c) seven miles per second

twelve times as efficient as the best petrol engine, and the old dream of Atlantic rockets travelling through the stratosphere at a thousand miles per hour began to look like coming true.

In 1929 Dr. Goddard, supported by the Smithsonian Institute, fired a liquid fuel rocket nine feet long at Worcester, U.S.A. It was guided by a steel tower for the first forty feet, but though it only achieved a short flight it got Dr. Goddard a donation of £20,000 from the late Daniel Guggenheim. This rocket carried delicate instruments and landed them safely by parachute, and the experiment opened the eyes of meteorologists to a new possibility in stratosphere sounding.

Dr. Goddard made use of his money to establish a rocket research station at Roswell, New Mexico, and his board of advisers includes Dr. C. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Institute, Dr. Adams, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, Dr. Millikan, and Colonel Lindbergh.

IN 1931 a small liquid-air rocket rose 1,000 feet at Dessau, Germany, and made a safe landing by parachute, and this was followed by Karl Poggensee's instrument-carrying rocket which reached 1,500 feet near Berlin. In the same year, at Osnabrück, Tiling fired five large dry-fuel rockets which rose at 700 m.p.h. to a height of 6,000 feet, though dry fuel is not as economical (in the mechanical sense) as liquid fuel.

One of the successful liquid-air and petrol rockets made at the Rakatenflugplatz is illustrated here, but even these powerful machines have been shown to possess only one quarter the energy necessary to carry them away from the earth.

Professor Hermann Oberth has, in theory, overcome this primary difficulty by his development of the "step rocket." and he has planned a gigantic machine composed of three sections, or "steps," which would be capable of transporting a load of ten tons to the moon. The section in the stern of the machine—the first step—would contain 3,840 tons of fuel, and it would impart a speed of two and a half miles per second to the whole. This section would then be automatically detached and a second battery of rockets would raise the speed of the lightened machine to five miles per second. The third step would bring this up to seven and a half miles per second, thus passing the critical speed beyond which no further power would be needed.

If the space travellers desired to retain their third step for getting back to earth again, it would be necessary to add a preliminary section weighing 36,000 tons! The resulting space ship would then equal the *Aquitania* in weight, and, according to David Lasser, President of the American Interplanetary Society, it might well cost £20,000,000 to build.

UNLESS more efficient fuels than any at present known to science are discovered, there seems to be no way of cutting down the size of the practicable space ship, and even when new fuels do turn up they generally have a way of bringing unforeseen snags with them. For instance, the use of liquid oxygen and alcohol necessitated the invention of two new metal alloys—one for containing the fuel and one for withstanding the terrific heat of the combustion.

The temperature of liquid oxygen is *minus* 182 degrees C., and at such low temperatures ordinary metals become extremely brittle. Professor Oberth found a suitable material in an alloy of copper and zinc, but discovered that copper and lead would be necessary for containing liquid hydrogen—at *minus* 253 degrees C.—under any useful pressure.

The temperature generated in the combustion chamber of the small liquid-air rocket at Berlin was as high as 2,800 degrees C., which is 1,450 degrees above the melting point of steel. Research led to the adoption of a steel casing, with cooling flanges, and a lining of fire-proof cement, but the "life" of the combustion chamber was very short.

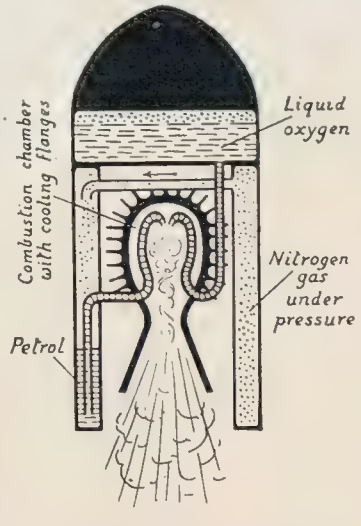


Diagram of the "Minimum Rocket" built at the rocket flying-field Rakatenflugplatz, near Berlin

The rare metal, beryllium, may have a future in rocket design, for though lighter than aluminium it is harder than steel and stands heat well. The melting point of beryllium is 1,278 degrees C., and it may be possible to raise this higher still by the addition of the metal molybdenum, which has a melting point of 2,550 degrees C.

Liquid oxygen and hydrogen form the most powerful fuel so far generally known, but it would be interesting to hear of the latest advances made at the Rakatenflugplatz for it is likely that any new discoveries of military value would be kept secret. Rumours of new explosives have certainly leaked out from *somewhere* in Germany, and the (*Continued on page 70*)

Just as cowardice in battle is punishable by death, so in Secret Service work there is one Unpardonable Crime—

CARELESSNESS

By Arthur Mills

Zilla realised that the man standing in front of her had been the subject of more talk and speculation among the residents of Pyehampton than any one had caused for the last twenty years

AS she walked along the train looking for the Pyehampton coach, Zilla noticed a man standing by a trolley laden with luggage. He was about thirty-five, hatless, and wearing a blue flannel suit. She knew he was watching her out of the corner of his eye as she passed, but as she was a strikingly pretty girl, constantly photographed for advertisements, this did not surprise her. What gripped her attention was the name she saw on a label on his baggage. The letters were in bold printed handwriting.

MAJOR P. H. FERNEY, R.E.,
PYEHAMPTON MANOR,
PYEHAMPTON.

She continued a little way down the platform, then walked back again and took another look at the owner of the baggage. He was clean shaven, rather brown, nice looking. His face had a slightly set look, as if he had recently been through a period of anxiety. The thing that fascinated Zilla was that she realised the man standing in front of her had been the subject of more talk and speculation in Pyehampton than any one had caused for the last twenty years.

About twelve months previously it had become known in the district that Pyehampton Manor had been bought by an agent on behalf of a Major Ferney. The house dated back to days when Pyehampton consisted of a little old grey stone church, a few cottages, and the manor. It was a house of beauty and charm with an ancient lawn and cedar trees, surrounded by a magnificent yew hedge. An underground passage was said to lead to the foot of the cliff, but did not in fact exist. All that there was of this nature was a primitive and now defunct drain. For several generations the house had been owned by a Hampshire family that had become first impoverished and then extinct. A Bournemouth caterer was the next owner. Then, without warning, the house had been sold again. Every one in Pyehampton had gone round saying they hoped someone nice was coming to live in the old place.

While speculation about the new owner continued, builders had arrived, and a work of vandalism, that had shocked every resident in Pyehampton, began.

THE first thing the builders did was to cut down the yew hedge and start to build a granite wall. At first people had supposed the wall would be four to five feet high, such as may be found round many houses by the sea. They were disillusioned; the wall rose steadily—six feet, eight feet, ten feet, twelve feet. It became just like a wall round a prison. To complete the job, bits of broken glass were inserted in cement along the top. The house was still not burglar proof for, with the aid of a ladder and a sack stuffed with straw, the wall could easily be scaled; such an attempt could not be made without being seen from the windows by day, and by night arc lamps were specially installed at the corners. Massive double oak doors, wide enough to permit a car to pass, had been let into the wall. In short, the old house had been altered in a most fantastic manner and it was rumoured in Pyehampton that a madman was coming to live in it.

Wondering if the pleasant-faced young man in the blue suit was mad, Zilla examined his baggage. He had a tennis racket, golf clubs, two suit cases and a trunk. She decided to find out all she could about him on the journey; there was only one Pyehampton coach on the train, so they were likely to travel in the same carriage.

A few moments later a porter came along, picked up the tennis racket and golf clubs, and put them on the rack of the compartment in front of which she was standing, and in which she had already put her own suit case. She climbed in, sat down in a corner, and opened a paper. The new owner of Pyehampton Manor took his place just before the train started. No one else got into the carriage; she had him to herself for two hours.

As the train drew out of London, Zilla peeped round the corner of her paper; her companion was lolling back with his legs stretched out; a paper lay unopened across his knees; he carried a pipe, which he had let go out, in his hand, and showed every sign of preparing to go to sleep.

She allowed him to doze, watching him and wondering. Why had he built that ridiculous wall? He was certainly not mad; he had too nice a face to be a criminal; a recluse would not travel with golf clubs and a tennis racket. What was his job? The well-shaped forehead indicated mental power; the tanned skin an outdoor life; she had seen that his eyes were grey; he had the mouth of a man with a sense of humour. He must have money for the old manor house had been up for sale at four thousand pounds. Did he intend to live there? Or only come down occasionally? Did he know what a dull place Pyehampton was? Did he realise the residents were prejudiced against him before he arrived?

She had put down her paper and was studying him when he opened his eyes and looked straight across at her. She knew he had caught her looking at him.

He yawned gently and sat up. "How long will it take us to get to Pyehampton?" he asked, speaking in the easy manner of a person beginning a conversation which he is sure will be welcomed.

"About another hour and a half," Zilla said.

The young man knocked out his pipe. "My family used to own a house at Pyehampton; they sold it and I've just bought it back. Perhaps you know the place—Pyehampton Manor?"

"I thought some people called Gantle used to live there," Zilla said, remembering the name on the label.

"That is right; my mother was a Miss Gantle."

"It has been altered since your family's time," Zilla said.

Ferney looked out of the window, little lines showed between his eyes. "The wall you mean? Does it look very odd?"

"It does rather; people have not much to talk about in Pyehampton and every one is wondering why you have built it?"

Ferney turned and looked at her, he was smiling. "Have a cigarette?" He offered his case.

His manner made clear that the subject of the wall was closed. The grotesque structure was a scar on the seafront, which the residents of Pyehampton were justified in resenting; as a resident herself, Zilla did not see why he should be allowed to sit there offering nothing in the way of explanation.

"We are not very pleased about your wall," she said.

"Who are 'we' and what is it you don't like?" He spoke good humouredly.

"It spoils the look of the place."

"That is what my mother used to say every time someone put up a new house on the seafront. I believe Pyehampton was rather a pretty place when she was a child, though the development has been a very good thing for me; the land was not worth anything till people started to build. Do you live there?"

"I go down to my people at weekends; I am at Russells."

"Where is that?"

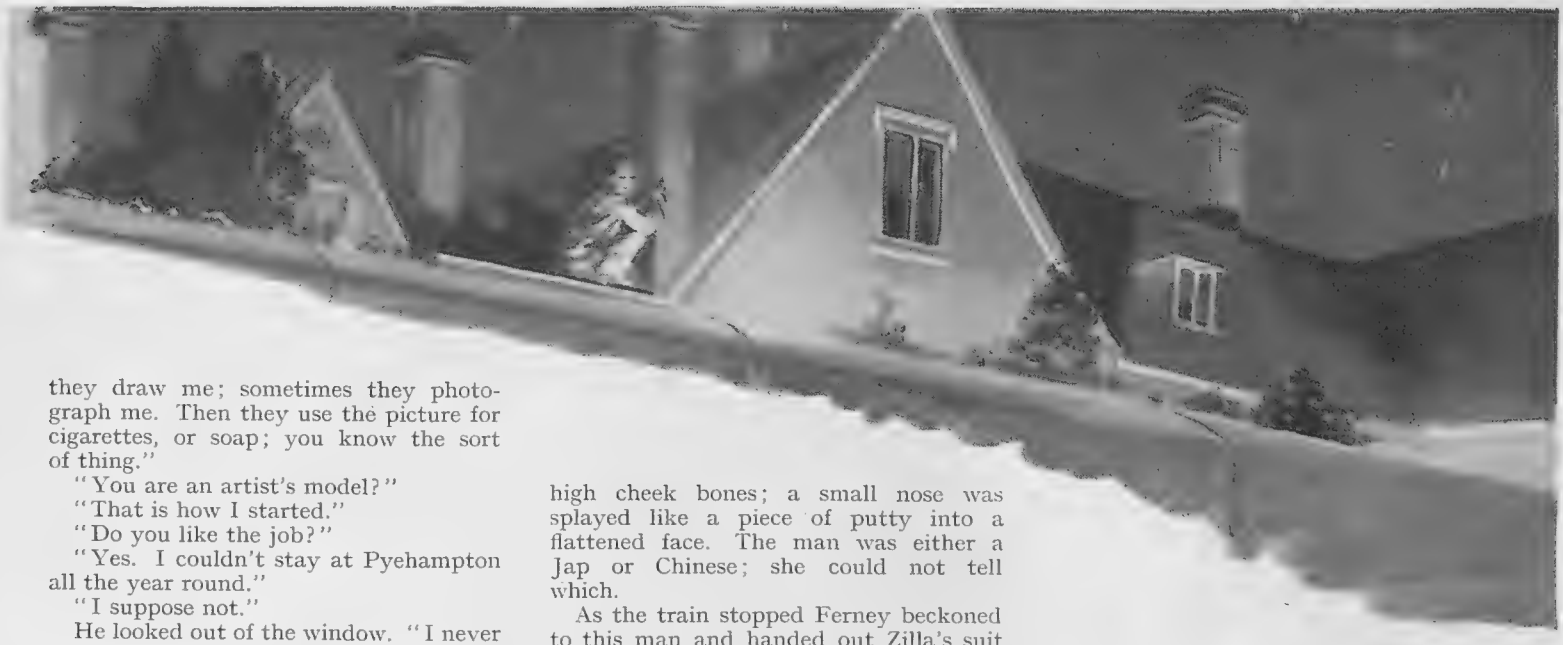
"It is an advertising agency in Regent Street."

"Do you write out advertisements?"

"No, I sit for them."

"Sit for them!"

Zilla laughed. "I'm a model; sometimes



they draw me; sometimes they photograph me. Then they use the picture for cigarettes, or soap; you know the sort of thing."

"You are an artist's model?"

"That is how I started."

"Do you like the job?"

"Yes. I couldn't stay at Pyehampton all the year round."

"I suppose not."

He looked out of the window. "I never noticed when they took off the Pyehampton part of the train. That shows the journey has gone quickly. Here we are." He stood up, took Zilla's suit case from the rack, then fetched down his own things. "Anybody meeting you?"

"Dad will be there with the car I expect."

"Otherwise I can give you a lift. I sent my chauffeur down with the car yesterday."

"There is dad," Zilla said. A tall, strongly built man with bright blue eyes, like her own, was standing on the platform.

"There is my fellow behind him," Ferney said.

Zilla saw a man in grey uniform near her father. Ferney's chauffeur was rather odd looking. Two little black button eyes were set above high cheek bones; a small nose was splayed like a piece of putty into a flattened face. The man was either a Jap or Chinese; she could not tell which.

As the train stopped Ferney beckoned to this man and handed out Zilla's suit case. "Take this to the lady's car first Ling, then come back for my things."

While the man took the suit case Zilla made introductions. "Dad, this is Major Ferney, who owns Pyehampton Manor."

The old merchant service captain shot a sailor's glance over Ferney as he held out his hand. "You came out to Hong Kong just before I left," he said.

"I went out three years ago," Ferney said.

Captain Maule nodded. "I did not place the name at first, but seeing your Chinese chauffeur, has brought it back to me."

"Ling is a wonderful fellow," Ferney said. "Ling," he called to the chauffeur who had come back on the platform. "These things here are mine," he pointed to the kit on the ground; "and there is a trunk in the van." Ferney turned to Zilla. "Shall I see you bathing later?"

"I'm going down after tea," Zilla answered. She put her arm through her father's. "Come on, dad—hurry; I want to wash away the smell of the office."

Outside the station she saw a white car, with a racing bonnet, standing next to the family Morris.

"That's your friend's car," Captain Maule said, "nice one, if you don't mind the price. I daresay he doesn't. I heard to-day what it cost to build that wall. Guess how much?"

"Five hundred pounds?"

"Three thousand; every block of it is granite."

Zilla was astounded. "Would it have been cheaper if they had used bricks?"

"Much, but not so solid; you can bore a hole through bricks. Did he talk about the wall?"

"I asked him why he built it."

"What did he say?"

"He said it was people like us who had spoilt Pyehampton, by putting houses up everywhere; he said it politely, but that was what he meant. Dad, did you say you knew him in China?"

"I remember his coming out; he was rather an unusual type; spoke Chinese, both Mandarin and the Canton dialect; very few British Army officers can do that."

"He had R.E. on his luggage label."

"I don't think he did any work with the Royal Engineers; he was in the Intelligence Department. I know, because the captain of one of our ships had to take him up to Amoy. He was shown on the books as the representative of an American oil company."

Zilla sat thoughtful for a minute. "Would that explain the wall?" she asked.

"How?"

"He may be doing some secret work in England and not want anybody to know about it."

"You may be right," Captain Maule said. "Here we are." He drew up in front of their villa.

In the gateway Zilla paused. Ling was working his victim over the grass towards the steps leading down to the sea

SIR WALTER BLACKET sat at his desk in London considering an office file marked "SECRET." The top document on this file recorded that Major P. H. Ferney, British I.O. Hong Kong, had applied for and been granted six months' leave. Another file lay in a tray. This file was labelled :

"MOST SECRET"
The W. F. Organisation."

In front of Sir Walter, Major P. H. Ferney sat in an easy chair, which appeared to be padded with tin tacks.

Sir Walter's pale, skull-like face was unmoved, his deep set blue eyes expressionless, his voice quiet, as he asked : "How did you happen to be carrying the names of the Wu-Fi organisation in your pocket when you went to the Shanghai Club?"

"I intended to make contact with our agents in the morning, sir."

"But you had the paper on your person the evening before?"

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

"Yes, sir; I thought it safer to carry it than leave it at the hotel."

"You went on from the Shanghai Club to a cabaret with a friend?"

"Yes, sir."

"You drank some champagne, I daresay, in addition to what you had had at the club?"

"Yes, sir."

"And while you were at the cabaret your pocket was picked?"

Ferney nodded and looked at the ground.

Sir Walter consulted the file in the tray. "The result of this was that three Chinese members of the Wu-Fi organisation working in ports under Japanese control, are now dead."

Ferney kept his head down.

The Intelligence Chief massaged his hollow cheeks. "When you were seconded to work for us, Major Ferney, I impressed upon you that you would be given a corps of agents whose lives would be literally in your hands. I also told you that the British Secret Service owes its strength to its reputation for never betraying the men that work for it. I told you one other thing. . . ." Sir Walter sat back, sinking his chin in his collar, looking really venomous. "I told you that, just as cowardice in battle is punishable by death, so in Secret Service work there is one unpardonable crime—*carelessness!* Have you anything to say?"

Major Ferney had nothing to say. He was out on his ear and he knew it.

The interview with the official of the British Intelligence Service took place on the morning of the day he travelled down to Pyehampton in the same carriage with Zilla Maule.

A good deal had happened before this. Three attempts had been made upon the major's life in China. He knew why. The attempts, spread over a period of weeks, dated from the time when the members of the Wu-Fi organisation, betrayed through his carelessness, had been arrested and executed by the Japanese. Able as he was to talk the Chinese language, living as he had done among the Chinese people, Major Ferney's knowledge of the character of the ancient race was considerable. In war they were unreliable; in business their word was good. Espionage, liberally rewarded, came under the category of business. The Wu-Fi organisation, which he had taken over when he was appointed British Intelligence officer in the Far East, was a smooth working machine, with agents skilfully placed at vital points along the coast, whose information was effective and reliable.

It was a great pity he had had two or three drinks in the Shanghai Club and allowed his pocket to be picked. To discredit the British, the Japanese spread a report that the list of names of the (*Continued on page* 72)

Ferney took a key from his pocket and unlocked a small door in the great oak gate

BROKEN WINGS

IT did not need a psycho-analyst to trace Don Martin's trouble.

It began in the early sunshine of a dawn patrol on the Western Front on the twentieth of April, 1918. Don had just celebrated his twentieth birthday by adding another victory to his score, an event that was marred by the loss of two of his newest pilots.

He was a flight commander in a Sopwith "Camel" squadron at the time and was the probable choice for squadron leader. It was a time when honour and glory lay like a golden dawn before a pilot, and death sat behind. Promotions were rapid and decorations plentiful and many brilliant youngsters shot their way to prominence, carrying all before them to the grave.

Don's silver "Camel" with its emblem of crossed swords painted on the fuselage had become almost as familiar as the all-red triplane of Richthofen. His amazing skill in the air, combined with a deadly accuracy of fire, had carried him to the forefront of British fighter pilots, and this at a time when the air still echoed the name of Albert Ball; and Bishop, Barker, McCudden and Mick Mannock were proving for all time the quality of British blood.

There was nothing about Don Martin that indicated the fearless, ruthless fighter that he undoubtedly was. He carried his honours with almost careless indifference. Far from being aggressive, he was by nature retiring and somewhat sensitive. As each new victory was added to his long score, and coloured ribbons crept along his breast, he would accept the noisy congratulations of his colleagues with an almost boyish embarrassment.

It was difficult to realise that this boy with the easy manner, the mischievous blue eyes, and pleasant half-smile was none other than Captain Don Martin, whose breathtaking exploits and fearless daring had staggered war veterans both sides of the line.

In April, 1918, he was at the height of his fame. His name slashed across the Western Front in a blaze of glory. The sight of his silver machine streaking across the sky was sufficient to send a whole flight of Germans scuttling back to the safety of their 'drome. Few men would dare to accept his challenge to single combat, for as yet no man had ever survived it.

And then it happened; and Don Martin, air ace, mightiest single-seater fighter in his sector lost something of infinitely greater value to a fighter pilot than his life. He lost his nerve.

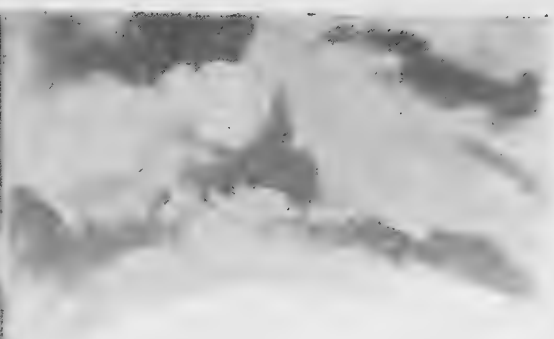
As he pulled on his flying kit in their Nisson hut that morning Don glanced at the two empty beds of the men who had "failed to return" the previous day. Both new chaps fresh from the training schools in England, and each of them with less than ten hours solo flying in their logs, they had been easy prey for the Richthofen Circus.

Already the two had been replaced from the pool. That was how the game went on. An endless stream of boys flowing in, each filled with a noble, reckless courage; eager to blood their guns and cover their breasts with honours, and most of them passing straight through into the mud of eternity with a burst of bullets in the back before they had time to find their wings.

As his sheepskin boots clap-clapped along the duck-boards towards the canvas hangars before which the five machines of the flight were ticking over, he mentally arranged the order of the formation.

A CHILLY wind was blowing from the east as they took off, Don leading, and the other four machines spread out behind him in "Vic" formation. At twelve thousand feet they crossed the lines and while he kept a wary eye on the horizon he pointed out to his two new pilots the various landmarks below.

Three miles over the lines he turned north. He disliked flying into the face of the sun and had no wish to meet enemy formations with two inexperienced



A cold wind tore the words from him and hurled them about until they were distorted and meaningless. Then she heard: suddenly, clearly, words that seemed to pass straight through her like an icy blast, "Can anybody fly?"

A fighter pilot lost that which he valued more than his life, his nerve; but the woman who loved him showed him the way to recover it

By J. H. Stafford

men behind him. He felt more confident now. In the event of trouble these two need only put their noses down and race away keeping the sun behind them. There was less chance of them losing their bearings as so many new pilots did.

Far below a German "Rumpler" crawled along almost parallel with them. For a while he toyed with the idea of swooping down on it but he hesitated to break his formation, besides which, it looked much too innocent. Quite possibly a trap, he decided. It was unusual for a photographic machine to be out so early and even more unusual for it to be cruising about alone. The more he thought about it the more firmly convinced he became that the simple-looking "Rumpler" was nothing more than a tempting bait.

He decided to leave it. At that moment a dark shape flashed by beneath his starboard wings. In one brief glance Don recognised it as one of his flight. Pausing just long enough to order the rest of the flight back home, he put down his nose and went screaming after the new man cursing him for his folly and the unpardonable breach of squadron discipline.

It was just as Don had expected. As they neared the German machine it suddenly put up its tail and fled eastwards. Before Don could overtake his new man and head him off a massed formation of enemy machines swept out from behind a cloudbank and converged on their victim. For a few ghastly seconds Don watched the Englishman's frantic efforts to escape that deadly onslaught. Then he was in the middle of it.

THOSE who have never witnessed an aerial dog fight can have little idea of the incredible speed and ferocity, the lightning darts and amazing manœuvres that occur during such a combat where death is instantaneous, and a man in the prime of life one moment is a corpse hurtling to destruction the next; where the shadow of death sits beside all, grimly taking toll.

How many enemy machines went down before Don's guns that morning will never be known. After his new pilot went spinning down out of control he turned on the German formation with the merciless fury of a trapped animal, and for a while, despite the tremendous odds, he even carried the fight to them. But despite his reckless courage and amazing skill there could be only one end to such a battle. Hemmed in on all sides by his foes, fired on from every angle, it was not long before most of his control wires were shot away, his struts smashed to splinters and his wings ripped and torn.

His right shoulder was smashed by a bullet from behind, his left arm hung limp and useless, yet he contrived with a superhuman effort to hold the wreck of his machine under control. A burst of incendiary bullets through his tank finished it. A belch of sinister black smoke spewed from the cowling of the gallant little "Camel" and was followed a moment later by a sheet of liquid flame that licked rapidly along the fuselage. Then he was screaming down to earth, a mass of living flame. Desperately he

struggled to drag himself from the blazing cockpit, for, like many others, he preferred to jump to a sudden death than to be slowly burned alive. But even this was denied him. Dazed and weak from his wounds he found himself utterly incapable of freeing himself.

Instinctively he knew that he had flown his last patrol, fought his last aerial battle. Mercifully he was unconscious when his machine, an unrecognisable mass of flaming wreckage, crashed behind his own lines. What mental tortures he suffered during that last terrifying plunge when, maddened with pain, helpless with his wounds, he struggled to avoid the flames that licked greedily around him no one will ever know.

The machine struck a small hummock of earth, somersaulted twenty feet into the air, and landed in a gigantic, water-filled shell hole. Undoubtedly it was this fact that saved his life.

Willing hands dragged him from the tangled mass. Men hardened by months of trench warfare, old hands familiar with the sight of torn and still quivering flesh, stared in horror at that smashed and broken, yet still living human cinder that had been their monarch of the air.

LONG after the Armistice was signed and the world had ceased to wonder at the futility of it all Don Martin was still a patient in a military hospital. Science had healed his injuries, but neither science nor will power could heal the gaping wound in his soul, for even time cannot cure a shattered nerve.

He was not a nervous wreck for except for aircraft there was little that he feared, but even the distant drone of an aeroplane would cause him to pause in his conversation, while the blood would slowly drain from his face, and into his eyes would creep the shadow of a deep and unconquerable fear.

After his discharge from hospital he buried himself in a cottage in the heart of Devon determined to crowd his terrible experience out of his memory in the busy life of a small farm. Where, he thought, could man find greater peace, more enduring contentment, than in the open fields. The man who grew one single cabbage, he told himself, did more for humanity than the man who made a thousand guns. This was life as God meant it to be. He loved the good warm earth even as he had once loved the spacious freedom of the skies above it.

For years he lived peacefully and quietly in the humble security of his small farm until repeated losses drove him out into the world of activity to seek employment. He had no regrets for his losses, they were small things. The long hours in the open air, the daily contact with mother earth, and, above all, the entire absence of aerial activity had given him back some of the spirit of his youth.

But deep within him that uncontrollable dread of the air persisted. He had become accustomed to it now. He no longer treated it as a temporary aversion due to shock that would one day wear off. It had become a part of him, as permanent and inseparable as that tangle of scars on his right shoulder. It was as though that last awful plunge had burnt out something in his character, and in its place was a grim, dark vacancy that only death would fill.

At thirty-eight Don met and married Anne Rhodes and between these two there developed a depth of understanding that is given to few people. Her soft voice and gentle manner matched her rather grave grey eyes and brought to Don a sense of deep and infinite peace. Her quiet confidence and unshakable faith were the unseen rails upon which he travelled from supervisor in a London coffee importer's office to general manager of the firm's plantation in Costa Rica.

And it was there that Don Martin fought his greatest battle of the skies; a battle more bitter, more terrifying than any he had fought in France. It was a battle as old and primitive as man himself and is new to-day; it was the struggle of a man with his fate for the possession of his own soul.

Those first two years in Costa Rica were the happiest Don ever spent in his life. The clear, clean air of the hills, the semi-tropical sunshine, the trade winds heavy with the soul of the Pacific penetrated the cloak of reserve that years of seclusion had created and stirred some forgotten spirit of adventurous youth.

One afternoon as they leaned against a boulder after a stiff climb and stared out over the valley at the sprawling mass of San José two thousand feet beneath them, Anne had turned to him suddenly to speak. Instantly he had relaxed, but not before she had noted a strange light in his eyes, a light of conquest; the poised, tensed attitude of him, almost like a bird about to take to the air. She had sensed him instinctively gauging height, distance, wind velocity.

For a long moment their eyes met then she turned again to the valley.

"Don, it's too wonderful." Her voice was slow and soft. "Somehow it makes me feel that I'm standing on the outside of the world, on the edge of it. I want to fling up my arms and spring into space. I almost feel I could float away—right away over there where that dark patch is. Don't you sometimes envy a bird its freedom, Don?"

He did not answer her, instead his brows knitted in a worried frown, as though he were struggling inwardly with some vital problem the answer to which confused and eluded him.

So it was still there, as dark and formidable as ever. That faint flicker of hope that had shown in his eyes was a mere dream of the past. Impulsively she turned to him. "Sorry, old chap." Her hand rested lightly on his arm. "All this," her hand swept the length of the valley from Cartago to San José and on to the misty, mysterious peak of Irazu Volcano, "it overwhelmed me, made me forget those—those broken wings."

It was the first time in their three years of married life that any reference had been made by either to that tragedy of his youth. When, as occasionally happened, the world of aeronautics invaded their privacy she had sought to shield him with a deep and sympathetic understanding.

It was shortly after the second anniversary of Don's appointment on the plantation that the cable arrived from London headquarters that was to change their whole lives. In itself it was a perfectly simple message, merely requesting Don to report personally to an American buyer in Panama with a view

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

For one awful moment Anne felt the floor slipping from beneath her. Then she was clutching him, holding him fast

to concluding the terms of a contract that the firm had long sought.

It was only later that complications arose, when the American buyer cabled Don explaining that he would be leaving Panama earlier than expected, and suggesting that Don should fly down to Cristobal on the eastern end of the Panama Canal where the business could be concluded in time for him to catch the ship to New Orleans.

Anne was lying in a cane chair on the veranda staring dreamily across the valley when Don came back with this message. The worried expression on his face immediately brought her to a sitting position.

"What is it, Don? Is something wrong?" Despite her concern her voice was cool and level.

He pulled up a chair and sank into it a trifle wearily, she thought, before he replied: "Barton's contract. He's leaving Cristobal to-morrow at midday for the States. Insists on the matter being settled before he leaves."

"Cristobal? That's Panama Canal Zone, isn't it?"

"Yes." He paused before continuing: "I rang the National Tourist Board, but there aren't any ships due out of Puerto Limon for the Panama for another three days."

"I see." She was thoughtful a moment. "Did you try Community House, you know, the United Fruit Company's place?"

"Yes. They suggested exactly the same as Barton did."

"By air?"

"Yes."

"And there is no other way of getting down there in time?" Anne asked.

"Not by midday to-morrow. Almost everybody travels by Pan-American or Enta Air Line. It would take four hours to get to Puerto Limon by rail so that even if a ship was sailing right away it would still take too long."

"Mm, I see," Anne murmured. For a little while they both sat silent staring across the valley, Anne with the index finger of her right hand pressed into her cheek, and Don with both hands deep in his pockets and his mouth drawn into a set, determined line.

At last Anne turned to him as though she had arrived at a definite solution. "Don," she said, "suppose I went down to Cristobal by air, alone, I mean. I could settle this thing easily enough."

HE turned to her slowly and his expression of incredulous amazement gradually changed to a gentle smile. His hand dropped on her arm. "Why, my dear," he said, "I would be dead with sheer terror before you had taken off. No, Anne," and there crept into his voice a soft determination, "anything but that. Why I'd rather——"

"Rather what, Don?"

"I think I'd rather lose the contract."

"And your position?"

Without the slightest hesitation he answered: "Yes, I'd rather lose that, too, than know that you were in the air."

"Right. That settles that point then," Anne said. "What's the next suggestion, then?"

He did not answer her question, instead he countered with another: "You like this place, Anne?"

"Yes, I love it." Her voice had a suppressed intensity as though she was speaking with her heart more than her tongue. "I love the sunshine, the eternal spring, the smell of coffee blossom at night, the colours on the hills in the morning. Oh, all of it. I love every minute," she paused and added with a simple, childlike sincerity: "but most of all—well, I love just being with you."

Her grey eyes met his in a frank stare as though in that last sentence she had thrown open her heart to him and confessed one of her inmost secrets.

"That settles it then." He waited a moment before continuing: "I'll go down by air in the morning."

Despite the quiet, level tones she sensed something of the terrific struggle that had been going on in his mind. A sense of selfishness brought a quick flood of colour to her cheeks. She was tempted to apologise, to persuade him against his decision, but all she actually said was: "But, Don!" (*Continued on page* 89)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Alan Seymour

The Book of the Month

"Wide Canvas," an Autobiography by Bruce Bairnsfather (John Long, 10s. 6d.).

FROM a purely illustrative standpoint, the two highlights of the last war undoubtedly were Kitchener and Bruce Bairnsfather.

The former was primarily for overseas consumption, but the latter was no less popular in the vicarage at Little Landenham.

Bairnsfather's creation Old Bill achieved a universality which, in the intensity of its popularity, has only ever since been rivalled by those incomparable creations Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

And just as it is doubtful whether Mickey Mouse created Walt Disney or Walt Disney created Mickey Mouse, so it is a moot point whether Old Bill created Bruce Bairnsfather or vice versa.

However that may be, the fact remains that wherever Bairnsfather goes, Old Bill follows; and some pretty hectic adventures he must have had. For Bairnsfather has crossed the Atlantic more than thirty times, has made many coast tours of the United States and Canada, has been once round the world and twice to India.

He has also been, as he says himself in this delicious autobiography, "strangely mixed up in the world of the theatre and cinema. Quite abnormally so for a typical artist, and I have had a vast amount of experience in personal appearance both on the stage and behind it."

His latest venture is a big film with Alexander Korda, featuring—of course—Old Bill, but in an entirely new adventure of to-day, and introducing his son Young Bill.

Poor Old Bill should be glad to have Young Bill to carry on for him—even though it must be clearly recognised that Old Bill himself is ageless.

Perhaps the most human part of this essentially human document is that in which the author deals with his original success and pays a tribute to our sister journal the *Bystander*, which first discovered and popularised his work.

A number of the most memorable of Bruce Bairnsfather's pictures are included among the twenty-six illustrations.

I HAVE never read a book more vitally alive than Gerald Kersh's "I got References" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

Here is a feast of sophistry!

A good many people—as distinct from many good people!—are talking about Gerald Kersh these days.

He has written three novels, "Jews Without Jehovah," "Men Are So Ardent," and "Night and the City." His novels are certainly not for Puritans, but there is no denying their tremendous urge, their sweeping prose and their pungent characterisation.

In his new book, "I got References," he has let himself go. He sets a cracking pace and the reader finds himself helplessly and deliciously drawn along through its pages, much as a piece of newsheet is drawn along in the wake of an express train.

This is not a novel, but a book devoted entirely to people.

To quote Gerald Kersh's own words: "I collect men and women. It's my hobby. I have an insatiable curiosity about people. I hide under beds, steam open private letters, peep through keyholes, listen at doors. If, for instance, I pass a lighted window, I cannot resist the impulse to stand on tiptoe and look in. I am the original Peeping Tom, or Nosey Parker, or Paul Pry. It's disreputable, but I can't help it. I have to watch people from all angles, and, in conversation, pump them. There is something about me which seems to hypnotise people into spilling all manner of beans. I am the recipient of more confidences than a Father Confessor. My mind is a perfect repository of human knick-knacks. I know enough to hang at least three people. . . ."

"I got References" contains the cream of Gerald Kersh's collection. One may find here a gathering of characters representative of all humanity — mad Russians, Serb terrorists, wild Americans, fantastic Slavs; selfish mothers, stupid daughters, hen-pecked fathers, good and bad sons; murderers, thieves, drunkards, drug-addicts, saints, piano teachers, neurotics, weak and strong men, boxers, singers, jugglers, doctors, lawyers, cheats and informers; people from the drawing-rooms and the gutters; comic landladies, women who blow up geysers; tragic people, ridiculous people, noble people, debased people—all REAL people, drawn from life and presented to us by this great character artist in bold, succinct, compelling lives.

And woven into this bewilderingly rich human patchwork, there are stories—incredible stories, far, far stranger than fiction.

I insist on you reading "I got References." It is a book you will always relish.

THOSE who read and revelled in Stephen McKenna's "Sonia" will at least equally delight in his new novel, "A Life for a Life" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.).

"A Life for a Life" is, indeed, pendant to his earlier work which was of pre-Great-War English Society, composed for the eight-weeks'-old Marquess Loring in the summer of 1915. In form, the present book is a picture of English society from 1918 to 1938, as seen by the child, the schoolboy, the undergraduate, the husband and the father that the infant Lord Loring progressively becomes.

The book is a movingly "understanding" document. The "memorable scenes" that the author has set himself to recapture are so vividly depicted that they are memorable to the reader, none more so than his meeting with the nameless stranger — most lovable of all Mr. McKenna's creations.

Before this, though, there are passages of description (*Continued on page* 67)

Old Tales Re-told

The Christmas Adventures of Carlo Goldoni, Famous Playwright of the Eighteenth Century

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

AMONG the many literary giants of the eighteenth century, Carlo Goldoni may well lay claim to being the most picturesque. His talent gained for him the well-deserved title of "Molière of Italy." He raised the standard of play-writing to a level never before attained in that country, and broke new ground for the subsequent development of that art.

Born in Venice in 1707, he remained a true Venetian all his life, his entire output betraying the atmosphere in which he lived—one of philosophy, intrigue, adventure and humour. He witnessed the fall of two great Powers; first the Venetian Republic, called the Serenissima, and again the French Monarchy—the fall of which he witnessed as tutor to Marie Antoinette's children. He remained at Court until the Revolution had drowned the royal régime in a river of blood. Endowed with amazing literary fertility, he left 198 plays to posterity, many of which still offer great opportunities to the actor.

Our story deals with only one episode in his long and adventurous life—an episode of his early days which meant for him the most memorable Christmas holiday he ever spent.

He started life as a prodigy, for when only a tiny tot of four he could read and write perfectly. He was the darling of his grandfather, with whom he lived more frequently than with his parents. As the old man was an enthusiastic theatre-goer and amateur actor, he had built a small theatre in his drawing-room to which little Carlo was admitted to witness every rehearsal; and his nature was moulded by these early impressions.

When the grandfather died, the family moved to Perugia, where Carlo's father practised as a doctor. It was a sad change for the child, who nevertheless continued to cherish a passion for the theatre. At eight years old he wrote a play that produced the utmost astonishment in everyone who read it. His father especially was struck by his little son's intelligence, and envisaged for him a brilliant medical career. Little Carlo could not understand why writing a play could make his father believe that he could become a good doctor, but he had to do as he was told; and he was sent to a Jesuit seminary at Perugia to study rhetoric.

What a striking change from the gay gatherings on the stage of grandfather Goldoni to the strict discipline of the college and the austere faces of the teachers! What a difference between the brilliance of the theatrical costumes and the gloomy black cassocks of Loyola's disciples!

For a few years he pursued his studies most diligently. At the same time he did not neglect the reading of his favourite authors—Plautus, Terence, Aristophanes, and Molière.

His grandfather had built a small theatre in his drawing-room, to which little Carlo was admitted to every rehearsal

A few years later his father decided to impart to him the preliminaries of his science by taking the boy round with him, visiting patients and explaining cases. This exhibition of diseases, deformities, wounds, and all the horrors with which the human body may be afflicted proved to be most distasteful to the adolescent Carlo. His nature longed for everything that was beautiful and brilliant, and he implored his father to spare him from the torture of being in daily contact with such

Goldoni took the pistols in his hands, only to replace them gingerly, saying that murder was not the kind of revenge he intended

a distressing aspect of life. So often did he reiterate his complaints against such an uncongenial career that he was sent to the famous collegio del Papa to study law. This Lombardian centre of studies, renowned since early mediæval times, was no less austere than Oxford or Cambridge. The patronage of the Marquis Goldoni Guidoni had facilitated his access to the college and to many local families, where he had at last the refreshing introduction to several charming girls, who inspired him much more than did the Diritto Romano!

HE was seventeen years old and his gay manner made him acceptable everywhere. At the school he kept himself a little aloof, for he was not fond of violent exercise. Slightly timid like almost every deep thinker, he would not associate with the inevitable gang of rowdy boys that were to be found then, as now, in every scholastic institution.

It must be stated that this Papal college was one of those privileged places only accessible to the aristocracy or otherwise powerful families. Every boy, however young, was already primed with the principles of pedigree, feudal rights, and other excuses for despising the rest of humanity whose blood happened to be vulgarly red.

To keep that crowd of little snobs subdued was not an easy task, and the discipline, although very rigid so far as studies were concerned, was somewhat relaxed during the intervals. In fact, a wide margin of freedom was allowed, with the consequence that many of those boys, conscious of their superiority of birth and sure of going unpunished, were often up to any rascality they pleased. Up against that crowd young Goldoni had two great disadvantages. One was in being poor, and the other in being the most diligent pupil of his class. He was also sincerely religious, and for many of his fellow-students this was a clear sign of inferiority.

Goldoni passed the examination that preceded the Christmas vacation with full marks. He was looking forward to that vacation, happy at the prospect of a rest and a change. The everlasting companionship of males for so many months at a stretch did not suit his artistic temperament. On the contrary, it made him frantically eager to be for a while enslaved by the smile of a woman, and to forget college, teachers, books, routine, duties, timetables, and every other unnatural restriction.

His family had moved to picturesque Chioggia, a few miles from Venice. It was too far away for him to spend his vacation there, so he had to be content to remain at Pavia. There he knew several families and was relying on their invitations for a joyful holiday. He had made up his mind to

make the most of his well-deserved freedom, and it was with a deep sigh of relief that he took leave from his fellow-students and left the austere precincts of the college.

It was not long before he reappeared at the gate of the Papal college, the very image of dismay and disillusionment. He entered his cold, dismal little room, threw his useless luggage in a corner and fell on a chair, hopelessly miserable. In no time his room was invaded by many of his colleagues, to whom he related the sad story. He had been to all the families he knew in Pavia. In practically each family there were young girls who in the past had looked on him with a favourable eye. Nevertheless, he had everywhere met with a polite repulse. He had been quite confident that he would be received with open arms everywhere. Instead he had received pretexts and excuses for shutting the door in his face. If they had passed the word between them they could not have been more unanimous in ostracising him so inexplicably.

Friendless and lonely, he had wandered through the streets of Pavia full of joyous people laden with parcels. He had had adopted such insulting behaviour towards the students. They told him that all the students wearing the smart cassock of the Papal college were known to be irresistible to the fair sex, and to have many amorous adventures. To counteract the danger to which the vulnerable maidens of Pavia were exposed, forty of the most influential citizens had bound themselves in a pact whereby every girl to whose house a student had been admitted would never be asked in marriage by anyone as long as she lived.

With the greatest interest Goldoni listened, and being a trustful soul he believed this fantastic story. He asked them why they had not warned him before he had exposed himself to such an undignified position. They told him that they had all been sure that Goldoni's brilliant qualities would have gained for him exceptional treatment. Again he believed them and felt the weight of the insults even more.

They suggested that Goldoni should take immediate steps to avenge his honour, and strike terror in the hearts of the self-constituted duennas. A day or two later the young rascals smuggled into Goldoni's room a pair of loaded pistols.

When the time came the friar blessed the table and hurried grace over a large and steaming turkey

passed through the thronged and noisy market-place smelt the odour of roasted chestnuts and hot polenta. It seemed to him that everyone was happy whilst he was the only miserable human being in the entire world.

As Goldini was opening his heart to his friends he did not notice that every now and again they were winking and making signs to each other. They expressed deep sympathy with him and shared all his indignation for such an affront. At the same time they explained to him why parents in Pavia

Goldoni took those dangerous and unfamiliar objects in his hands, only to replace them gingerly, saying that murder was not the kind of revenge he intended. Nor did he consider himself entitled to challenge anyone to a duel. In spite of being called a coward, he resisted all inducements and refused to be coaxed into any affair of this kind. The little gang left his room without taking the pistols with them.

A little later the prefect, warned by some students, ordered a search of Goldoni's room. To everyone's horror, the pistols

were found and confiscated. It was strictly forbidden to keep any weapons within the walls of the college, and the discovery produced a grave scandal.

Goldoni's defence was not believed; scarcely even discussed, and he was confined to his room to await a decision on his fate.

From outside came the sounds of the festive world, and the mellow peal of the church bells that for nine days before Christmas were incessantly tolled. It was hard luck. Goldoni's Christmas holiday was turning from bad to worse. He was not, however, deprived of his school friends' company. They tried to console him, praising his great talent; and put into his mind the idea of using his pen as a weapon against the Pharisees and their daughters. These latter the students described as hypocritical, false virgins who appeared to their parents as angels descended from heaven, while in reality they were no better than demoniacal vampires contaminated by vice, ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder provided that the transactions were disguised as proposals of marriage. They gradually roused him up to the desired degree, telling him that, with his imagination and facility of putting into verse whatever came into his mind, he could expose to public opinion the whole miserable crowd.

The friar impressed the Goldoni family by stating he was in possession of an authentic fragment of the girdle worn by the Virgin Mary

The statue erected in Venice to the memory of Carlo Goldoni

In this state of mind he set to work and composed a satire in verse which was the most sarcastic and offensive diatribe on the physical qualities of those girls who had shown him such inhospitable treatment.

This amazing composition, called "Il Colosso," was considered by the students who had inspired it to be a masterpiece. It was copied many times and distributed all over the town. The sensation caused by such an unjustified libel was more violent than anyone had ever anticipated. A copy reached the authorities, who naturally got in touch with the head of the college.

IN the meantime the families who had been directly offended got together and were determined to have the entire college removed from Pavia.

Menacing figures gathered outside the walls of the college. They increased to an alarming number. The gates were bolted, the police began to interfere. In short, the storm produced by the satire grew more menacing every hour.

Eventually, through the intermission of influential people, it was decided that Goldoni should be smuggled out of the college and dismissed for ever. In this way the respectable college honoured with the name of the Holy Father would be purged and purified from a monster of malignity.

This hurricane left Goldoni petrified. Unable to utter a single word, and abandoned by his fellow-students, he decided to run away to Rome, where some friends of his father could have helped him to start afresh. But he received orders to pack his belongings, was given his ordinary clothes and 15 paoli (about 7s. 6d. in English money) and, accompanied by the purveyor of the college, was taken down to the Tesino. There he was given in charge to the master of a barge bound for Chioggia with a load of salt.

As the crow flies it was about 120 miles from Pavia to Chioggia, but the big barge, with its small sail, plodding along a tortuous river, made the voyage very slow and tedious.

The idea of having to face his father after all that had happened terrified Goldoni to the extreme, and when the barge stopped for a short while at Piacenza he was seized by the irresistible temptation to escape. Once he had managed to lose himself amongst the Christmas crowds, he would be quite safe. He watched his opportunity, but, alas, chose the wrong moment. His guardian saw him and stopped him. This new failure made him feel so dejected that he could scarcely refrain from tears.

Once more confined to a cabin, where he could hardly stand upright, he abandoned himself to despair, praying God to deliver him from the misery into which adverse fortune had plunged him.

Suddenly, as though the Almighty had heard his plea, he heard a gentle knock at the door (*Continued on p. 70*)

An aerial view of the world's largest treasure trove. Gold mine dumps of the Rand, South Africa. Sixty per cent of all new gold mined comes from the Empire, the bulk of it from the great gold mines of South Africa

foreign currency—dollars, pounds or francs, for instance, of which she has little or none. Or in gold, of which at the beginning of war she had about £6,000,000 worth. And £6,000,000 will buy very much less than a week's supply of war materials.

Lacking this gold reserve, she can turn only one way. To barter with friendly neutrals. And it needs little thought to work out what resources of men, raw materials and transport wartime Germany can spare for building tractors for Russia or locomotives for Rumania. . . .

LET'S look at the other side of the question, at Britain and France. Both countries have, it is true, lost enormous quantities of gold to America during the recent series of crises. Hundreds of millions of pounds' worth have been shipped across the Atlantic. But vast and sufficient stores remain.

"GOLD BULLETS" WIN WARS

By Christopher Howse

The world's greatest treasure store. The U.S.A. Government's gold depository at Fort Knox, where some six billion dollars' worth of gold is stored

THE armament factories of Britain, France and Germany roar day and night turning out bombs, shells and bullets. Without them the war could not continue. But these steel shells and bullets will not win or lose this war.

The final issue will be fought out by "Gold Bullets."

"But surely," objects the Man-in-the-Street, "we're all off gold now. It isn't money any more, is it?"

And the answer to that is : Gold is, even more so to-day, the only real money which is universally trusted and valued and on which international trade depends. Without it, or its equivalent, no country in the world which is not entirely self-supporting in all the necessities of living and waging war can possibly hope to win, or even prosecute, a long war. No country is thus self-supporting.

Certainly Germany is not.

Germany certainly has large stocks of oil, steel, nickel, copper and chemicals with which to feed her war machine. Experts believe these stocks might last at most a year. She can replenish them only by buying from foreign countries.

Bankers will tell you that Germany's banks, hold paper marks worth £1,500,000,000, that she can mobilise so many more millions by raiding her insurance companies and so many more

Bars of the precious metal being weighed in a Hatton Garden gold refiners

by one financial jugglery after another. True enough. And these paper marks serve for the moment for her own internal economy—for paying her soldiers and armament workers.

But these marks are only a sort of internal "barter" between employer and worker and retailer of goods. Outside Germany they have no value because they are unbacked by gold.

So that other countries will send Germany supplies only if she pays for them in good

At the beginning of war Britain probably had £600,000,000 in gold, and France only a little less. A total of two hundred times Germany's stocks. All of it, it must be remembered, reserve and emergency wealth which can be called upon only if we are hard pressed.

The overseas trade of the Allies continues. Our great industries are still exporting and turning their exports into foreign currency and credit which can be used to finance our (*Continued on page* 97)

A huge cargo of gold from Europe being unloaded from the United States liner, "Manhattan," at New York. It was believed to be the largest ever carried by any single ship

She's Growing

In normal times, at seventeen, a girl disengages herself from the indefinite background of her school and home life and makes ready to smile on the world. Whether she intends to follow a career, to look ahead to marriage, or just to stay around and have a good time, she is thrillingly aware of freedom beckoning, of an exciting new life to come, where ambitions may be realised, hopes fulfilled.

After the initial excitement of war faded, imagine, then, the shock to the seventeen-year-old when she realised that she was compelled to face an existence which temporarily lacked all continuation.

Her world was swept away under her feet. Too abruptly she was severed from her associations and associates. Her friends are scattered, many are parted from their families. Her home life may be in upheaval. Training for her career may be indefinitely postponed.

All this comes at a time when seventeen-year-old passions run high, when ardours are flaming, when patriotism compares with that of Joan of Arc.

They are at an age of quivering sensibility, passing from girl into woman. Their upbringing and education set them free at this psychological, physiological moment. In a world of activity, they are to remain inactive. Their mental state can be compared with the physical aspect of a man springing into action whose limbs are suddenly blown off. The only difference is that the damage in our daughter's cases is not irreparable.

What are we mothers to do about it all? It is not easy. But it is our job to see that our daughters who are growing up in the war develop evenly, not spasmodically, in spite of the war.

The only way to do this is to make them our companions. Let them fight the war with us, share our deprivations, our discomforts, our hardships. Let them shoulder arms in the family circle, there's plenty to do.

But don't take advantage of your position just to make *use* of them. They must express themselves, live as equals, participate in the government and formulate the projects, as well as partake in the labours of the family commonwealth. They must not be blanketed, nor ground down, nor thrust into the background.

If they share your life, share theirs. Don't be exasperated by their wastefulness, their ungovernable and boundless energy on the one hand, and then their seemingly interminable fits of laziness on the other. They don't know how to dispose of or how to conserve their forces.

Bear with their enthusiasms, their contempts, their despairs, their eulogies. You were once like that. Bring illusions to earth gently. They have the faculty for starting each day as a separate and gorgeous adventure even now. Preserve this. Listen to their ideas, pay heed to their opinions, invite criticism, even advice. They are your companions.

On the practical side, lead them to observe, to deduce, and to judge. On the news of the day, the people they meet, housework, prices, shopping, insist on accuracy, the keeping of accounts, economy, the care of personal belongings, clothes, tidiness and good housewifery.

Praise any sign of forethought. Let them see that shares, dividends, simple interest—in fact, all that constitutes income—are of very real and living importance, not just dead conundrums that they have met in arithmetic books. Enable them to link their knowledge with life.

You, yourself, will require steadying presently, when

Up In The War

young Charles returns from the front, the boy she bullied last summer holidays, who carried her bathing wrap for her. He will be transfigured in uniform.

Something inexplicable will happen to her when she goes out to lunch with him. Nor can you keep her from going to lunch with him, as if she doesn't go some other girl will, and you can't keep her away from young men. Nor can you say, if they happen to fall for each other and want to marry, that he has a weak and receding chin; or that you feel certain he will not be able to fend for himself and provide a home for her. He has not had an opportunity of showing how he can fend or what he can provide as yet, since he is fighting for you, for her, and his country. Nothing can, nor should, get over that.

If you prevent them from marrying, because they are so young, he may be killed and she may remain a spinster. There are enough spinsters left over from the last war. We love and deplore them. You will have stopped her from living her life to the full, stolen her birthright. Most mothers will encounter this dilemma and their struggles will not be simple.

Or perhaps young Chris is your trouble. Chris is so brave, strong and handsome that he can sink one cocktail after another without ever being the worse for them. Will this habit persist after the war, you wonder? You know that it will. Chris is run after by all the girls and out of all the girls has chosen her. It sounds like a bad novel, but those are the facts.

You venture an opinion that they really haven't much in common and can only have been drawn together by the highlights of the moment. She replies: how can that be when they always enjoy listening to Beethoven together on the wireless? You answer that this is because he always has a large whisky and soda to fortify him through these moments, and then war breaks out between you.

She will hurl every argument at you that you remember using as a girl, and the effect will be horrible. She will mouth hollow sayings, whose false but catchy wisdom you have long since disproved and forgotten. But it will be of no avail. It is not given to any of us to pass on experience.

The kaleidoscope is war, madam. The cornets sound, the drums beat, the ballroom floor is on a slope, the band is at the gallop. The partners whirl past on roller skates and are gone. As once before, when you were young.

Life was fleeing then, as it is now fleeing, from the same menace. What is the use of applying reason to a crazy world? She is right to follow her impulse; there is nothing to guide her but impulse. She is right to seize on life while she can, when all is uncertainty. You understand it so clearly now, remembering the war when you were young.

Besides which, there is the girl's own character to help her. And the character of young girls in general to-day is very fine. They have a far deeper insight into comradeship than ever we had. They are not selfless, but we were more self-seeking. Moreover, they can agree to differ in opinions and yet remain friends. We could not.

Do you recall all that talk about give and take which you and I had preached at us so much? Well, it's natural to them. They have been born tolerant. They co-operate eagerly and are altruistic in practice as well as in theory.

Their state of health may have something to do with it, they are a sturdy lot. The rules of hygiene have improved since our day, so has medical attention.

On the other hand, your daughter may make a brilliant and happy marriage. And, in any case, if the companionship between you has been real, a certain amount of understanding on the true values of life and the maintenance of good relations between people will have passed into her.

Who are we all-wise elders, anyway, that we should talk of "when there is peace"? It is the next generation who will have to bear the brunt of that peace.

Send your girls out into the world, as they grow old enough to go. There lies their best security. It is only right that they should share the nation's struggle to the full during war, if they are to help build the nation up later during peace. The sort of employment to be found in Government service will afford experience in careers that will still be useful during peace—nursing, the land, mechanics. It may be that they will pass through experiences we would rather they did not have. But we cannot protect them from every blow, only help them to their feet.

Yes, if we came through the last war, they certainly should come through this one.

Taglioni:

Taglioni dancing in "La Sylphide." This ballet, the most famous of the nineteenth century, was composed by her father Filippo Taglioni

Kings, Emperors, Ministers, Financiers, Diplomats and Soldiers, as well as Peers and the Aristocracy of many Countries, were proud to entertain and shower jewels on this Italian dancer who had the Capitals of Europe at her twinkling feet

By Harry J. Greenwall

ONE night at the house of Dr. Louis Véron in Paris, Maria Taglioni asked the poet Alfred de Musset to write "something" in her album. de Musset wrote as follows :

Si vous ne voulez plus danser,
Si vous ne faites que passer
Sur ce grand théâtre si sombre
Ne courez pas après votre ombre
Et tâchez de nous la laisser.

The lines were a gentle pun on La Taglioni's great and current success, *L'Ombre,* which she was dancing in the theatre the poet called "this big theatre so gloomy"; he was referring to the Paris Opera House, of which Dr. Véron was manager. Dr. Véron must have been part and parcel of the literary and artistic life of Paris near the middle of the nineteenth century. He not only managed the Opera House, but he founded the *Revue de Paris.* Dr. Véron took over the management of the Opera House in 1831, when Taglioni was twenty-seven; when she was the greatest dancing star of Europe, and had been for no less than thirteen years. When Taglioni was dancing *The Shadow* and having lines written to her such as any blushing débutante might like to have in her album of verse, she was forty years old exactly, and she lived another forty years; her life covered between 1804 and 1884, the most colourful and romantic period of European history. Taglioni's father, who died at the age of ninety-four, when his star daughter was sixty-seven, was linked with such stirring events as the mutiny of the *Bounty*; he was a sixteen-year-old youth when Charlotte Corday murdered Marat. Yet his daughter died only three years prior to Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

Filippo Taglioni, first a fiddler, then a composer, then a ballet master who composed the most famous of all ballets of the nineteenth century, *La Sylphide,* found himself with a wife in Stockholm of all places in the year 1804, when his daughter Maria was born. Over in England, Pitt was once again Prime Minister; in France, Napoleon Bonaparte was made Emperor of the French. The Pope went to Paris to crown him and Josephine. It was the year before Trafalgar; Europe was rocking, and so was the throne of Sweden, but the fiddlers fiddled in Stockholm, and in this "Venice of the North" a star was born.

A WOMAN, remarked a great writer, may be a vivid but totally different personality to her husband, her lover and her cook. It would appear that Maria Taglioni made varied impressions on the different people with whom she came in contact. It is customary for writers dealing with the character of Taglioni to picture her as an airy fairy, light as gossamer, flying through the atmosphere with the grace, ease and agility of the famous young man who took part in a trapeze act. Did not young Foker at Lady Clavering's dinner party hum the air from *La Sylphide* to which Taglioni was then dancing at Covent Garden? And did not old Major Pendennis remark to Miss Blanche Amory that she was a sylphide herself, begad; then Miss Blanche, who did nothing by halves, threw arch glances at young Mr. Foker and that dandy Arthur Pendennis and thought herself most likely a veritable rival to La Taglioni.

Yes, but listen to what that Paris Pepys of the nineteenth century, Lord Seymour, has to say about the lady when he met her *chez le Dr. Véron :*

Another Maid of Perth

"of the gracefulness, so apparent on the stage, even in her decline, there was not a trace to be found in private life; one shoulder was higher than the other; she limped slightly, and, moreover, waddled like a duck. The pinched mouth was firmly set; there was no smile on the colourless lips, and she replied to one's remarks in monosyllables."

Yet kings and emperors and ministers, financiers, diplomats and soldiers, as well as peers and the aristocracy of many countries, were proud to entertain and shower jewels on this Italian woman who had the capitals of Europe at her twinkling feet.

Taglioni *père* was not rich, not by any means; he fiddled and he composed, but for the most part of the time the rewards were not comparative with the amount of work which lay behind the efforts. When his little Maria was able to toddle around the furnished rooms which made up the various homes in the European cities the Taglionis travelled and worked, Filippo made up his mind that the time had come for her to learn all he could teach of the art of the ballet.

A portrait of Maria Taglioni when in her early forties, drawn by Edwin D. Smith

Napoleon was overrunning Europe and planting members of his family on the thrones of the countries invaded and conquered. For the Taglionis life was just a flight from the making of history. A small contract to fiddle was put an end to, first by the entrance of the French into Danzig, then by the Battle of Friedland (but Filippo had had already to flee from Vienna when the opera closed as the French entered). Copenhagen was no good because Nelson bombarded it. Rome had to be put off the fiddler's map because of Napoleon marching in. When Maria Taglioni was nine, and Sir John Moore was buried after the Battle of Corunna, she was dancing to her father's fiddle, but racing away from the steady tramp, tramp of the Old Guard, marching to Vienna, to Holland, to the Lord knows where. Yet Maria, although she may not have known it then, was high on the road to stardom; if all this had happened nowadays, she would have been on the high road to Hollywood.

FROM capital to capital went the Taglionis, father and daughter, but nowhere did they find peace. Filippo composed and his daughter danced, and when she was not dancing she was practising; but she was still a child, with the child's joy at the quick change of scene, the varied customs of the countries through which they travelled, ever haunted by the blare of bugles and the dull thunder of distant cannon. Slowly but surely the devastating Napoleon was being cornered. Wellington was in Spain and about to enter France. The Taglionis were in Paris and preparing for flight. The Allies enter Paris and Maria Taglioni trips away on the points of her toes.

Waterloo is fought and there is a spirit of calmness in Europe. To Vienna go the Taglionis, and the daughter enters the *corps de ballet* at the Opera House. Progress was fast, the long hours of practice told, and at an age, fourteen, when little girls are still at school, Maria Taglioni was the star of the Vienna Opera House. Filippo had indeed worked well.

The glitter and the glamour followed the little Maria wherever she went, but wherever she went her devoted father went too; he was her composer, manager, ballet master, financial adviser, father, all rolled into one man. Life was brighter for him; he arranged matters so well that by the time she was fifteen, Maria Taglioni was the highest paid dancing star in the world. London acclaimed her, Paris adored her, but it was in St. Petersburg that the men went mad.

MARIA went to dance at the Italian Opera House in St. Petersburg in 1825. She was exactly twenty-one years old, but her father could demand any fee he liked for his wonderful daughter. It was a very brilliant season. Nicolas I was Tsar, and he gave Taglioni a wonderful pearl necklace; soon after there befell her the strangest adventure of her life. One knows the story, legend perhaps, of the highwayman, Claude Duval, dancing a measure on the greensward beside the coach whose occupants Duval is about to plunder. But the story of Maria Taglioni and the Russian bandit Trischka is no legend; it is a tale true in every respect.

St. Petersburg in the winter of 1824–1825 was agog with the story of Trischka, who had been steward to Prince Paskiwiecz; not only was he intelligent, but he had perfect manners and spoke fluent French and German. Most curious of all, he was said to be an excellent dancer; but it was not on account of Trischka's social accomplishments that the Russian capital rang with stories about him, although most persons, particularly the ladies, averred that if he had taken up dancing as a profession instead of highway robbery, who knows to what high position he might have climbed? Instead of which, Trischka, by all accounts, was having the best of good times robbing the rich but never molesting the poor, in the very best of highwayman tradition; neither was he too hard on the rich, taking never more than half of what they possessed, and in no circumstances whatsoever using violence.

When the opera closed for Lent, Maria Taglioni, despite her great success, wanted to be off. Lent fell early and the weather was very bad. Filippo was opposed to leaving St. Petersburg, not perhaps so much (*Continued on page* 80)

Green Brocade

Love must give way to Duty when a Princess intends to Marry

By Lady Troubridge

THE lady-in-waiting had other things to do than to accompany Irma shopping. Of course, it was quite unsuitable that she should be alone, but so many things that happened nowadays were quite unsuitable. Things like Irma and her mother having exchanged the palace at Marlenburg for a tall narrow house in South Kensington, and having hardly enough money to pay the wages of the English servants they had hired. The lady-in-waiting wasn't any too sure she would get her own salary, but living with royalty, even the exiled kind, was a lifelong profession to Baroness Helder, and she was too old to find another one.

So she remained at home, reading aloud to the invalid grand duchess, while Irma, with a wonderful sense of adventure and a few patterns in her handbag, drove to Malford's stores, of which she had heard so much, to buy brocades to do up that infinitely dreary drawing-room, and turn it into something a little more like the small summer palace of Zöning, perched on a wooded hillside with a wild river rushing tumultuously below.

Irma didn't mind being poor, or an exile. But she did mind that she would never see that summer palace again. It was a museum now, and a guide took tourists round it and pointed out the apartments she and her mother had used, and showed her toys and some of the jewels they hadn't been able to take away with them, and which were now the property of the republic.

"Which department are you wanting, madam?"

Irma's blue eyes, as blue as the Baltic under a summer sky, grew vague. "Coverings," she said, because her English was so extremely bad.

So they showed her bed quilts, and carpets, and each time she shook her dark head, and wondered why there were no interpreters in London, and why these strange people seemed only to talk their own language.

She was getting lost and bewildered and almost irritable, if she had not had the singular patience of the exiled, when the assistant who was trying to make out what she did want had a bright idea. Young Mr. Bernard Malford, future owner of the whole exclusive business, and all the foreign branches as well, was actually passing by, striding through the shop as his father used to do, looking straight ahead of him, yet missing nothing.

"Could you speak to this lady?" the assistant suggested, and added, as if it was a kind of strange ailment, "She's foreign, sir."

Bernard smiled, nodded, and took entire charge of the vague-looking beautiful girl in the ordinary black coat and skirt, and the incongruously magnificent sable fur.

With that sixth sense, which he had either inherited or acquired, Bernard Malford sized up this girl pretty accurately. He didn't get her right, of course, at first, but he knew at once she was somebody. Her manner was grand, yet humble; bewildered, yet curiously self-assured. He tried her in French, and was successful, and it was French they talked from then onwards. At least, Irma did the talking.

"I want to cover the furniture of a small salon in Kensington," she said. "And I want to remind my mother of the room in our home where she used to sit." Then she blushed. "But it must cost very little, please. A cheap brocade, you understand."

Bernard Malford understood very well. But there were no cheap brocades in his kind of store. There were brocades at a pound a yard, and upwards. Lovely shimmering things which caught the colours of sky and sea and sunshine.

He pulled out a chair for Irma to sit down by an ormolu table, waved away the assistant, and actually showed her the stuffs himself. How was Irma to know that this was just as if the Prime Minister of England were to show the back benchers to their seats in the House of Commons? She did not know, and took it all as her right, in spite of her childish helplessness.

When she saw the nile green brocade, she cried out with delight. "Oh, but that is lovely—it is charming! Do you know, it is almost exactly the colour of my mother's old room in the summer palace."

"Indeed," said Bernard. He kept his hand over the price, which was forty shillings a yard. To do a room with it, curtains and all, would cost a hundred pounds. Yet this girl, who carelessly alluded to palaces, had informed him that the brocade must be cheap.

"How strange that you should know at once what I want," she remarked.

Then came the price question. Unostentatiously, Bernard did things with a gold pencil. Things that changed forty shillings to four shillings by the simple expedient of crossing out an 0 and putting a vertical line instead. Why did he do this, he asked himself, with that cool detachment which was a part of him? "Am I a ghastly snob, or is there something about her which shatters one's business sense? Or——" Of course, there was another explanation, but that was too absurd to be considered.

"How many yards will you want?" he inquired, mentally adding up the damage he would have to pay, for Malford's was a company, and the auditors were pretty strict. Even he couldn't monkey with prices unless he made it good. Forty shillings for each yard would have to go into their coffers, whatever she paid.

But it appeared that Irma had completely forgotten the amount required.

"COULD you speak to this lady?" the assistant suggested, and added, as if it was a kind of rather strange ailment, "She's foreign, sir"

"I am not," she confessed, "very good at business."

Bernard, smiling ruefully, thought she underrated herself. She had made the best bargain with him any customer had ever done.

"Perhaps you will let me know," he said. "I will give you my card, if I may."

But Irma had a better idea, though it was one which would have shocked every assistant in the vast building.

"You must come yourself and measure our chairs and sofas," she said with a charming little smile. "Will you come on Tuesday?"

He was due at a conference in Paris on Tuesday, but he said it would suit him perfectly, and took down the address and Irma's name.

Irma's name looked more impressive than the address, as he noted it, in his firm, rather beautiful writing. "H.S.H. Princess Irma of Mallenberg Zöning."

"Perhaps you have been to my former country?" she said, as she saw him staring at the name.

Bernard said he thought his father had had business interests there, but that he himself had never been to her country.

Then Irma sighed, and an extraordinary sad look came into her young face, while Bernard ventured to hope that she found her stay in England as pleasant as possible, under the circumstances.

And then he walked with her to the door, and looked about for her car. But she had no car, and very daringly he suggested :

"My car is round the corner. It will take you home quicker than a taxi, if I may place it at your disposal."

So Irma drove home to the narrow house in Kensington in Bernard Malford's impressive dark blue car, and told her mother that she had found the most wonderful brocade at four shillings a yard. She never mentioned the drive home in the car, or the young man to whom that car belonged. But she thought about him quite a lot before Tuesday. About the way his hair curled above his ears, and the fair lights in it, and the little cleft in his firm chin. And about the curious way he seemed to understand that she was lonely and puzzled in this big, strange city of London. "Leave it to me," he had said, more than once. And she got the feeling that anything she left to him would be done, and well done.

THE next day was fine, and the grand duchess took her to see Great Aunt Augusta, who was very old and very important, and had rooms in a mellow red-brick palace, a short drive from London.

They had tea in her sitting-room, which was just like a museum, with elegant bits of china and pictures and innumerable signed photographs of crowned heads, some of whom had lost their crowns since they scrawled those magnificent signatures across their uniformed chests.

In the middle of tea, Great Aunt Augusta made a discovery. Putting up her lorgnettes, she stared hard at Irma. "My dear Henrietta," she croaked, "the child is beautiful. That alters everything."

Irma couldn't imagine what it altered, and noticed that her mother only shook her head sadly and murmured something about their poverty.

"We will talk of this another day, you and I," said Great Aunt Augusta significantly.

And then even Irma guessed what was in her mind. "She's going to marry me to someone," she thought, amused. For Great Aunt Augusta was the biggest matchmaker in Europe, and scores of ill-assorted couples owed their unions to her machinations.

"Irma is a strange child," the grand duchess smiled affectionately. "She likes wandering about London by herself."

"That won't do," said Great Aunt Augusta decidedly. "She'll get into mischief, and we shall

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

"YOU and I can't play at love. We would have married, but that's out of the question"

have to get her out of it." And then she told some very amusing stories of her own youth, and of the follies she had nearly committed, and Irma looked out of the window, and thought about Tuesday, and wondered what time that nice Mr. Malford would come to do his measuring. Perhaps Maman would be resting, and the Baroness Helder out of the way, and they would have another little talk.

When she curtsied to Great Aunt Augusta, and then put up her face to be kissed, the old lady said again, "You're very pretty, my dear, and I can never pity a young and pretty girl, even if she is exiled. There are other countries, you know, and some very nice young princes in them."

"I was right," thought Irma. "I'm on her list, even without a marriage portion."

IRMA was perfectly right about that. Great Aunt Augusta was on the warpath. But her annual bout of bronchitis seized her inconveniently just about this time, so she had to let Irma's future lapse, for a bit, while she lay in that oak-panelled bedroom upstairs, and coughed and inhaled, and disobeyed her doctor whenever she could, thus retarding her recovery.

The grand duchess bought flowers, though she could ill afford them, and sent them to Great Aunt Augusta, "With love from Henrietta and Irma." And then she went to stay with an old friend, and left Irma to settle about the re-doing of that hideous drawing-room, which was to turn into a good imitation of her own adored salon, overlooking the rushing river.

She had also left the baroness a great many commissions, which took her out most of the day, and so, when that blue car of Bernard Malford's drew up discreetly at the door of 123 Wyvern Square, there was only Irma to receive him. A very friendly Irma, with nothing of the princess about her at all, in a blue house frock and just one row of perfectly matched pearls.

"She's a darling," thought Bernard, just as a statement of fact, to himself. And he walked about the big dull room, measuring old-fashioned chesterfields and out-of-date arm-chairs, the like of which, if he could have had his way, he would have replaced with the latest and most comfortable models from Malford's.

"What do you do with yourself all day, Princess Irma?" he asked, when the job was done, and she had begged him to stay and have some tea with her.

"Nothing," said Irma promptly. "And I get very tired of doing it. I wish I could come and be a saleswoman in your wonderful place. Only I should have no experience of the *métier* and you would hardly have time to teach me."

"I might make time," he laughed. "But it would bring the wrong sort of publicity. They would say our sales were so bad we needed a princess to get people interested."

She laughed at that as if he had said something extremely amusing. She was grave and merry by turns. She was as simple as a child, and yet he knew what she must have been through, for sometimes she sighed in the middle of a sentence, and looked out of the window. Bernard Malford pitied her. Her life seemed so flat and blank compared to his.

He said suddenly, "Would it be an impertinence if I were to offer to show you some of the sights of London, such as the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, and er—er—anything you cared to see?"

"Would you take me to the Zoological Gardens?" she asked eagerly, looking about sixteen.

"I certainly would," he answered, while something in him warned faintly, "Don't be a fool. You'll fall in love with her, and then what?"

"We need not tell Maman, just at first," Irma said thoughtfully. "She is old fashioned in her ideas, and, you see, she still thinks I should have a lady-in-waiting with me wherever I go. She will get accustomed to the new way of living, just as I am already. But then, I am young."

So that was it. The grand duchess was not to know. That certainly made things easier. They planned to go to the Tower of London next day, and to meet at the post office round the corner.

It took all the afternoon, and was not a very great success. Irma was overcome at the story of Anne Boleyn, and didn't like the look of the block.

"You see," she explained to Bernard, "it comes home to people like me. We only got away just in time, or we might not have been safe."

"I was a fool to bring you," he said. "You look quite pale." And he hurried her away from the Tower, drove back to the West End, and gave her tea and ices at a very fashionable and old-established tea shop.

"You are such an understanding person," she told him. "There are so many people who would not have understood that we were obliged to buy a cheap brocade. But you found one at once, though there seemed nothing cheap in your place at all. And now you understand that the violence and cruelty hidden in your magnificent Tower of London makes me sad."

"I want to understand you," he ventured. "That is what it is, I think. I'm a bit self absorbed, as a rule, so my family tell me." He told her about his family. The old father who had built up this great business, the sister who was so happily married to a banker and had two small boys, one of whom was named for him. The mother, who had died when he was at school.

He said, "She was my friend, as well as my mother. That's rare."

"Very rare," agreed Irma. "It is not quite like that with me." Then she said an astounding thing, only possible to one who had lived so high above ordinary people that she did not understand the gradations of society. "Will you call me Irma?" she asked. "Your voice sounded lonely when you spoke of your mother, and I think we might be good friends. And I, if you will let me, will call you Bernard."

"That, of course," he said, and flushed up to his forehead. "But not the other way. You are too high above me."

"Please, I do not think of it like that." Sensitive colour came up, too, in her face. "But we will leave it for the present, if you wish."

THEY went to the zoo next week, which was all Irma had hoped. And the week after they went to Kew, and saw the daffodils. Sat by the side of them, on a seat, and talked. And somehow, he did call her Irma, once or twice, and she called him Bernard. And they were terribly happy, and quite unaware that Great Aunt Augusta was recovering quickly, and would soon be more full of energy than ever.

Bernard undertook to make her English more fluent, and he was so successful that he was able to take her to a matinée and watch her laughter bubble up in the right places, which showed she understood the language.

It was amazing that no one found it out, but whatever the baroness had thought of, to say nothing of the grand duchess, they could never have thought of their cherished Irma spending long happy days with the young man who was doing up the drawing-room. The sheer impossibility of such a thing lulled suspicion, though both of them thought that Irma was getting too fond of solitary expeditions, in spite of the fact that they seemed to suit her, as she looked lovelier and happier every day.

It was in Richmond Park, to which he drove her, towards the end of that

enchanted April, that Bernard told Irma he loved her. Only that. But it meant, he said, that they could not go on meeting any more. They were sitting with their backs against a tree, and all round them spring burgeoned, flinging shapely green leaves against a pale blue sky. Bold little rabbits peeped at them, and then loped away, and there was a throaty thrush who sang lustily somewhere behind the newly opening beech branches.

"MY dear child," said Great Aunt Augusta throatily, "it's not a bit of good denying it. I distinctly saw you. Who is he? And how does he dare . . . ?"

"But, Bernard, what shall I do without you? You have made all the difference to my life. I think I love you very much, Bernard, dear."

"And I think, dear Irma, that you don't know much about love. You see," he went on, taking one of her thin hands in his, which were so strong and brown, "you and I can't play at love. We could have married, but that's out of the question."

Irma had moments of being strangely practical. She had such a mood now. "Why is it out of the question?" she asked. "We have no money at all, and we are no one now, only people living in Kensington. And I am quite sure I should be very happy as your wife."

A wild irrational hope grew up in Bernard. "Your mother would be horrified," he muttered. (*Continued on page 77*)

CHRISTMAS

MERRY CHRISTMAS. Peace and goodwill have been several times mislaid round about Christmas, but never so thoroughly as in the Seventeenth Century when the genial Puritan government of the day decided to abolish it entirely. Reason was based upon tricky interpretation of divine scriptures wherein the festival is referred to as "Anti-Christ's Masse." Thus it became a pagan festival and the price you paid for plum pudding and mistletoe was a rest cure in a dungeon cell.

PERSIAN PRAYER. To a British officer in France in 1914 came this Christmas greeting from a Persian sheik: "May Allah the Compassionate in his mercy speedily pour on the fire of quarrel the sweet water of peace."

THE BOAR'S HEAD. Turkey, though traditionally associated with the Christmas feast, is a comparatively modern innovation. The dish of honour of former times was the boar's head, a snack that was brought to table with much ceremony bedecked elaborately with bays and rosemary and the chanting of this carol:

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters,
be merry.

They still keep the ceremony in the Hall of Queen's College Oxford.

CHEAP PLUM PUDDING. Ingredients: ¼ lb. flour, ¼ lb. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. self-raising flour, ½ lb. shredded suet, ½ lb. sultanas, ½ lb. raisins, 6 oz. mixed candied peel, ¼ lb. castor sugar, 1 lemon-rind and juice, 2 eggs and milk to mix. Sift plain and self-raising flour together, add suet and all dried ingredients. Stir in eggs and milk to make mixture moist. Boil seven hours.

HISTORY REPEATS. From a recipe for Christmas pudding given in the last lean years of the first Great War: "You can use a large carrot, grated down, instead of sugar to sweeten the pudding." Times change but carrots don't, so we might try it.

MEDLEY

THE COCK CROWS. An old country superstition goes like this :

Some say that ever 'gainst the season comes wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long : and then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So Hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

POLITICAL GAME. When it's your turn to think of a game, try this one on them :

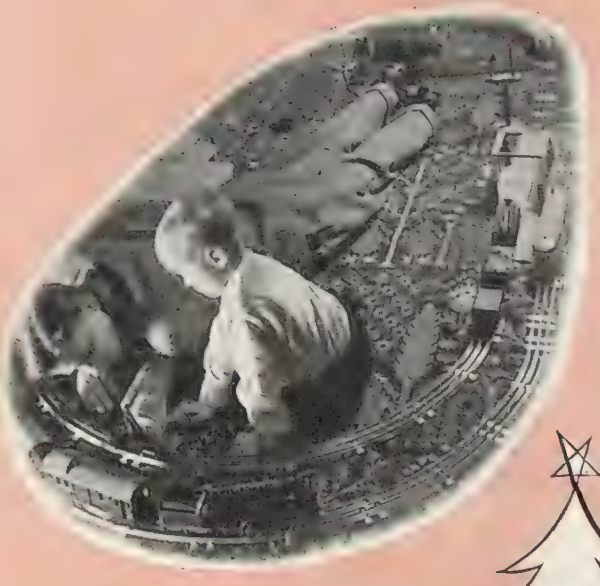
Each player is given the name of a prominent politician. A leader is appointed Prime Minister. The latter stands to address the House and every few moments calls upon some member by name to speak. The player identified with this name must then speak for two minutes on a subject appropriate to the politician's views or to his office.

The game should move rapidly and there are forfeits for all defaulters.

BALL DRESS, 1903. Peach Liberty satin. Full skirt with four bands of pearl and gold embroidery 1½ ins. wide. The trimming reappears on the hips. A " sweet little full bodice displaying two bands of pearl and gold embroidery." Décolletage finished with a full gathered berthe of chiffon, through the centre of which runs a band of embroidery. More of this trimming on the pouffed sleeves which are tucked, etc.

" *It is the simplest of gowns,*" says the fashion writer, " with a finish of two rosettes of lace hemmed with black bébé ribbon and . . ."

MISTLETOE BOUGH. There is more in the old custom than just kissing under the mistletoe. Apparently we've been doing it wrongly. Ancient law says that every time a man kisses a girl under the green bough he must pluck a berry from it. When all the berries are plucked the privilege ceases. So lay in a good stock of berries.



CHESTNUT STUFFING. Slit the skins of two or three pounds of chestnuts, throw them into some boiling water, cook for fifteen minutes, then remove both skins. Replace in the stewpan with stock and cover tightly. Simmer gently until tender. Pass through a fine sieve, add butter and seasoning. If still dry, moisten with milk. Stuff the body of the turkey with the purée.

Unfinished

THE commissionaire at the door saluted, and, as usual, George wondered whether he should acknowledge the greeting or stride past, affecting not to have seen. He compromised with a kind of sideways duck of the head, tripped on the edge of the step and was flung headlong into the embrace of the revolving door, which, having given his helpless form a half-turn, disgorged him abruptly face to face with three head waiters in gents' evening suitings, four *commis* in white jackets, a cloakroom attendant in duck-egg blue livery and two page boys in abbreviated versions of the same—all of whom had a disconcerting air of having been drawn up expressly to witness the undignified entrance of Mr. George Sanders and to add to his embarrassment.

"Good evening, sir"—"Good evening, sir"—"Good evening, sir." As ill luck had it, he was early, and the place was still half empty. A fresh arrival drew all eyes towards the door—white shoulders, vermilioned lips, eyelids heavy with coloured shadow swam towards him and receded; a short white staircase, laden with *langouste*, with cantaloup melon, with trout in aspic and cold salmon, rose to the height of the ceiling and slipped back again; the chairs careened sideways, then regained their equilibrium. As the landscape settled around him, young George gave a helpless, foolish smile and the breath came back to his lungs.

Entering the Réserve—for the time being, Mayfair's most-favoured haunt—was always the same thing for George: a setting of teeth, a prickling at the roots of the hair, a dryness in the mouth and—eventually—a despairing rush, that carried him in, as he often thought, "just in time": that is to say, before his dithering limbs and the slackness behind his knees deposited him on the Jermyn Street pavement—and that would be a scandal, and no mistake! Why, it might even get into the home papers!

Twenty-two visits to the Réserve—this was the twenty-third—and always the same thing. Silly. After all, his money was as good as anybody's . . . as this thought crossed his mind, young George's ears coloured a roseate pink, for he had an idea that it was vulgar to think in that way about money.

A little of his poise returned to him after handing the cloakroom attendant his hat and overcoat; one can hardly hand a person one's overcoat on twenty-three consecutive nights without acquiring a touch of self-confidence, of the careless familiarity of the *habitué*. George tried hard to think of a joke to crack with the attendant—like Charles Manners had done, on the night he introduced young George to the Réserve; but the man looked too cynical, too hardbitten for the jokes that George knew; he decided against it.

"*Good* evening, sir!" It was George's usual waiter, a little, dapper man who might, from his cheerful manner, have spent all his life in shepherding nervous young patrons through the intricacies of the menu. "And how are we to-night, sir?"

"All—all right," stammered George, with a smile of gratitude and relief at this encouraging presence. "My—my usual table—what?"

"Of course, sir—reserved since six o'clock."

A chair whisked out, a menu presented, the wine waiter at his elbow; George's forefinger dabbed nervously at an item on the menu, he made a pretence—for the sake of his own prestige; he knew the waiter was not deceived—of selecting among the wines. In a voice he strove hard to make light and casual, he said,

"Well, I don't suppose we can improve on the usual, can we?"

The wine waiter said, "Very good, sir," with admirable gravity, and George, alone at last, drew a deep breath. He was always thankful when this part of the business was

HER dreaming eyes—dark grey, deeply-fringed with black—rested for a moment on George, and a dissolving sensation went immediately through his whole body

Symphony

Appearances are sometimes deceptive and a woman's looks often belie her age

By Marguerite Steen

over. Not knowing one dish from another, he had ordered, on twenty-two consecutive evenings, the identical menu with which Charles Manners had entertained him on his first visit. This, I am afraid, gives us the measure of young George : nothing bold, no adventure about him. His repeated presence in a restaurant like the Réserve (where the brightest stars of stage and screen collect in galaxy, where royalty is known not infrequently to disport itself, and where blushing modesty is as much out of place as a daisy chain round the neck of a peroxide blonde) could only, in the opinions of those who knew him best, have been accounted for by some sheer convulsion of nature. His father would have said George had gone right down mad.

Yet, let me say, the arched mirror at the end of the room, opposite George, reflected a by no means unpleasing picture : it reflected (among other things) a small table for one diner, placed against a pillar, and at the table a young man whose correct and careful tailoring, no less than the white carnation in his buttonhole, in some way emphasised the innocence of a shiny blond head, a young and simple, yet by no means foolish face, and a pair of honest light grey eyes that reflected their owner's astonishment at a number of things most people (at any rate, most people who patronise the Réserve) take for granted. His very bashfulness, his air of shrinking from notice, drew upon him the amused attention of some ravishing creatures, and the annoyance of their escorts; George would have been paralysed if he had known that the tale round the Réserve was that he was a young provincial blood who had just come into a fortune, and could find no more original way of squandering it than dining every night at Perugini's famous place in Jermyn Street. And dining alone ! That was the outrage. A meanie or a fool — which? Unconscious as a pekinese puppy in a cage of tigers, young George gulped down his twenty-third portion of caviare, wondering whether, by the time he had eaten sixty or so portions, he'd get to like the stuff.

It was a problem that would never be solved; for, of the hundred pounds with which his father had sent him to London, exactly enough remained to pay for this, his last dinner at the Réserve. In the pocket of his overcoat reposed the receipted bill for beds and breakfasts at a respectable but uninspiring boarding house which had been recommended by his aunt, Miss Netty Saunders, as suitable domicile for young George during his London adventure. His return ticket to West Bolton—purchased that afternoon from an agency—was tucked into the pocket of his waiscoat. It was the end of a romance which George—poor, inoperative fish !—had never dared to put to the proof; the first and, he was ready to swear it, the last romance of his life.

THE last grains of caviare were dabbed on the buttered toast (a lot of butter, to disguise the taste of the caviare); George looked at his wrist watch, and sickened. A quarter past eight. It would be too awful if, on this, his last night, his last hour of paradise, it did not happen. His heart climbed into his throat, made it impossible for him to swallow and almost choked him with its beating. His mouth felt so dry that when he took a gulp of Heidsieck '11, the wine seemed to sizzle and evaporate on his palate as on a hot plate. But still the table for four in the corner, with a card dropped into one of the wineglasses stood empty; and while it stood empty there was hope.

George Sanders had grown up with the shrinking realisation that, on leaving school, he was to go into his father's business. When he plucked up courage to tell his father that the very idea of cotton made him sick, Sanders senior behaved with a great deal more common sense than many parents who have been similarly faced with rebellious offspring. He wrote out a cheque for a hundred pounds, gave it to young George and said, "There you are, my lad. If you've found a better job by the time that's finished, all well and good. If you haven't, you'll come home and get on with the business that's been good enough for your father and your grandfather before you." He ended up with a slap on the shoulder, and a wink that said he supposed boys would be boys, and that young George had better get the wild oats out of his system and say nothing about it to mother.

Overwhelmed by parental generosity, George could not say that he had not the least desire to sow any oats, wild or otherwise, and he simply had not the face to tell his father that the only thing that really attracted him was art. Not that he had ever thought of becoming a painter; such an ambition was quite beyond the scope of George's humble and

IN a voice he strove hard to make light and casual, he said, "Well, I don't suppose we can improve on the usual, can we?"

Illustrated by Clive Uptton

unself-confident nature. He had committed, in secret, a few shy little water colours, and had even attempted a portrait of the family fox terrier; but these tentative efforts had more than convinced him that he had not got it in him to become a creative artist.

He thought, however, that he might find a job that would bring him into touch with artists and enable him to indulge his great love for painting and his reverence for those who succeeded in it. As assistant to an artist's colourman, for example, he could be handling paints and papers and canvases all day long; he would have access to the literature of art; he could cultivate his judgments on the various schools of painting and he might, in time, reach the height of his ambition, which was to be in charge of a picture gallery, exhibiting and selling the works of the modern artists for whom he had a half-alarmed, half-bold admiration.

Obviously, there was no room in West Bolton for a person with ideas like these. West Bolton had heard of Turner, Rembrandt and Holbein, and went on hanging its dining-rooms with Dendy Sadler and reproductions of Albert Moore. Apart from the schools, no one bought paints in West Bolton; the better class stationers stocked a few artists' colours among their fountain pens and blocks of stationery, and the art gallery, situated in an inconvenient suburb mainly given over to slums, was a mausoleum of the worse perpetrations of the early Victorian painters.

To London then, the home of painters, young George set forth to seek his fortune, followed by his mother's tears and warnings, and his father's chuckling prophecy that our George 'ud be back before they'd time to turn round. "He's not got the push for London, mother! What's it matter? The job's always waiting for him here, and it'll do the lad no harm to have a bit of a razzle before settling down."

Within a week of his arrival, George had met Charles Manners, who had been with him at the Grammar School: whose parents had moved to London, and who had, to George's great admiration and astonishment, become a complete man-about-town, moving in the gayest circles and good naturedly contemptuous of "poor old West Bolton" with its "stick-in-the-mud" population and its antiquated ideas in life and affairs. He took no interest whatever in George's modest ambitions, but, having taken the precaution tactfully to make sure that George possessed a dinner jacket, invited him to dine at the Réserve.

Struck dumb by Charles's masterly handling of the menu, secretly terrified of disgracing himself through his ignorance of the customs of this dazzling new world—it was not until they reached the coffee and liqueurs that George nerved himself to look about him. And the fatal thing occurred.

IF Dégas had painted Garbo through the wrong end of a telescope, that's how it would have come out! Small and shadowed, but with all the subtlety of winged brows, profound eyes and tenderly ironical mouth preserved intact. Garbo—Dégas—La Dame aux Camélias—Marie Bashkirtseff—a dash of each, perhaps; his brain struggled towards definition, abandoned effort and spun in a delirium such as young George Sanders had never previously imagined.

She sat there, with a man on either side of her; with her little head, that was crowned with a dark forehead knot of curls, inclined towards her left shoulder with an indescribable effect of gentle mockery. She could not have been more than sixteen! The gathered frill of white muslin that came up about the base of her slender throat was itself encircled by a thin chain supporting—oh, quintessence of innocence!—a gold cross. The muslin swelled faintly across her bosom, was gathered into a myriad pleats to define a fragile waist, and turned back like hyacinth petals from two small, thin hands. When she turned her head, there was a little bow of black velvet on the nape of her neck, and two serious curls, not more than a hand's breadth in length, that brushed the pleated epaulettes of her shoulders.

Anything more exquisite and remote could hardly be imagined; it reminded George of somebody's picture of the *Première Communion*. It was several minutes before he regained sufficient self-control to ask Charles stammeringly who this tender and romantic vision might be.

"Not a notion," returned Charles, after a careless glance. "But look—over there on your right: that's Gloria Garden—absolute corker, isn't she? You ought to see her last picture, *Dance This With Me*. That's Tauchzig of United Films, with her. That rather snacksy little black-eyed piece over there is Lorine Melton — you know, the Marchioness—with her boy friend, Sherbroke; there's a divorce blowing up there, they say."

These and other revelations of Charles's acquaintance with the gay world affected George less than the patter of summer rain. He had seen the only girl he could ever love, and nothing else in the world was ever going to matter to him any more.

It was not until he had learned every line of that pale and subtle little face that he looked at her companions.

The man on her right was a person of about the age of George's father; an elderly, sophisticated creature with a monocle, who had a manner of looking at George's angel which made George's right fist ache to connect with the point of his elderly, self-indulgent jaw. The other two—even George's ignorance could not help remarking that they were a singular couple to find in the Réserve. Two common looking, shabbily dressed, lower middle-class people, obviously husband and wife, who, far from being intimidated by their surroundings, gave

GEORGE took a poke in the small of the back from somebody's elbow and measured his length from the feet of the dancers

full and gluttonous attention to the food on their plates, only pausing at long intervals to throw a short remark to the girl, or to her elderly cavalier.

The more George looked at them, the more he was puzzled by the relationships of this oddly assorted group. Were the other two servants who, for some reason, had been brought out for a treat by the girl and her—father? His mind stumbled on the final definition; no father, in George's experience, was ever so assiduous in his attentions to a daughter as the man in a monocle to the little Dégas girl; yet to think of him as her husband—George strained to see her left hand, but, as though perversely, she kept it concealed—or as her fiancé was so revolting that George was utterly unable to swallow the fine cognac Charles had ordered as accompaniment to their coffee.

Presently they danced—the girl and the big, stout, monocled fellow; and it was as though a white cloud were captured by some hairy savage. "Hairy savage" was the reaction of George's inflamed imagination—for the barbering and tailoring of the person in question were beyond reproach, and alas, heavy and elderly as he might be, he was a much better dancer than young George Sanders. The pair of them floated round the gradually filling floor with the smoothness and skill of accustomed partners; her muslin skirts flew out, softly to entrap neighbouring dancers, a small absent smile was on her lips . . . she looked neither happy nor unhappy, but like a being in a dream. Her dreaming eyes—dark grey, deeply fringed with black—rested for a moment on George, and a dissolving sensation went through his whole body.

"Oi!" said Charles. "Buck up, or we'll miss the first numbers."

George remembered with a start that they were going on to the second house at the Palladium. His heart sank into his boots. Why on earth had he been such an ass as to insist on this return for Charles's hospitality? With a vague recollection of somebody in mythology who had been "torn from the scabbard of his limbs," he dragged himself out of his chair, and, too shy to give her another look, stumbled after Charles to the cloakroom.

Well, the next night he was there again—and for twenty-one nights after that. Heaven knows what sacrifice of his personal feelings it cost George, nightly to cross the threshold of the Réserve, a dining resort into which (apart from the matter of expense) wild horses would not normally have driven him. Twenty-two consecutive and (*Continued on page* 82)

"I'M sick of this Little Orphant Annie get-up, and I don't care what you say. I'm going to buy some real smart things to-morrow and be my age"

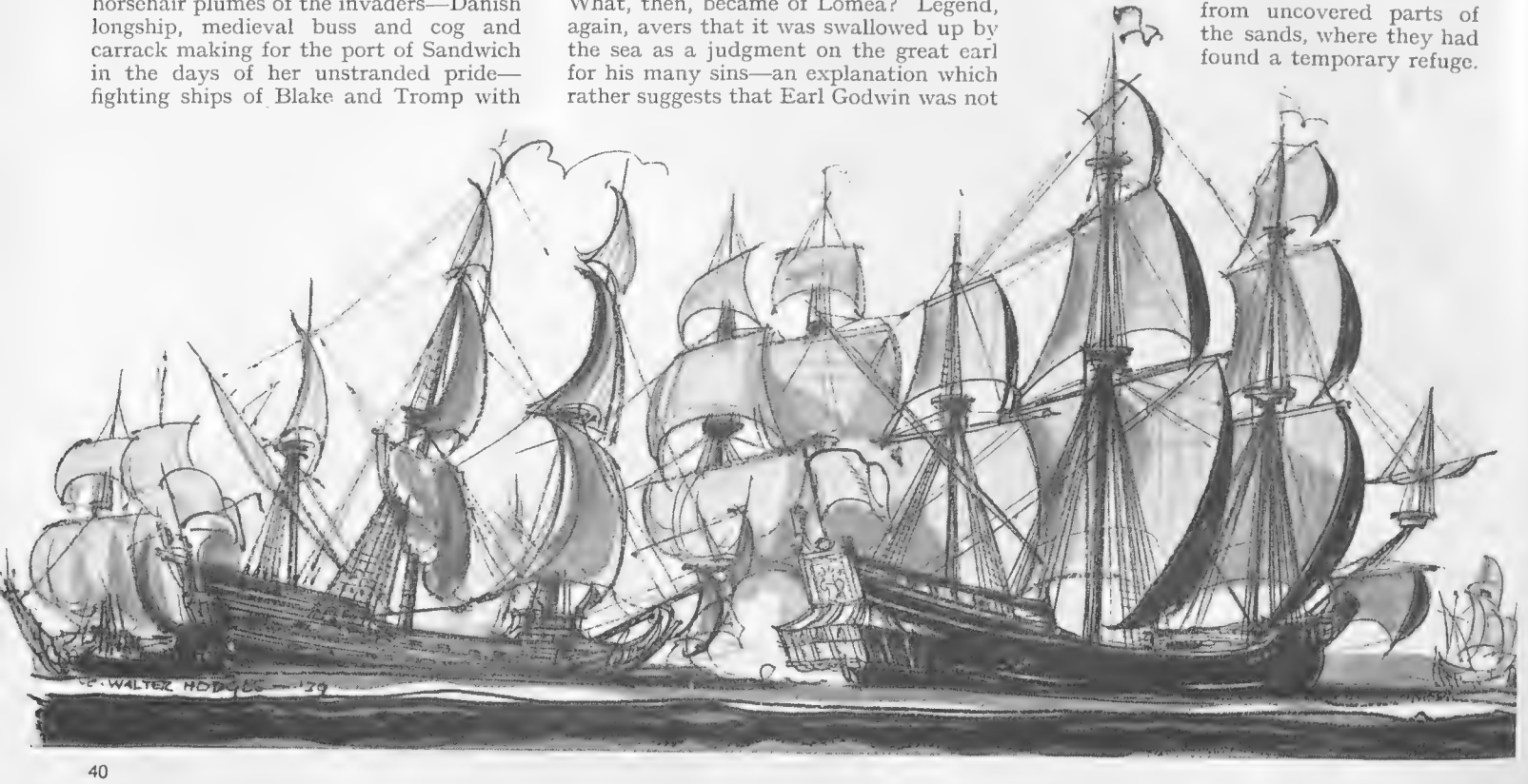
With all sails set—an East Indiaman sailing from the Downs. (*From a painting by Dodd*)

All in

THERE can be few parts of the salt water moat of England which have been so continuously and so intimately bound up with the history of British commerce and British sea power as that, in actual extent a comparatively small section of it, which is bounded on the landward by the Kentish coast from the South to the North Foreland, and by the perilous expanse of the Goodwin Sands to seaward. From the days of the Roman invasion, according to some authorities, certainly since the earliest beginnings of the British Navy, down to the last and to this present war, the famous anchorage of the Downs has had its part to play, both as an important rendezvous for merchant shipping and as a point of the highest strategic value at the entrance to the Narrow Seas and to the estuary of the Thames. There is hardly a period in our maritime development which has not some point of association with these historic waters; and, for any one glancing out on some misty morning over the shrouded expanse, it is easy to envisage for a moment, stealing out of those silvery and shifting vapours, the ghostly shapes of the vanished ships of the past. The galleys of the Roman, thronged with the tossing horsehair plumes of the invaders—Danish longship, medieval buss and cog and carrack making for the port of Sandwich in the days of her unstranded pride—fighting ships of Blake and Tromp with their towering poops, battered squadrons of Nelson's Channel fleet keeping unsleeping vigil—bluff-bowed East Indiamen with their soaring tiers of sail, dainty tea clippers, convict ships from which the breeze wafts the unmistakable odour of caged humanity—wool ship, emigrant ship, grain ship—all the centuries-long procession which has passed ceaselessly through this anchorage of the Downs.

ABOUT seven miles out from Deal, and extending for some ten miles between the roadstead and the open sea, stretch the dreaded Goodwin Sands, at once the peril and the protection of the Downs and their shipping. The legend—one of many which have gathered about the dangerous shoals—tells that the Goodwins were once a fertile island called Lomea, where cattle grazed and crops were harvested, and where the great Earl Godwin had a safe harbour for his ships. For this theory there seems to be a certain amount of historic warranty; for when Cæsar brought his ships to the coast of Kent he appears to have found no difficulty in navigating the waters in the vicinity of Deal, as he almost certainly would have done if he had had the Goodwins and their surrounding channels to negotiate. What, then, became of Lomea? Legend, again, avers that it was swallowed up by the sea as a judgment on the great earl for his many sins—an explanation which rather suggests that Earl Godwin was not a favourite with the monks, who were generally the originators of such legends. Yet another explanation—one which, moreover, is still stoutly maintained as truth by a good many Kentish folk—is that the Abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury, who had become possessed of Earl Godwin's estates after the coming of the Normans, removed the sea wall round the island and used the stones to build Tenterden Steeple. A witness before a commission appointed in Henry VIII's reign to inquire into the cause of the silting up of Sandwich Harbour, is recorded as saying: "Before the steeple of Tenterden Church was in building there was no speaking of flats or sands that stopped the Haven, and therefore I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the Goodwin Sands." Less fanciful explanations for the existence of the sands are, however, not lacking, in the form either of a submarine disturbance which raised the sea bed at this point, or of a gradual deposit of silt by the prevailing currents.

However that may be, the sands have remained for many centuries the most dreaded of all maritime risks by shipping using the Narrow Seas, "a very dangerous flat, and fatal," in Shakespeare's words, "where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried." To quote only a few examples of their victims, on November 26, 1703, a great storm which had raged in the Channel for a fortnight reached its culminating point of violence. Thirteen ships stationed in the Downs were driven ashore, the admiral and about twelve hundred officers and men being lost. Sixty-four men were saved by a Deal lugger—one of the earliest recorded instances of the courageous work done by those staunch craft and their gallant crews—and others were rescued from uncovered parts of the sands, where they had found a temporary refuge.



Decorations by C. Walter Hodges

the DOWNS . . .

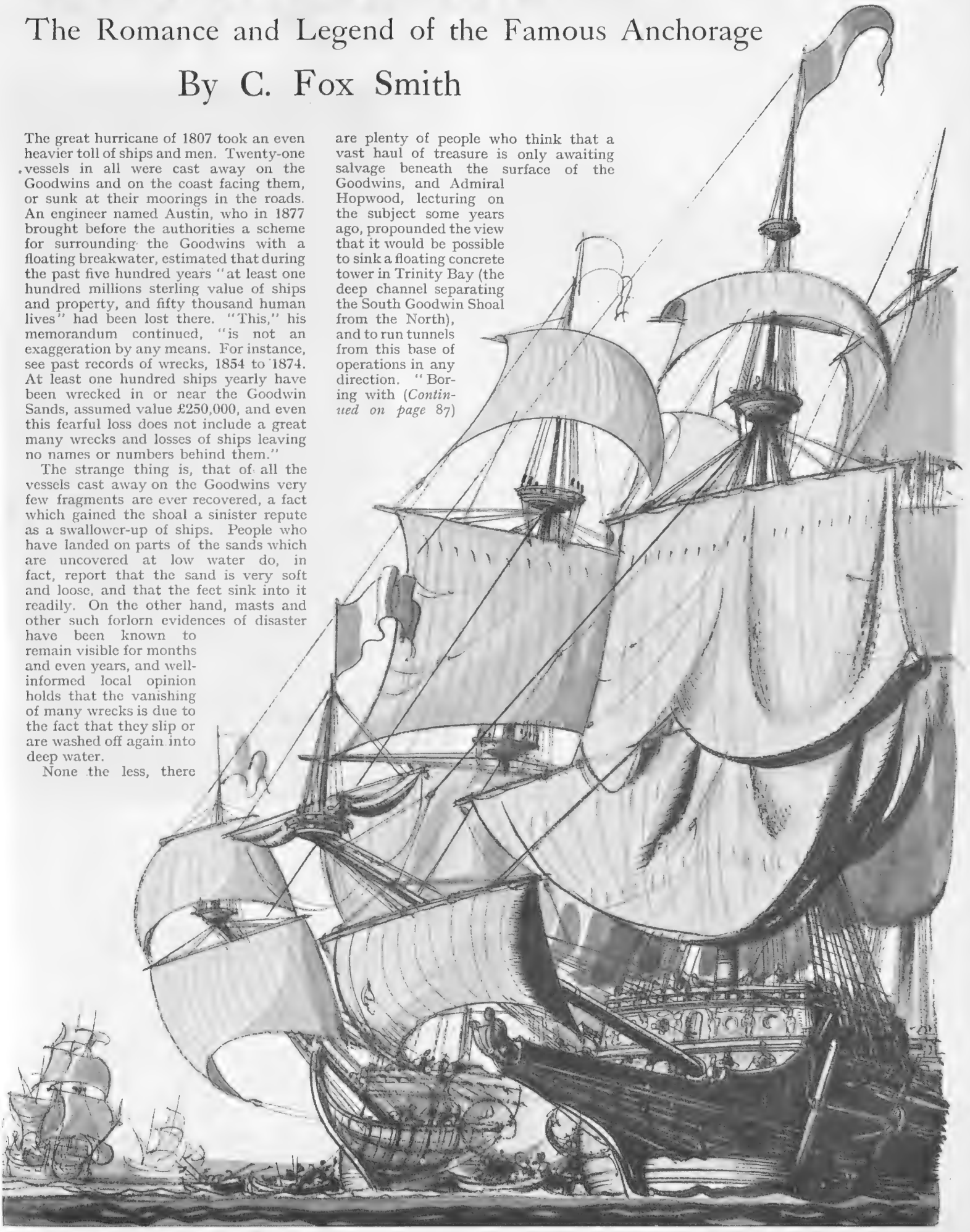
The Romance and Legend of the Famous Anchorage

By C. Fox Smith

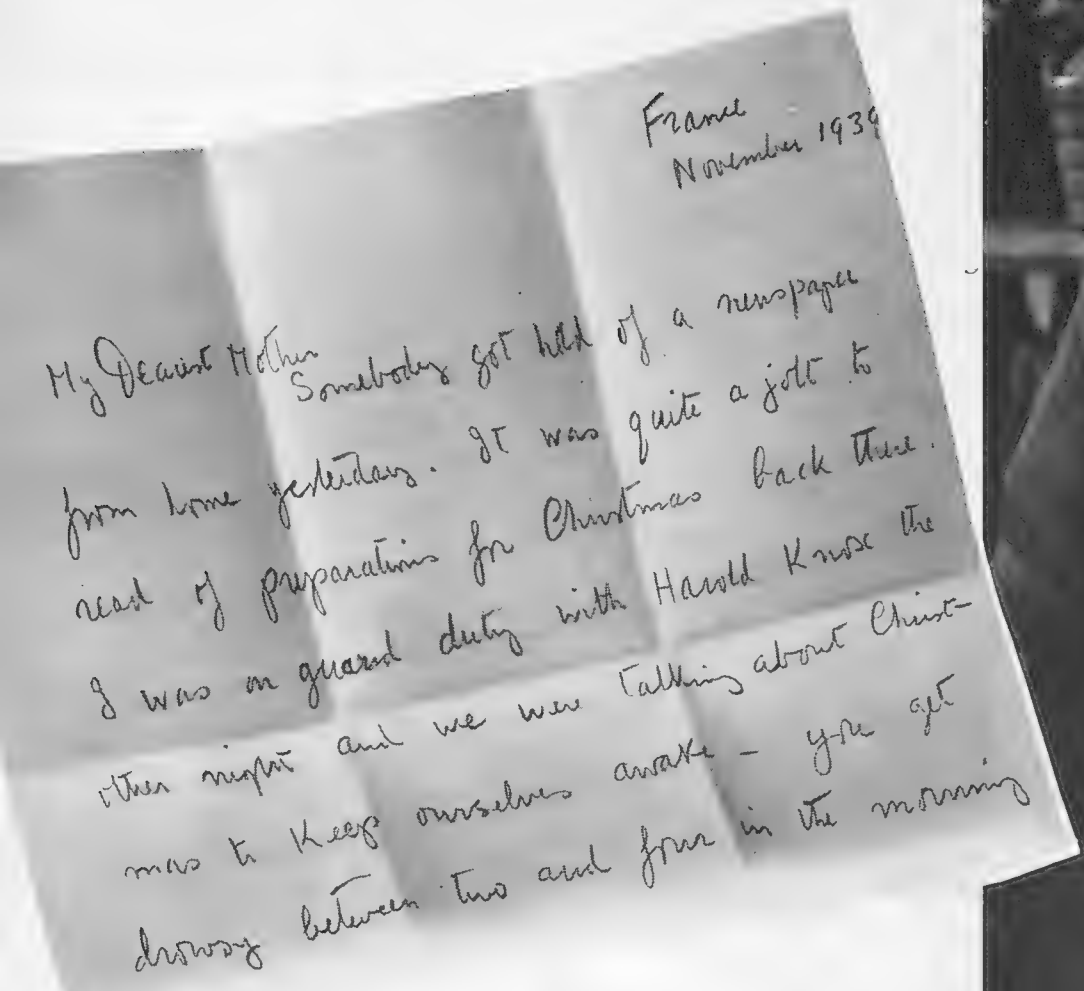
The great hurricane of 1807 took an even heavier toll of ships and men. Twenty-one vessels in all were cast away on the Goodwins and on the coast facing them, or sunk at their moorings in the roads. An engineer named Austin, who in 1877 brought before the authorities a scheme for surrounding the Goodwins with a floating breakwater, estimated that during the past five hundred years "at least one hundred millions sterling value of ships and property, and fifty thousand human lives" had been lost there. "This," his memorandum continued, "is not an exaggeration by any means. For instance, see past records of wrecks, 1854 to 1874. At least one hundred ships yearly have been wrecked in or near the Goodwin Sands, assumed value £250,000, and even this fearful loss does not include a great many wrecks and losses of ships leaving no names or numbers behind them."

The strange thing is, that of all the vessels cast away on the Goodwins very few fragments are ever recovered, a fact which gained the shoal a sinister repute as a swallower-up of ships. People who have landed on parts of the sands which are uncovered at low water do, in fact, report that the sand is very soft and loose, and that the feet sink into it readily. On the other hand, masts and other such forlorn evidences of disaster have been known to remain visible for months and even years, and well-informed local opinion holds that the vanishing of many wrecks is due to the fact that they slip or are washed off again into deep water.

None the less, there are plenty of people who think that a vast haul of treasure is only awaiting salvage beneath the surface of the Goodwins, and Admiral Hopwood, lecturing on the subject some years ago, propounded the view that it would be possible to sink a floating concrete tower in Trinity Bay (the deep channel separating the South Goodwin Shoal from the North), and to run tunnels from this base of operations in any direction. "Boring with (*Continued on page 87*)



"I like to think of you


France
November 1939

My Dearest Mother
Somebody got hold of a newspaper
from home yesterday. It was quite a jolt to
read of preparations for Christmas back there.
I was on guard duty with Harold Knox the
other night and we were talking about Christ-
mas to keep ourselves awake - you get
drowsy between two and four in the morning

My Dearest Mother,

Somebody got hold of a newspaper from home yesterday. It was quite a jolt to read of preparations for Christmas back there.

I was on guard duty with Harry Knox last night. We were talking to keep ourselves awake—you get drowsy between two and four in the morning, so you have to keep talking. We were deciding what we should like for Christmas and fooling around a bit. Some of the things were quite practical, mother dear, others might not have met with your approval, but father would understand.

But apart from this we were agreed about our need for a good mattress each. We invented a kind of super Heath Robinson contraption, something we could hump around everywhere and kip on when we felt like it, a soft, springy thing and *dry*.

I wonder what you will be doing at home for Christmas. Things can't be the same, I suppose, yet somehow I like to think of you all sitting round having a good time. I like to think that things are going on much as usual. Funny, whenever I think of Christmas at home, I can always see Jessie roasting chestnuts and the rest of us half asleep in the afternoon, too full to move.

It's funny about that. If somebody had told me last Christmas, that this year you would all be eating Christmas dinner as usual, while I was drying my feet around an oil stove and supping tepid stew I'd have been pretty sick.

But, as a matter of fact, I don't feel that way. Of course I'm not wasting any praise on the stew, but it's comforting in a queer sort of way to think of you all back there keeping my place warm; eating the things I like, putting one over on old Jerry. Funny how we say Jerry just like the others used to.

Write and tell me all about it, won't you. Don't forget a thing. Clara's letters are grand, not literary epics but meaty. The boys roared at her story about Bob Foster locking his wife and kids in the tool shed at the air raid warning. Harry said that was probably what he'd wanted to do for years.

I want to send a greeting to Marjory Howard on Christmas morning. I can't send a tiara this year but I like the idea of her waking up and finding a few flowers from me.

Do this for me, mother, please. Just a bunch of spinach, or something. I don't know what flowers are called, anything that smells nice. There's no message. Just put my name on them. She'll understand.

I don't know if it will surprise you or not, but Marjory and I may be getting married on my next leave.

all having a good time"

I haven't spoken about it before because, to be quite candid, I didn't know myself. You know what I've been about girls, mother. Loving them all, bless 'em. Marriage always seemed a long way off, particularly with things as uncertain as they were and home being what it is.

But this business has given me a lot of new ideas. It's funny the way you change. For one thing there has been plenty of time for thinking. I used to get my thinking over on the nine-thirty-six in the old days. About seven minutes of it. Now, often enough, there is nothing else to do for hours on end.

Anyway, I figure that when this little lot is over I've got to reorganise. With any luck, we may have something to look forward to, some sort of future. I'll never be able to go back to the old life exactly as it was.

The life we're living here, hellish as it is sometimes, makes you feel that way. You wonder how you could have enjoyed yourself fooling around like we did, doing nothing, getting nowhere.

So Marjory and I are going to fix things up. We rather like the idea of working it out together when I'm free again. I know you like her mother.

I can hear you asking what we're going to use for money, but I've thought of all that. Marjory will keep her job while I'm away. Afterwards, if I go back to the firm, we'll have to box pretty for a while, but I'll have something to work for, and before you can say knife, they'll be offering me a partnership.

I told Marjory I was going to break the news to you in my next. She'll be waiting to hear how you've taken it, mother, so get on to her, there's a pet and take care of her for me till I get there.

By the way, you haven't mentioned old Ginger lately. How is he? Does he miss me, I wonder? We've got a dog of our own now. You'd love him. He attached himself to the unit a day or two after we got here. Goodness knows who his owner is or if he still has one. Anyway, they don't seem much concerned about each other because old Boxer hangs around here and simply won't leave us.

He is particularly partial to Paddy Blane, you know, the Irish corporal I told you about. He even sleeps in the guard tent when Paddy's on night turn. He reminds me a lot of Ginger. He's about one-third Irish terrier and the rest pure scrounger. That's why he and Paddy have an affinity.

Boxer slopes off to the cook-house every morning for his breakfast. It's at least half a mile from here, but the old rascal knows the route blindfold. What's more he knows the time to go. It's a dog's life all right.

Yet in a curious way I'm content. We grouse like the Dickens but I'd sooner be doing this job than be a worried civilian. Not that I couldn't put up a pretty good show as a worried civilian this Christmas if the yellow ticket happened to come my way.

What a time we'd have, Mother darling. Roast turkey and my own clothes and strong tea in bed in the morning and a couple of hang-overs.

Well, it may come off. The boys call me Lucky Lawrence. We'll see.

In the meantime if I'm not there make a real Christmas of it. Enjoy yourselves twice as much as usual. Once for yourselves and once for me.

Your ever-loving son.

Letter Home to Mother

AIMLESSNESS:
Malady of the War

HEALTH PAGE BY CHRYSIS

Doctors say that ever since September 3—indeed for some time before that—they have been dealing with a widespread and indescribable condition among people, that is not so much a malady as a dislocated state of being.

Patients speak of a haziness that is either general or descends on them during periods of bright thought, cutting, indeed *blotting out*, concentration, making it difficult for them to focus attention or to carry out any given purpose.

We can all recognise the symptoms. Each of us has known lately what it is to walk into a room and then wonder why we have gone there, to go on a message, and when we come across the person be at a loss as to what we had to say to them.

The absentmindedness of the professor who walks slap into a tram, and the absent mindedness which makes you forget what you are about, are two very different things.

The professor is absorbed with a consecutive train of thought, We are suffering, temporarily, from a loss of the power to think consecutively.

If we sit down to work out a plan or unravel a knotty problem in our lives, we do neither. We sit and fall into an idle conjecturing.

Faces mirror thoughts. Loss of mental direction is worse for the actual physical health of your body than it is for your mind. Once the functioning of your organs is impaired and acids are engendered, they in turn will have a deleterious effect on the power of your mind, and then the vicious circle starts.

Every organ in your make-up is designed for a definite purpose. If the mind, which is one of the three major nerve centres—the heart and solar plexus being the others—becomes indefinite, it can have a halting effect on the others.

Sluggishness supervenes in the liver, there is a clogging of the alimentary tract. Indigestion follows on congestion, piling up trouble with poisons that form a hotbed for germs. This may sound exaggerated, but it can happen, is happening, and all because the mind has not been directed and has consequently been out of step with the other organs of the body, causing lack of balance. So you see how extremely important it is to fight absentmindedness.

Yet everything in the past three months has been conducive to a state of indecision and general slowing up, although it is essential for national and private strength that full power, efficiency and speed be maintained. Speed is, in itself, rather a stumbling block, because readjustment is necessarily a slow process, even when it is uncomplicated by the unexpected. And has anything about the war been expected?

There was first, the swift and sudden exodus from towns in anticipation of an enemy about to swoop on us at any moment. Apprehension was heightened by the compulsory carrying of gas masks. But we were ready: we prepared: we fell in with moves, although daily habits were knocked completely inside out. Then, in the first few months, nothing happened to relate the serenity of our undisturbed blue skies with the upheaval in our private lives.

We began to doubt the wisdom of our own precautions, to question, why?

The lull at high tension, the very fact that the country was forced to live those months in a contradiction of terms, was sufficient to shake and unsettle the soundest mind.

There is a theory that it needs no more than a child to knock out a wolf, providing the animal comes to the ground from a spring checked in mid air. The control necessary to arrest action has temporarily so weakened the animal.

It requires no imagination to see the effect on any human system of being deprived of action.

Well, we are still masters of our fate. We can direct our lives as long as we direct our minds. The first step is to stop mind wandering. Insist upon your thoughts being constructive. Let nothing distract you into aimless pondering, not even anxiety. If you find you have to live from day to day because the future holds no certainty, then take each day in turn and master it, and let evening find you with a set of deeds accomplished.

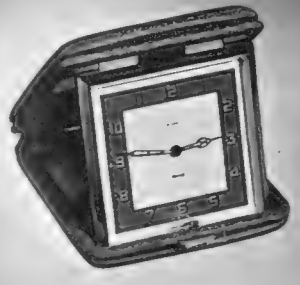
If your system is to be kept at full-pitch efficiency, it has to be directed. One way of enforcing direction is action, and if you find concentration is slipping from you, embark on small manual jobs. No matter how small they are, see that each is perfectly done. Be content at first not to think beyond small jobs, you'll soon find yourself undertaking bigger ones. Presently you will be managing your new life again quite as well as you managed your old one: organising, disposing, planning and settling, in key with the situation, ready for anything. And the moral of that is *morale*.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Badges to the fore. Vanity case, £3-0-0. Cigarette case, £4-2-6. Lighter, £2-17-6. Silver, enamelled in colour. Any Unit of His Majesty's Forces. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

Tangee powder, rouge and the ever famous lipstick which adapts itself to individual colouring. A perfect gift set. Powder costs 2/6; creme rouge, 3/6; lipstick, 1/9

Ideal present for serving men or women, Smith's coloured leather Wallet Clock. Has an eight-day movement, or alternatively, a forty-eight - hour alarm. Luminous face. Price 42/-



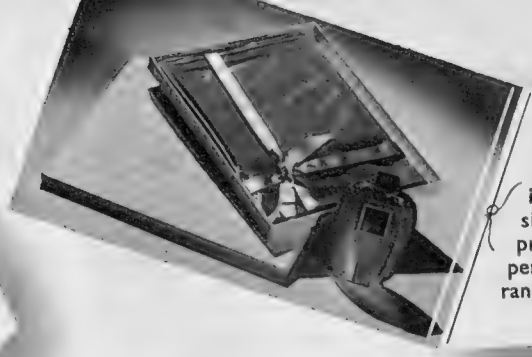
The most exquisite of perfumes, Roman Hyacinth by Floris. A few drops of the bath essence makes water soft and fragrant. Perfume, 12/6. Bath essence, 10/6

YOU may have no choice but to cut down expenditure on Christmas gifts this year, but don't let enthusiasm suffer and don't cut down the number of your gifts.

A little more thought in the choice will help to make each gift more acceptable, even though smaller than before.

Retailers and manufacturers have united to make it easier for us. Here are some of their suggestions. Help yourself to ideas from the following pages. These are decorative things, but we would remind you also of the appeal that good food and good drinks, good cigarettes and better stockings must have, more so now than ever, for all types and for all ages.

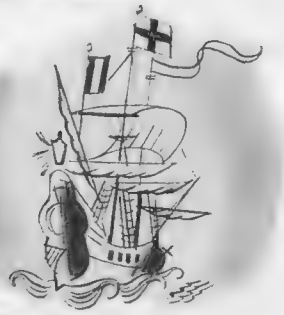
Travelling waterproof Toilet Holdall. Floral design. 8/11, postage 6d. Also "Roto" Hair Brush. Quick drying, stiff, good wearing. 5/-. Postage 3d. From Boots Cash Chemists



The "Lingerette" is for covering lingerie in a drawer or for use in the wardrobe, a silk edged square impregnated with Coty perfumes. The fragrance lasts. Price 21/-

Innoxa Complexion Milk in a glamorous pack. Price 6/6. The compact leather travelling beauty kit holds Innoxa preparations. Fastens with a zip. Price 22/6

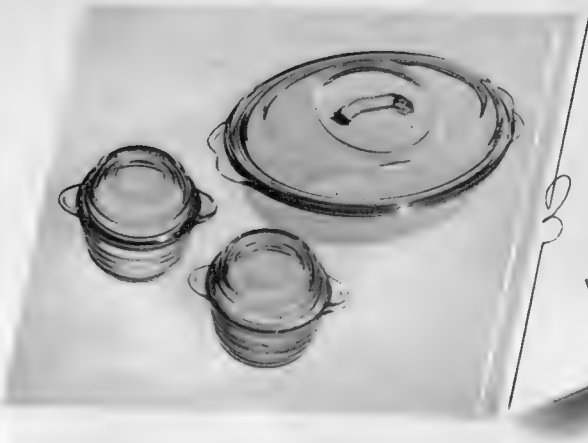
Like a miniature lizard skin suitcase, the Jane Seymour Beauty Budget Caseholds her best preparations. This set for dry and greasy skins, £1 - 11 - 6; for normal skins, 27/6



Powder, soap, bath essence, talcum and bath cubes in the famous Morny French Fern fragrance. Eight fragrant specialities in a really impressive box. Price £1 - 0 - 0

Iva Fur Puff. Luxurious, Hygienic. Washes many times. In presentation boxes and good colours, from two to ten shillings. Pochette for uniform pockets, 1/3

The ultimate luxury, bath Powder and Soap from Cyclax. The boxes are charmingly designed, an asset in themselves. Bath Powder, with puff, 8/6. Soap, 9/6



For housewives. Phœnix Oven Glass, clear and strong, and remains so. A deep, oval Casserole with reversible lid, price 5/6. Individual Soup Pots, 1/6

Women with wartime clerical jobs want a Swan Pen and Pencil set. White or coloured pearl finish, with rolled gold clip and bands. Price 30/- the set.

Batger's "Chinese" Figs, half fruit, half sweetmeat. price 1/7. Huntley and Palmers' Biscuits in a colourful enamel tin. Tins at various prices. Cadbury's "Continental" casket of chocolates. Useful afterwards. Price 5/-

Gas-mask Container and Handbag combined. In calf, silk lined. Handbag section divided for holding pen-torch, miniature first-aid outfit, powder compact, etc. Exclusive to Dolcis. 12/6

Gift Casket of Pond's most popular preparations. There is Powder, Vanishing and Cleansing Cream, Skin Freshener and a Lipstick. The casket complete, 4/6. Smaller caskets at 2/6 and 1/6

For brightening kitchens, and cookery, fireproof utensils in earthenware with a blue design. The Casserole is 4/1. The Jug, 4/1. The Pie Dish, 1/4. From Liberty and Co., Ltd.

For men. Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender Shaving Accessories: Shaving Bowl, Brilliantine, Talcum, Fixodene, After Shave Lotion and a Brush. 10/6. Others from 2/6

Elizabeth Arden, Hand-O-Tonik for keeping hands and arms soft and white, 7/6. Velva Bath Mits, filled with fragrance, lathers in any kind of water. Lasting. 3/- each. Busy Woman's Beauty Box, £1 - 12 - 6

Two - in - one gift. The delicious "Mischief" Perfume. The case is an Engagement Diary. Price 1/9. Perfume alone, 1/3, 3/-, 5/6 and 12/6

The perfect perfume for present wear, "Tweed," by Lentheric, delicate, yet in the practical mood. Perfume, 72/6; Bath Essence, 10/6; Box of Soap, 6/6

Visible-ink model Onoto Pen with Propelling Pencil. Gift for a man. The pen has the Plunger Filling System and Flow Control. Leak - proof. 28/6 the set

Viceroy Dry Shaver. Shaves any time, anywhere without preparation. No electricity, no water, no soap required, not even blades. A gift for a soldier. Price 42/-

Cologne by Atkinsons—right in all circumstances—packed for Xmas in a Chinese Lacquer case, which, later on, makes a charming cigarette box. Price 3/6

We Give You The Word For Wartime Good Looks:

BEAUTY PAGE BY CHRYSIS

Freshness is the quality in demand to-day, the power to look all the time as if you had just cleaned up. This is not easy when life is so all-crowded, so all-demanding that make-up often has to stay where it is all day without the chance of a re-do.

Exaggerated, over-sophisticated make-up is dead out, pre-war. Plastering new make-up on top of old always was dead out. The idea, therefore, is to start off right. Be meticulous and very careful when you do your morning face. Each touch has to be delicate, correct, made to last.

The fact that it takes at least twice as long to get anywhere, the long hours on duty, the extraordinary *tempo* of our lives, seem to conspire to dissociate cosmetic from the face until powder and rouge stand out like a layer of paint.

You have seen that night-club-by-daylight look on other women, and it is not attractive. It comes partly because they are very tired.

One of the purposes of make-up is to disguise fatigue and suggest newness.

Choose one of the newer softer toned lipsticks and rouges. Also arm yourself with the sustaining aid of scent, not a heady perfume, but one of those tingling light and happily exciting perfumes which make the very air around you seem washed. Yardley's eau-de-Cologne, for instance, if that sounds too usual—although there are few things to compare with it—try one of their flower scents.

Impregnate yourself with fragrance and you impregnate yourself with strength.

Start the day with a Yardley bath soap, use either Fern or eau-de-Cologne if you intend spraying yourself with their eau-de-Cologne later, or April Violets Soap if April Violets is to be your perfume. In this way your aura will be basic and unalterable.

If you prefer Bond Street or Orchis for your scents, then your soap should be Fine Oatmeal, as its effect on the skin is so nicely cleansing that you will smell delectably all of yourself, and assimilate Bond Street or Orchis subsequently as though they were part of you.

Bath Salts are to be had in every scent of Yardley's, if the water needs softening. But I infinitely prefer their Lavendo-meal for this purpose, which serves as water-softener and soap. Then you can use a dusting powder in one of your perfumes.

By preparing yourself in this way with meticulous cleansing, you definitely set yourself aside as a rare choice being, and a rare choice being you remain, whether your environment changes from select to sordid. But the mental and moral strength conferred by the sense of being perfectly groomed from—as it were—the beginning of things, is beyond all estimation. So, quite rationally and inevitably, is the increase of beauty.

If you wear Yardley's make-ups—and the latest shades to lend colour to scent are boxed on the left—obviously the best means of removing or building up towards them is to use their Beauty Aids.

Their Liquefying Cleansing Cream is, without doubt, one of the best and purest obtainable.

Their Toning Lotion Complexion Milk—for a quick cleanse—and Skin Food, are first-rate. So is their Foundation Cream, although you may find the English Complexion Cream suits your skin best. The Yardley beauty routine is simple.

If you want to make a real friend of some woman bequeath her a Travel Case of Yardley's Beauty Aids. The trouble is you may decide to keep it yourself.

If you want to be a real friend to your face, go to the Yardley's Bond Street Salon, have a treatment and then try one or two of the new make-ups. Believe me, you will emerge with a shimmering radiance about you.

NATURAL ROSE is a flattering tint to accelerate the pulse of your own natural colouring. With it, wear a touch of almond oil for eye shadow.

POPPY was made for tans, russets and greens. Especially becoming to blondes. Green Moss eye shadow.

CHERRY is true to name and gives a throb to black, is equally good with white. Can be worn with any colour by brunettes, who should use with it Violet eye shadow.

PINK HEATHER recollects cyclamen, is romantic and goes with all the lilac hues which remain with us. Mist or Violet eye shadow.

MEDIUM HEATHER blends with orchid tones, is lovely with grey hair. Azure eye shadow.

VIVID is a clear and thrilling red, higher pitched than any of the others. It is beautiful with gold tones. Green Moss eye shadow.

The powder for these lipsticks and rouges is English Peach for fair skins. Medium or Rose Rachel for darker skins.

By Chrysis War conditions have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

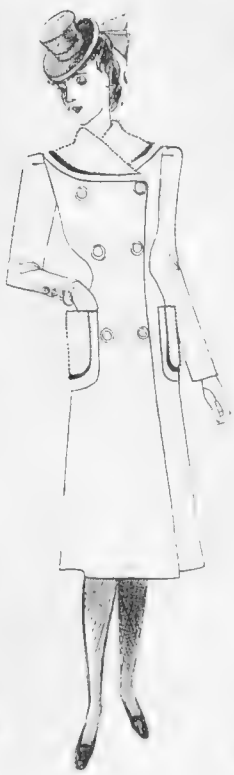
Editor Women's Department

Fluffy camel coat (can be loose or belted) over a cerise jersey, shirt blouse dress, with front skirt fulness. *Dorville*

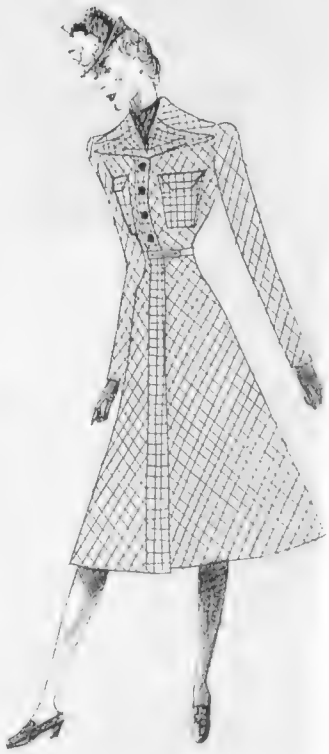
Stag heads in relief on gold buttons decorate a black frieze jacket worn over a black jersey blouse with a velvet collar, a skirt with back fulness. *Dorville*

Brown rough woollen jacket, high revered, high pocketed, a pink flannel shirt, a brown, blue and white check skirt. *Dorville*

Hooded coat in pure camel, flat tucked across a high yoke, neatly pocketed. *John Lewis, £8 18s. 6d.*



Town coat in wallflower red woollen, the beaver collar and pockets mounted on red velvet. *Lachasse*



Wine, black and white plaid, used straight and on the bias, cut with a tiny waist, a flaring skirt. *Rahvis*

Vivid green woollen dress, the flared skirt and round neck banded with self material. *£4 4s.*

Crisp, black woollen, front-buttoning two-piece obliges by being either suit or dress. *£6 6s.*

Clever tucking decorates and gives shape to a black woollen dress. Sash belt lined with royal blue. *£5 5s.*

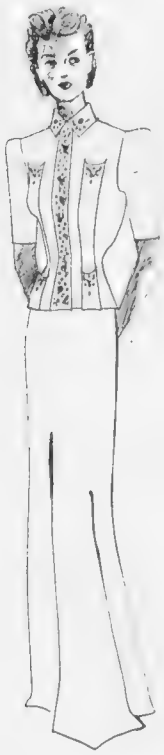
(These three from Jaeger's London or provincial branches)

Fashion, the chameleon, has quickly shaken itself dry from the downpour of the early war days, which doused the bustles, the extravaganzas, the dressed-up fragility of the autumn Paris and London styles, and sent women scurrying off to stock up with slacks, sweaters, heavy top coats, siren suits, fur-lined bootees, jerseys, plain tweeds and any garments synonymous with warm usefulness and durability.

Now the mode, reflecting the next phase of women's war-time dress needs, offers us clothes which are gay, exciting and feminine.

These are the sort of things women are demanding and getting: Little woollen frocks of an elegance that make them look right the clock round. Draped jersey and tailored silk street-length dresses that do both afternoon or evening duty. Town-into-country suits and big coats. Vivid plaids. Hoods, alone, on cardigans, waterproofs, top coats. More sense about hats. House-coats, warm, but pretty. Pyjamas, for sleeping and lounging. Elegant waterproofs—white preferred for smartness and black nights. Divided skirts for cycling and country-laning. Evening dinner dresses that show nothing but face, neck and hands in woollen and velvets. Tweed, velvet or woollen all-enveloping evening coats.

Sincerity, lit by gaiety, is the mood which characterises dress at this moment. Useless itsy-bitsy garments are out. One good thing comes out of the war. Women are dressing better.



White woollen sweater-like blouse, embroidered with mauve, green and gold sequins, a grey skirt. *Stiebel*

Black faille patterned with velvet flowers emphasises the diaphragm with a high bosom line, curving hips. *Lachasse*

Black face cloth, cascade-draping below the knee, high-lights the new long fitting torso cut. *Lachasse*

Dress for a siren—the human kind — black jersey, lit with green and fuchsia sequins. Spectator Model

The fine lines of a tailored evening coat are dramatised by its fabric, bright yellow tweed. *Lachasse*

Smoky blue woollen, with a cyclamen belt. Pleats, repressed across the bodice, hang free in the skirt. *Dorville*

Cherry woollen jersey, with a second-skin fit, over a stone woollen skirt with back fulness. *Allen Solly*

Sequined Evening Blouse

REQUIRED
6 oz. Copley's Excelsior Crêpe Wool. Press studs. Sequins. 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 "Stratnoid" needles.

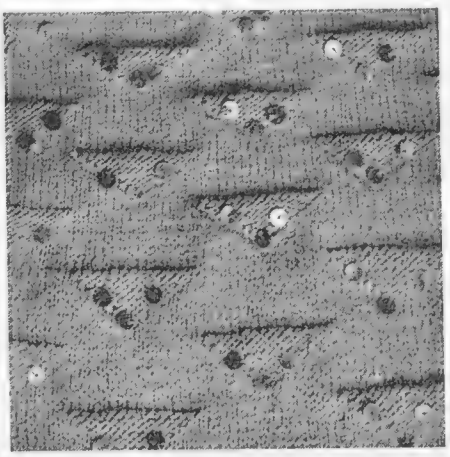
MEASUREMENTS
Length from shoulder, 17 ins. Across back underarm, 17 ins. Across front underarm, 8 ins. Sleeve length from shoulder, 9 ins.
TENSION: Approx. 7 sts. to 1 in.

BACK
With No. 12 needles cast on 105 sts. Rib 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue in following patt. (*Note*: Always *knit* the *last* st., always *slip* the *first* st. *knitwise*.):
1*st row*: * P. 15, k. 15; rep. from * ending p. 15.
2*nd row*: P. 1, * k. 13, p. 17; rep. from * ending p. 1.
3*rd row*: K. 2, * p. 11, k. 19; rep. from * ending k. 2.
4*th row*: P. 3, * k. 9, p. 21; rep. from * ending p. 3.
5*th row*: K. 4, * p. 7, k. 23; rep. from * ending k. 4.
6*th row*: P. 5, * k. 5, p. 25; rep. from * ending p. 5.
7*th row*: K. 6, * p. 3, k. 27; rep. from * ending k. 6.
8*th row*: P. 7, * k. 1, p. 29; rep. from * ending p. 7.
9*th row*: K.
10*th row*: P.
11*th row*: * K. 15, p. 15; rep. from * ending k. 15.
12*th row*: P. 16, * k. 13, p. 17; rep. from * ending p. 16.
13*th row*: K. 17, * p. 11, k. 19; rep. from * ending k. 17.
14*th row*: P. 18, * k. 9, p. 21; rep. from * ending p. 18.
15*th row*: K. 19, * p. 7, k. 23; rep. from * ending k. 19.
16*th row*: P. 20, * k. 5, p. 25; rep. from * ending p. 20.
17*th row*: K. 21, * p. 3, k. 27; rep. from * ending k. 21.
18*th row*: P. 22, * k. 1, p. 29; rep. from * ending p. 22.
19*th row*: K.
20*th row*: P. These 20 rows form patt.
Work until 4 ins. from cast-on edge. Change to No. 10 needles. Work until 11½ ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES
Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 85 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS
Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS
With No. 12 needles cast on 75 sts. Work as for back until 11½ ins. from cast-on edge. (Continued on page 96)



Abbreviations

K. = Knit	Tog. = Together
P. = Purl	Beg. = Beginning
Sts. = Stitches	Rep. = Repeat
Inc. = Increase	Patt. = Pattern
or	S. = Slip
Dec. = Decrease	Ins. = Inches

Chic Cardigan

REQUIRED

11 oz. Femina Double Knitting Wool. 6 buttons. 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 8 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 21 ins. Across back underarm, 17 ins. Across front underarm, 9 ins. Sleeve length from shoulder, 24 ins.

TENSION: Approx. 9 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 5 needles cast on 74 sts. Rib 3 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue in following patt.:

1*st row:* S. 1, * k. to end.

2*nd row:* S. 1, * p. 1, k. 1; rep. from * ending k. 2. These 2 rows form patt.

Work until 6 ins. from cast-on edge, dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Work ½ in. without shaping. Then continue until 13 ins. from cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 74 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 58 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 5 needles cast on 38 sts. Work as for back until 13 ins. from cast-on edge, dec. and inc. at armhole edge only.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 2 sts. every armhole end row 4 times. Work 7 ins. on remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every 3rd row at neck edge until 20 sts. remain. Then every alternate row until 12 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row twice. Work another front with shaping at opposite edge.

SLEEVES

With No. 8 needles cast on 30 sts. Rib 3 rows k. 1, p. 1. Work 2 ins. patt. Change to No. 5 needles and work until 18½ ins. from cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 54 sts. remain. Then cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off. (Continued on page 96)

Main Light weight Woolly

REQUIRED

6 oz. Munrospun 3-ply Morning Mist Wool. 6 buttons. 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20½ ins. Across back underarm, 19 ins. Across front underarm, 12 ins.

TENSION: Approx. 7 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 112 sts. Rib 3¾ ins. k. 1, p. 1, inc. in every 7th st. of last row only (128 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and patt.:

1*st row:* S. 1, k. 5, * p. 4, k. 12; rep. from * ending k. 6.

2*nd row:* S. 1, p. 5, * k. 4, p. 12; rep. from * ending p. 5, k. 1. Rep. rows 1 and 2 twice more.

7*th row:* S. 1, k. 4, * p. 6, k. 10; rep. from * ending k. 5.

8*th row:* S. 1, p. 4, * k. 6, p. 10; rep. from * ending p. 4, k. 1.

9*th row:* S. 1, k. 3, * p. 8, k. 8; rep. from * ending k. 4.

10*th row:* S. 1, p. 3, * k. 8, p. 8; rep. from * ending p. 3, k. 1.

11*th row:* S. 1, k. 2, * p. 10, k. 6; rep. from * ending k. 3.

12*th row:* S. 1, p. 2, * k. 10, p. 6; rep. from * ending p. 2, k. 1.

13*th row:* S. 1, k. 1, * p. 12, k. 4; rep. from * ending k. 2.

14*th row:* S. 1, p. 1, * k. 12, p. 4; rep. from * ending p. 1, k. 1. Repeat rows 13 and 14 twice more.

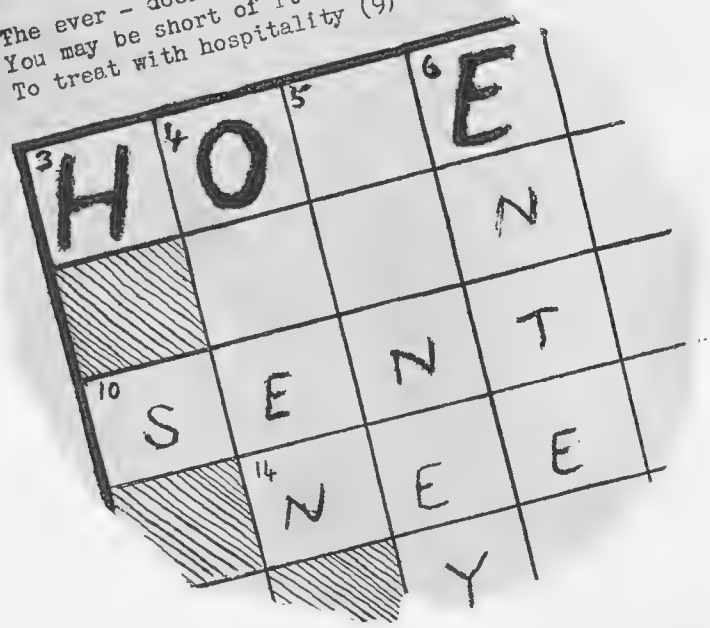
19*th row:* As 11th. (Continued on page 96)

A WORD OF 4 LETTERS

3. Where the heart is (4)
10 A thought prompted by feeling (9)
14. State that requires supply (4)

Down

4. "The ever - door" (4)
5. You may be short of it now (5)
6. To treat with hospitality (9)



Time, aloof as ever from the affairs of man, brings us Christmas again and very comforting it is that, in spite of all, the good old festival remains.

Wars may rage, but you can't black out Christmas. Only the fainthearts will try.

True, this is a war Christmas; a Christmas from which many may be absent; a Christmas bringing hardships that must be faced, but still Christmas. And never was there more reason to keep it cheerfully.

Look at it, if you like, as a personal gesture of confidence. Look at it as a service you can render to those who have left the home fires for you to keep burning. However you look at it keep Christmas and keep it with gaiety.

Perhaps we shall see restored again that home feeling which had at one time so powerful a place in all our hearts and with which more and more of us were losing touch. Hotel Christmases, south of France Christmases, Winter sports Christmases, any kind, in fact, but the simple home kind was sought after. The quiet family Christmas was steadily losing its appeal, becoming rather a bore, a duty.

Well, war has its uses, and if one of them is to bring us back to an appreciation of homely things, so much the better. It must happen, for already there is a quickening of regard for all that it represents: the hospitable roof, the warm hand of friendship, the genial and social sympathies which Christmas brings into relief have never been so eagerly sought.

Home, family, and the things of home never had a greater significance than now. For the people who are away it is an inspiration and a promise. For the people still in it, it is a sheet anchor—security.

So practise your wizardry, you wives and mothers. Food rationing will present you with some pretty little problems of invention. Your bit of war service lies in organising Christmas menus that are not even on nodding terms with hardship.

You can do it. You may even get some fun out of it. After all anybody can stage a happy Christmas with good things simply waiting at the shops to be bought. It takes a clever one to make a Christmas dinner out of goodwill, ingenuity and coupons.

Anyway, here's a challenge to your skill. Take it up. Some of us are going to get a big kick out of thumbing our noses at the forces of chaos that would delight in seeing us subside into gloom this December.

So decorate your trees. Light up the Christmas candles. Celebrate. You're going to feel a new person after this celebration is over.

The holly bushes are radiant with berries this year, so gather your Christmas garlands. Blackout evenings give plenty of leisure for planning new and amusing Christmas schemes.

Anyway, plan your decorations ahead. Don't, as many do, festoon the house haphazardly with holly and Christmas bells. It hardly ever looks anything but what it is, scrappy. Lay out a scheme for each room. Do it on paper and then carry out your ideas from there. The effect is twice as good and still may be utterly simple.

For people in the country Christmas garlands for the dinner table can be easily made with holly, mistletoe, chrysanthemums, trails of smilax running from the centre across the table cloth. Substitute a light green cloth of crêpe paper for the conventional linen and you have a really gay effect at practically no cost.

Candles, flowers, fruit or even coloured glass balls in a low dish make a bright centre-piece and add little to the cost.

If transport difficulties bring a shortage of Christmas trees, gather long branches of holly and fir, mix them with plain slim branches, stripped of leaves and touched over with silver paint.

Arrange the foliage and the branches together in a large stone jar or a flower pot filled with earth. If an ordinary empty vessel is used, twisted wire will keep the heavier branches in position. Decorate them just as you would do a tree.

Raise the pot from the ground on a low table or on a wooden plinth. Fully dressed, you will hardly know your makeshift tree from the real thing.

Send your Christmas cards galore. Believe me those robins and holly berries are going to bring more comfort this year than they've ever done. It *must* be so. They link us with the real, simple, enduring things of life, with peace.

So, up with your calendars and Christmas cards. It is sheer defeatism, if you don't.

The same goes for presents and if you really, truly cannot afford very much, then don't, but send your presents just the same. How many times have you been told that it is the *thought* not the gift that counts? In any case, Cousin Sue will get as much pleasure from a fussy little handkerchief as she did from the brass warming pan you sent her last year. Well, anyway . . .

One family I have heard of are pooling their resources and their inventive skill to make and to buy gifts for every man and woman of their acquaintance doing National Service. It is an idea to be copied.

Other families are organising themselves into carol singing parties. Waits, for the instrumentally inclined. The object is to send all proceeds to war charities.

This way, and in this spirit, many Christmas parties are in the making, many family gatherings. Confidence, happiness, and release go with them.

Peace may have, temporarily, forsaken us, but happily there is still goodwill among men.

Winifred Lewis

ROOMS THAT MEAN HOME

(*Above*)

Tradition and originality go together in this most English of rooms. Even the Staffordshire dogs are complacent

(*Right*) This very small dining-room has cream walls, curtains edged with black and lined with black for screening purposes. The dining chairs are upholstered alternately in black and off white tweed. The table and sideboard are painted cream and black. *Doris Howard Robertson*

(*Below right*) The best traditions of the simple, modern taste are combined with a homely informality in this scheme for a sitting-room. The walls are cream and the curtains peacock blue. An Oriental rug shown in relief against a neutral carpet and the chairs are braided with blue. *Doris Howard Robertson*

(*Below*) Part of a large hanging cupboard has been removed to make this cosy and original bed alcove. The room, a small one, is now amply large enough

FOOD TO MAKE

Come into the kitchen—and forget about the war. That's the Christmas spirit on the Home Front this year.

The Christmas cake will get its icing. Even if the brandy costs the eyes out of your head, as the *poilu* puts it, the plum pudding will come to table in its usual blaze of glory.

And, of course, the children shall have their party.

To these ends here are recipes which, without being entirely regardless of expense, will give us that little extra something we've been looking forward to.

SPINACH SOUP

2 pints milk and water mixed, 1 lb. spinach.
1 oz. butter or margarine, 1 oz. flour, seasoning.

Wash and de-stalk spinach, and cook in a saucepan with just enough water to cover bottom of pan. When tender, drain, and rub through a hair sieve.

Melt butter in saucepan, sprinkle in flour, stirring; cook a few minutes and, gradually, add spinach and milk and water.

Boil, simmer for a few minutes, season and serve. A little cream or top milk might be added at the last moment.

THE TURKEY

Nine pounds is a good average weight for a turkey, and that will do for at least a dozen people. Allowance of turkey (undressed) per person is ½ to ¾ lb.

When buying, choose a short plump bird rather than a long rangy one. When you press the end of the breast-bone, it should give easily. Feet should be smooth and shining; skin also smooth and fine in texture.

Don't try to economise on stuffing; it makes the bird go further. So let's have two, as usual—the sausage-meat or herb one in the body and the chestnut one in the crop.

Before stuffing, rub the bird's interior with salt. Many people don't rub salt on the outside, knowing that it produces blisters during cooking. We say—what's an odd blister or two when you consider the greatly improved flavour?

Don't roast too quickly (*Regulo setting 7 for 30 minutes, then Rugulo setting 4*). Allow fifteen minutes to the pound, and fifteen over.

It's worth a cut off the bacon ration to put fat rashers across the breast while roasting. Remove them twenty minutes before the end to brown the skin. If you don't want to use bacon, substitute pieces of bread to prevent that part of the turkey from browning too quickly.

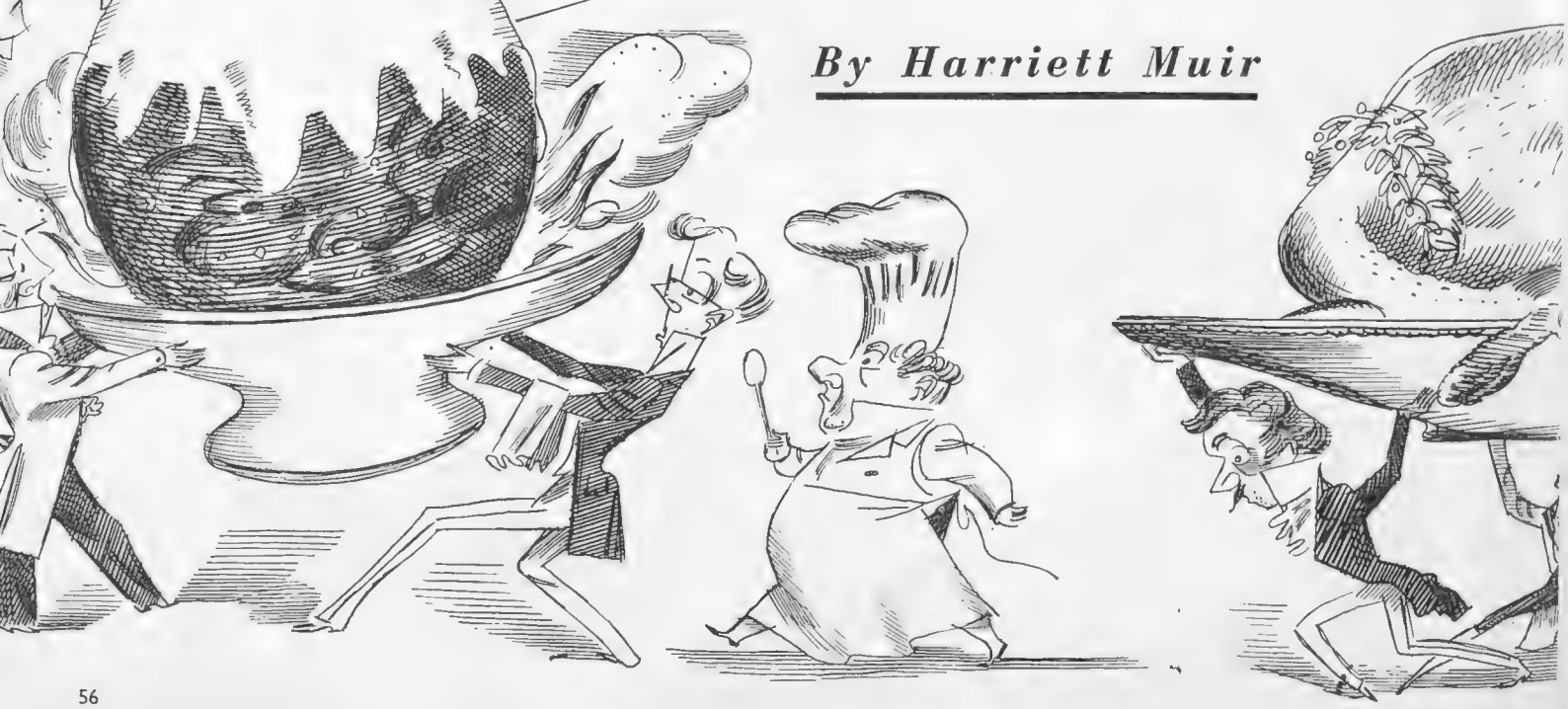
The easiest way to shell the nuts for the chestnut stuffing is to cut slits in each, put in a thick frying-pan, add just enough olive oil to coat them and shake over the fire for about ten minutes. Peel when cool enough to handle.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

½ lb. cranberries.
Two breakfastcupfuls sliced apples (this economises cranberries).
Three-quarters of a breakfastcupful water.
One breakfastcupful sugar.

Mix in saucepan, cook slowly until fruit is soft. Then beat thoroughly, preferably with a wire whisk. For some reason, cranberry sauce is better if it is cooked the day before you use it, and it is a good idea to get it done in advance to save congestion of work on the day itself.

By Harriett Muir



YOU FORGET . . .

WATERCRESS SALAD

Dress with salt, pepper and vinegar or lemon juice. Don't use oil. Dry thoroughly after washing.

PLUM PUDDING

You probably have your own favourite recipe and would be deeply insulted if any improvements were suggested, but you may be interested to have this economic one which needs no eggs.

One teacupful shredded suet.
One teacupful self-raising flour.
One teacupful breadcrumbs.
Two tablespoonfuls treacle.
One teaspoonful ground ginger, milk to mix stiff.
One teacupful raisins, one teacupful currants.
Three tablespoonfuls sugar.
One tablespoonful vinegar.
Half nutmeg grated.

Mix dry ingredients (no sultanas, notice; you may find them difficult to get). Heat treacle, add vinegar to it, and blend thoroughly with dry ingredients. Add a little milk and put the mixture, which should be stiff, at once into a greased basin. Boil or steam for four to five hours.

BRANDY BUTTER

Four tablespoonfuls butter, 4 oz. icing sugar.
A small wineglassful of brandy.

Use a wooden spoon to beat butter in a basin until creamy. Remove lumps from icing sugar by rolling it, having first wrapped it in clean paper, with a rolling-pin. Go on beating butter, adding a little sugar and a few drops of brandy at a time until all is used.

MINCEMEAT

½ lb. each of shredded suet, cooking apples, brown or castor sugar, raisins, currants.
One lemon, one portglassful brandy.
Quarter teaspoonful each of ground cloves, ground mace, ground cinnamon.
¼ lb. candied peel.
2 oz. chopped, skinned almonds (optional).

Peel, core and chop apples, stone and chop raisins, wash and dry currants, mince peel, grate rind from lemon and squeeze out juice. Mix all dry ingredients and lemon juice. Stir with wooden spoon and add brandy. When filling pots, press down well.

Don't put in more apples than recipe allows. They contain moisture; it is excess moisture which makes mincemeat go mouldy.

Extra Eats

DEVILLED BISCUITS

Butter some celery-flavoured biscuits and sprinkle with salt and plenty of curry powder. Fry on both sides in a little butter until just golden. Remove and pour rest of butter over. They're nicest hot, but are also good cold.

APPLE CHIPS

Peel and core a few sweet apples, and cut into thin slices like potato chips. Fry golden in deep oil, and drain thoroughly. Put in the oven to dry, sprinkle with salt, and serve hot or cold.

CRAB SALADS

One tin of crab.
½ pint Chivers' aspic jelly.
Lettuce.

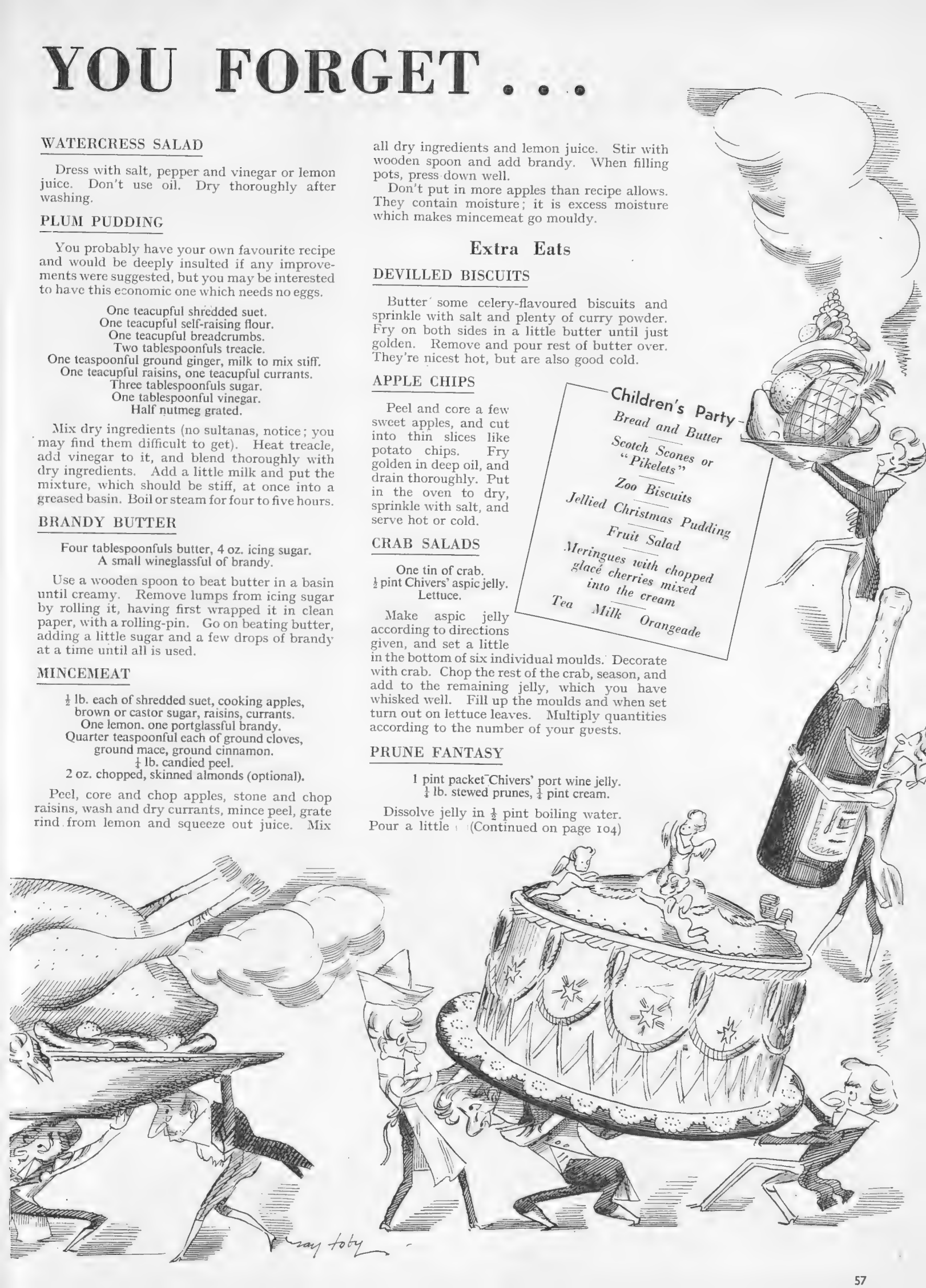
Make aspic jelly according to directions given, and set a little in the bottom of six individual moulds. Decorate with crab. Chop the rest of the crab, season, and add to the remaining jelly, which you have whisked well. Fill up the moulds and when set turn out on lettuce leaves. Multiply quantities according to the number of your guests.

PRUNE FANTASY

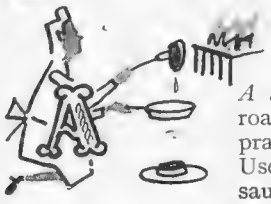
1 pint packet Chivers' port wine jelly.
½ lb. stewed prunes, ½ pint cream.

Dissolve jelly in ½ pint boiling water. Pour a little

(Continued on page 104)



Economy - ALPHABETICALLY



A la Brioche. This is cooking meat by roasting before the fire, old fashioned, but practical and economical. Saves current. Use a Dutch oven for steaks, chops, sausages and bacon, a spit for joints.

B Boiling, or braising. Good for cheaper cuts of meats. Success depends upon liquid in which meat is immersed and temperature maintained throughout cooking. Rapid boiling spoils most meats. Simmer and use soft water when available.

C for Cabbage. Rich in vitamin and mineral salts. Easy to grow. Seldom properly cooked. Trim, cut in four and boil violently for fifteen minutes, no longer. Strain, chop and return to the saucepan. Re-heat.

D for Drinks. Arrowroot and blackcurrant. Melt two tablespoonfuls blackcurrant jam in a quart of water. Simmer half an hour. Strain, re-heat. Mix a tablespoonful arrowroot to a paste. Add to currant mixture, stir ten minutes.

E for Electricity. Economise by using good quality lamps. Replace high wattage lamps with low. Do not wash dishes or hands with the hot tap running. Reduce amount of water for each bath rather than cut the number of baths.

F for Fats. Save bacon, sausage and other fat residues. Dripping cake is excellent. More fat can be drawn from bacon and sausages by slow cooking. Grilling is preferable to frying. Fats are highly nutritive and should be skilfully conserved.

G Glucose D. A valuable nerve tonic and a sugar substitute. Made from fruit sugar. Can be used to sweeten drinks, fruit, mixed with cereals and for some cooking purposes. Sweetening content lower than sugar, otherwise flavourless.

H Haricot beans. Excellent added to fried onions and thickened gravy. To avoid soaking bring to the boil in cold water. Strain off water and bring to the boil again in fresh cold water. Boil thereafter until tender.

I Insides. Sweetbreads, tripe, kidneys, hearts, brains. Try a sheep's heart with veal stuffing. Cover with strips of bacon, flour and pepper. Place in well-greased bag with one onion, sliced. Cook one hour in a moderate oven.

J Juggling to improve axed menus. Select foods of high nutritive standards. Choose bone and vegetable soups to offset deficiency of meat; porridge and rice, for bulk; raw vegetables for vitamins.

K Kedgeree. For using cold scraps of meat and fish. Fry one chopped onion, add six ounces of chopped meat. Heat gently. Add 4 ounces of cooked rice, a chopped egg white and sieved yolk. Season, stir till hot.

L Lemon rinds. Keep these for flavouring cakes, puddings and drinks. Lemon and orange skins washed and steeped over night in hot water with brown sugar or glucose make a refreshing and highly cleansing drink. Good for the complexion.

M Marketing. Do your own if possible. In these difficult times it is advisable to see what you are buying. In season now and cheaper for that reason are bloaters, kippers, herrings, skate, pork, ducks and geese, rabbits, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cranberries and pears.

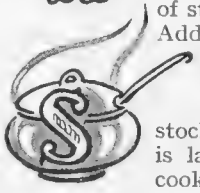
N Nuts. Rich in nutritive oil. Make nut mince by frying ground mixed nuts with breadcrumbs and grated onion till brown. Add ketchup, seasoning and stock. Serve with mashed potato and *croûtons* of bread.

O One-pot Dinners. Easily prepared and cook unattended. Foods cook well in tiered steamers so long as good head of steam is maintained. Serve directly heat is turned off. Greaseproof bags keep apart foods used in one container.

P Pastry without butter. Use 1 lb. of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 wineglassful of salad oil. Mix to a stiff paste as with other fats. Dripping crust is good for plain pies and puddings made with meat.

Q Quick Snack. Shred an onion finely. Crack 2 eggs into a double saucepan with a knob of butter. Add onion and cook slowly. When eggs are thick and onion melted pile on to toast, dust with grated cheese and serve.

R Ragout. Slice cold meat. Boil bones for stock. Fry chopped onion, carrot and turnip in fat and when brown sprinkle with flour. Add 1 pint of stock. Simmer fifteen minutes. Cool slightly. Add meat and cook gently one and a half hours.



S for Soups. All good ones begin in the stock pot. Any bones cooked or otherwise make stock. With rich broth as basis, delicious soup is largely a matter of flavouring. Prolonged cooking, gentle simmering, improve flavour.

T Tinned foods. Keep as many in store as possible. Economical, if used in conjunction with fresh dishes. Tinned butter, jam, and meat stew are available now. Tinned corned beef, fried with potato till brown, is a good square meal.

U Utensils. The best is the cheapest in the end. Thick saucepans save shrinkage, conserve goodness. Avoid shiny surfaces which reflect light and decrease heating power. Collect saucepans that will cook several things on one burner.

V Vegetables. Study scientific cooking thereof to obtain highest vitamin value in times of reduced menus. Bake all potatoes in their skins; scrub well and eat the skins. Steam all root vegetables. Use greens water as foundation for stock.

W White of egg for several different purposes can be obtained from one egg by piercing the shell with a pin and dripping out just as much white as required at one time. Cover the hole with plaster or stamp paper.

X Xmas pudding *à la guerre.* Try substituting desiccated coconut for suet. Say three parts coconut and the rest suet. Gives a delicious flavour to the pudding and enriches it. Use hay-box cooking to economise gas.

Y Yorkshire pudding as a sweet and in a new way. Add raisins, which are nourishing, any fresh or tinned fruit, varying with candied peel. Sprinkle in after the batter is in the tin. Use a moderate oven.

Z Zuppa Lombarda. Italian stew for cold days. Mixed chopped hard-boiled egg and onion with flour and curry powder. Put teaspoonful inside rolls of bacon and slices of beef-skirt. Tie and fry brown. Simmer in stock with sliced tomatoes and lemon juice one and a half hours.

MAKE THIS AN ELIZABETH ARDEN CHRISTMAS

WHETHER SHE'S

Cyclamen—a radiant colour caught in perfume in a fan shape bottle, elegantly adorned, resting in case lined with cyclamen velvet, 5 gns. Other packings 14/6 45/-

Pocket size Service Kit, containing Cleansing and Velva Cream, Foundation Cream, lipstick, comb, mirror, and space for powder. In Pigskin, 21/-

Blue Grass, Miss Arden's favourite perfume, 12/6 to 7 gns. Blue Grass Eau-de-Toilette - - - 17/6 and 30/-

Morocco Leather Beauty Box fitted with essential preparations and make-up. By a clever device bottles swing upright when box is opened. 7½ gns.

Beauty Box with stand up mirror. Everything for home treatment as well as powder, rouge, lipstick, and eye sha-do. Black, Brown, Blue, 32/6

Flower Mist Bath Box. Pink and blue gift box containing Flower Mist, Bath Cubes, Dusting Powder and Hand Soap. Blue Grass only 22/6

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Elizabeth Arden gifts may be obtained from smart shops throughout the country. They are all wrapped attractively packed in Christmas cellophane.

Christmas BY POST

Take a lot of imagination and the same amount of trouble. Add some common sense. Pack ingredients with infinite care, following postal directions minutely, and you have the right recipe for a Christmas parcel to the troops.

Good eats are always acceptable. Candies, sweet or savoury biscuits, cocktail snacks, small cookies, can all be made at home.

Pack eats in tins and make the tin as air-tight as possible by wrapping a band of adhesive tape round the lip of the lid.

In making up your parcel, vary the contents as much as possible. Most of the boys and girls will agree that it is more fun to receive a mixed bag at Christmas, than one expensive gift. Something useful, something frivolous, something good to eat. A sixpenny book, cigarettes; chewing gum or acid drops, for the heavy smoker who may not smoke on duty, as well as for the non-smoker; a silly joke.

Your parcel will be doubly precious if it includes something made with your own hands. Here are a few ideas for easy things to make; others will suggest themselves according to the individual needs of Him in France and Her in billets or under canvas in England.

MEMORY CALENDAR

Collect the best snapshots of home life; the family pets or favourite family pursuits. Paste these up on a white drawing board, using your ingenuity to make an attractive layout. Stick a calendar at the bottom of the board, pierce the top and thread through with a bright cord hanger.

SOLDIER'S FRIEND

Use khaki drill and line it with scarlet flannel. Cut a strip of each material about 28 in. by 5 in. Sew a narrow band of the khaki down centre of the flannel, leaving slots for scissors, thimble, etc. Buttonhole the two materials together with khaki or red thread.

Turn up each end to form pockets about 3 in. deep; one for thread, the other for buttons. The button pocket must have a flap and be fastened with poppers. Strings for tying up the roll are better than button and loop. Make them with scarlet braid.

Fit out the Soldier's Friend with needles with big eyes, safety pins, darning wool and pins, buttons, cotton and wool. Use Navy or Air Force blue material, for sailors and airmen. (*Continued on page 67*)

Travel alarm clock, the dial protected by roll-back shutter which forms stand for clock when open. *Rivoli*, 25s.

Fitted clothes brush toilet set (for women). £1 12s. 6d. *Simpsons*. For men, *Rivoli* have similar fitted pigskin brush, holding razor, shaving cream, toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, scissors, and nail file, 18s. 6d.

Assorted goodies (Ox tongue, chicken, kippers, sausages, herrings, chocolate biscuits, sweets, chocolate, cake, and Christmas pudding in special basin) from any *Lyons Corner House*. About 25s.; smaller ones obtainable from 7s. 6d.

The Surelite matchbox with shield, prevents match from blowing out. 1s. Selfridges.

Cyclamen, black or dark brown suède belts decorated with regimental badges, 6s. 11d. Selfridges.

Pocket chess and draught set, 8s. 6d. Simpsons.

"Fame . . . "

Victory through courage

The charge of the Light Brigade 1854

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MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE TO A PLEASANTER LIFE—EVEN NOW

1. Whatever economic restrictions the war may have imposed upon you, you can still cook your cake and eat it, and with less trouble than it takes to scramble an egg.

I have discovered some new cake mixtures which are made of the finest ingredients: wheat, eggs, sugar, flavouring and shortening (100 per cent British Empire produce, by the way), which only require the addition of water, a little stir, a greased tin, to give perfect results. The price is 6d. per packet.

There are six different varieties of cake to choose from, including pancake, angel and chocolate cake, besides an excellent crust for pies.

These cake mixtures are based on actual caloric values, so that besides being a tea-time delicacy, they form a valuable health food.

2. Keep the hands warm and the feet dry and the rest of you will take care of itself. This maxim is a pretty sound one, as I have had many occasions to discover since it was first shot at me by our old family doctor. Soldiers know the truth of it, for they take to bed socks and mittens like ducks to water.

Right now, I have run to earth another revival of Victorian days for keeping the hands warm—Muffetees.

Now we call them wristlets. They are made of a stranded stuff, soft as floss to the touch, which is covered and quilted in any fabric you like. Besides the incredible warmth of the stuff of which these wristlets are made, it is water repellent, and bug-proof. That last quality is worthy of thought when sending anything of this nature out to the troops.

Knee-caps and bands for holding bandages in place are also available. Certainly, a pair of these wristlets would be an acceptable addition to the Christmas parcel.

3. You who read this page, may think there is nothing wrong with your eyes but eye strain shows itself in more ways than pink rims or aching lids. Headaches, lassitude, facial mannerisms, all betray strain of the optic nerves. What else can we expect in these times of dark encirclement and light rations?

One way to counteract strain is to bathe the eyes regularly. Travellers and men and women in the services, will welcome an eye bath that comes in solid form. The neat cup has a small box concealed in the lid. In the box is a quantity of tiny pellets.

All that is necessary is to fill the cup three-quarters with water, pop in a pellet, and bathe the eyes in the usual way. In this form, there is no fear of getting the eye bath too strong or too weak, and the pack is handy for carrying in tunic pocket or handbag. Price complete, 1s. 6d.

4. An economic idea in reading lamps has opportunely come to the market. The lamp is designed to clip on to the book itself, so that the light falls directly on the printed word, making it unnecessary to burn any other lamp in the room. For needlework it can be clipped on to the chair.

As this reading lamp only needs a five-watt bulb, consumption is negligible. There is a tiny switch on the lamp so that the light can be turned off every time the book is put down without the necessity for de-plugging. The lamp is made of bakelite in attractively gay colours. Price, 5s. 11d.

5. The problem of dealing with superfluous hair on the face is a difficult one in normal times. In these days of war service and dislocated lives, it is a real nightmare.

What can the woman evacuated to a remote country district do about it? Definitely, don't experiment with scissors, razor or unknown depilatories never intended for such a delicate mission.

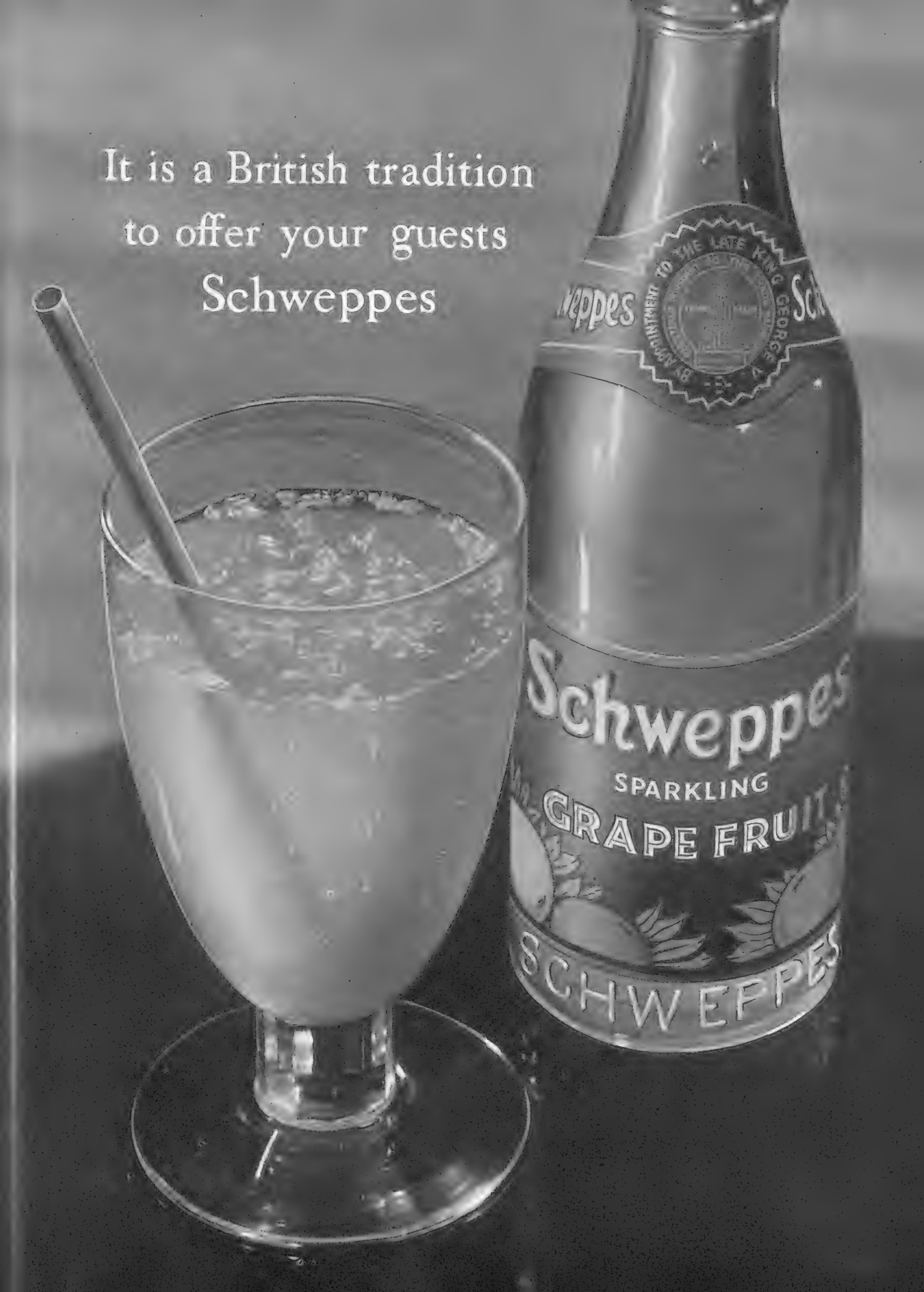
Rather let nature take its course, and wait for the first chance of getting back to your favourite beauty salon.

If waiting is out of the question, then you can send, with complete confidence, for a new kind of depilatory that is ready for service in a moment, and requires no special skill to apply. The depilatory is mounted on a card which can be cut to any shape to fit the portion of the face to be treated, and if you follow the simple directions to the letter, you can't go wrong.

6. Another poignant trouble which concerns the woman of forty and over who is living in the country or is roughing it in one of the services is the old one of hair which has been dyed and is now growing out. Regular visits to the hairdresser have hitherto concealed those tell-tale greying streaks as fast as they appeared. But when there is no hairdresser, one has to fall back upon one's own sleight of hand.

It doesn't need me to tell you that it takes a hair dyeing expert to do this re-touching job properly. But there is a touching-up pencil, specially designed for women to use at home, which is really fool-proof and which you can use with complete confidence. All you have to do is to moisten the tip of the pencil, apply to the roots and brush or comb the hair through. The colour will, of course, come off when the hair is washed, but will not smudge between whiles. It is the best temporary toucher-upper I know of.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answers your current problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, giving the numbers in which you are interested


It is a British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes
Schweppes
SPARKLING
GRAPE FRUIT
SCHWEPPES

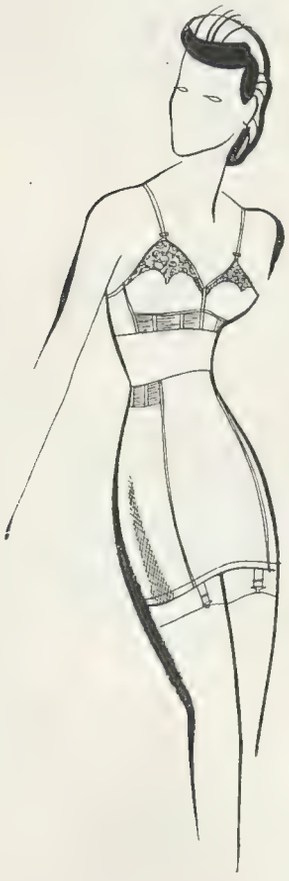
CONFIDENTLY Recommended

Foot trouble is now a commonplace trouble among women war workers. Unaccustomed walking and, in many cases, long hours of standing have shown up usually well-behaved feet in an unexpected light.

Nothing could be more painful or trying to the nerves than tender, blistered or sore feet, nor trickier to cure, once the trouble has got a firm hold.

Prevention of these foot troubles is easy. Coddle your feet if you are obliged to work them overtime and do it with the new preparation called Geet. You can get it at your chemist.

This antiseptic, lubricant powder will ease tired and blistered feet miraculously. You dust over the feet and between the toes after bathing or thoroughly washing the feet in hot water. Use it as a preventative *and* as a cure. The price is 1s. 3d. for a carton.



The ultimate luxury in foundation belts is, to most women, a garment that is supple and soft, yet absolutely supporting, delicate to look at, yet durable. A corset that persuades the figure into perfect form, yet does it so that the wearer is conscious only of greater comfort and ease of carriage.

Le Gant is a foundation with all these qualities. In addition it has the luxury of the exclusive Stay-Up Top. This is a band of reinforced elastic woven on to the top of the garment ensuring the pluperfect fit in the hollow parts of the waist.

It is, at the same time, an absolute insurance against the curling over or sagging which is such an unsightly and uncomfortable feature of some foundations.

Le Gant garments are made in many styles to fit every type of figure, even the most difficult. Corselets and brassières are included in this range, which are superbly figure-forming and luxurious to wear.

It is not often that a really new perfume is created at a popular price. Most of the original, the distinctively smart perfumes are highly priced. But not so the new Seventh Heaven.

This brilliant perfume is new in fragrance and new in type. There is nothing among the lower-priced perfumes quite to compare with its subtle quality. There are three sizes, 3s., 5s. 6d. and 10s. Try it out with one of the Test Size bottles at 1s. 3d. It really is something.

It seems that more and more women are demanding beauty preparations that have stood the test of time. The feeling is that what other women have tested and not rejected must be sound and undoubtedly this is so.

Some years ago a range of beauty preparations was launched, protected by a name which was symbolic of beauty, Gladys Cooper. These preparations have enjoyed, from the first, a reputation for purity and good results. They still do.

The finest chemists have been employed to perfect the formulas upon which the creams, complexion milk, the lotions and as well as the powder, lipstick and rouge of the range are based.

The preparations are most reasonably priced. The creams are 2s. 6d. a jar, the powder 1s. 9d. a box—larger sizes are obtainable—the lipstick 3s. 6d.

Outstanding is the foundation skin food which does a two-way job, nourishing the under surface of the skin while it efficiently holds powder. It is remarkably good for enlarged pores.

Hands need more than the usual care these days with manual work to be done both by people in the services and others dispensing with servants.

Ess Viotto, a delightful perfumed preparation for whitening and softening the hands made its reputation in the last war among women workers.

It is easy to use and free from stickiness. Just a few drops of the solution applied after washing will preserve the delicacy of your hands, preventing roughness and coarsening, keeping them smooth and satiny throughout the roughest tasks.

Ess Viotto costs 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d. and 6s. 9d. a bottle. It lasts for ages.

Elaborate, even expensive, treatments are not always the most effective, but three golden rules must be observed. These are to cleanse, protect and nourish the skin. Most women know this now.

To accomplish all three essential functions at one time is to save many precious minutes and it can be done by the use of a new type of Cleansing Milk produced by Anne French.

In the first place it is the perfect cleanser. For whereas soap and water absorbs the natural oils of the skin and does not penetrate the pores, the Cleansing Milk is finely emulsified with the object of softening the surface of the skin, and of gathering the grease and dust which is embedded deeply in the pores.

Protection from winds and weather and from blemishes due to ill health are provided for, while muscles and glands are nourished and revitalised by the same treatment.

Blackheads, open pores, wrinkles and muddiness can be eradicated by the persevering use of Anne French's new Cleansing Milk.

Use it every night and watch for the improvement in your skin. The price is 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. a bottle.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Mm.! Ah! Now this is what I call exciting

Gay.. glamorous.. tempting

DEL MONTE *Fruit Cocktail*

THE very thing to brighten winter meals! DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail—a feast of glowing colour, of exciting flavours.

Easy and economical to serve. And even more important, this mouth-watering blend of five luscious DEL MONTE fruits, cut into dainty cubes and slices, offers you a rich variety of fruit sugars, fruit salts and precious vitamins.

This is because all DEL MONTE Fruits are allowed to ripen properly on their trees in the warm sunshine—the only way by which perfect flavour and health elements can *ever* be developed to the full.

Then careful hands pluck them, pack them speedily by special DEL MONTE methods. The glorious fruits come to you orchard fresh and fragrant, their fine flavour and goodness intact.

Ready to serve, in their own rich syrup, DEL MONTE Fruits save you time, fuel and sugar—all of which are likely to be much restricted these days.

So serve DEL MONTE fruits often—for their convenience and economy as well as for their healthfulness and flavour.

Serve a different variety of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits each day, but be sure you always *get* DEL MONTE. Then you are certain of finest flavour, full value for money every time.

Insist on having

Del Monte

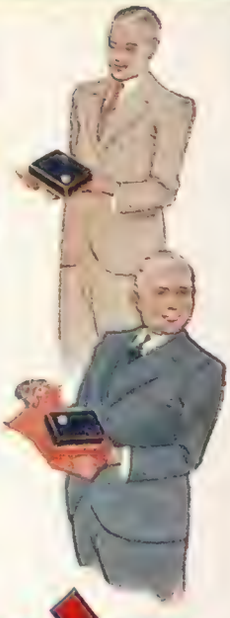
CANNED FRUITS

Another Del Monte favourite!

DEL MONTE Fruit Sa'ad—a slightly different selection of fruits from DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail and cut a little larger. But equally delicious. As with the Cocktail of course, the fruits chosen for DEL MONTE Salad are of the same high quality and flavour as those which DEL MONTE cans separately.

DEL MONTE FRUIT SALAD

A good 'opening' for all 'parties'



See the smiles as the parcels of Player's are opened . . .
See how cheeriness prevails with Player's around . . .
See that your Cigarettes are Player's; their fine flavour, distinctive fragrance and reliable quality make them the best 'opening' for all 'parties' everywhere.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

"Medium"	IN CARD BOXES	25 FOR 1'5½ · 50 FOR 2'10 · 100 FOR 5'6
	IN DECORATED TINS	50 FOR 2'11 · 100 FOR 5'8 · 150 FOR 8'6
"Mild"	IN CARD BOXES	25 FOR 1'5½ · 50 FOR 2'10 · 100 FOR 5'6

All supplied Cork Tips or Plain

MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
2 OZ. TIN 2'8
4 OZ. " 5'4

Player's

Navy Cut Cigarettes & Tobacco

Books : (*Continued from page* 20)

and drama, and characterisation which challenge comparison with anything he has written; and a dozen new portraits have claimed their place in the gallery of contemporary art.

To say that "Gale Warning" (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.) is a new novel by Dornford Yates, is in itself a sufficient testimonial to send his countless admirers hot-foot to the libraries.

Dornford Yates is not merely a novelist. He bids fair to become a national institution. And in this new book he gives us two things. First, it is the striking narrative of an ordinary young man who worked with Jonathan Mausel and Richard Chandos to run a villain to earth. Second, it is the love story of John Bagot.

But above all, it is written by Dornford Yates! The action is swift throughout, and nothing is left to the imagination.

Do yourself a kindness by reading it. Then do your best friend a kindness by passing it on—but be sure you get it back, for you'll want to read it again.

In these days when war makes it necessary for so many wives to wait anxiously at home while their men are afar off facing unthinkable ordeals, an added interest—and, indeed, an added nobility—characterise "Wilderness Wife," by Kathrene Pinkerton (John Harrap, 10s. 6d.).

For this is the epic tale by a hardy and loyal wife of how she and her husband cut themselves off from the artificialities of civilisation, living in the solitary fastnesses of a Canadian forest.

When the doctor ordered Kathrene Pinkerton's husband to give up his newspaper job and lead an outdoor life, they had only a few pounds in the world.

With more courage than most of us possess they pushed off into the Canadian woods and settled on the shore of a remote lake.

They headed north by canoe. They built their own log cabin, and Kathrene Pinkerton soon became an astonishingly expert woodsman.

She learned to drive a dog team and even to run a trap-line, while her husband strove to earn a livelihood by writing.

But her greatest achievement was to bring up a baby under conditions which would stagger most mothers.

From the Pinkertons' personal war for independence, let's turn now to a story which is an episode in the American War of Independence.

Such a story is "Conceived in Liberty," by Howard Fast (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.).

It tells of the survival of Washington's men through the pitiless winter of 1777, and of their heroic fight against the superior army of the British in the Battle of Monmouth.

In the winter of 1777–1778, General Howe and the British Army occupied Philadelphia. In a pitiful, defiant attempt to carry on the war, General Washington led his defeated men to winter at Valley Forge, in the hill country about twenty miles north and west of Philadelphia.

"Conceived in Liberty" is the story of Valley Forge; of the terrible six months the American Army encamped there, of the Battle of Monmouth that ended the winter.

It is a gallant, inspiring story, which tells how men will suffer and die because there are ideals for which it is worth while to suffer and die.

A story which all should read to-day.

I have always had a deep affection for the books of George A. Birmingham. His bubbling sense of fun, his faintly sardonic outlook, his rich characterisation, and his uncanny skill at weaving a gripping plot out of quite disproportionate materials have ever excited my admiration of his craftsmanship—an admiration not untinged with envy!

His latest book, "Appeasement" (Methuen, 8s.), is up to his best standard.

When Lady Challoner died, the peaceful Somerset village of Champflower Canonicorum was thrown into confusion. Not so much because the old lady had passed on, but on account of the progressive ideas of Sir Philip, her successor.

He was a reformer, and he made up his mind to modernise the unwilling natives forthwith.

Open warfare was prevented only by the tact of the rector, who cleverly defeated one scheme after another following a reverse in the first round.

Then came the crisis of September, 1938. London schools were evacuated, and the rector's cousin, a headmistress, descended on the village with her flock.

The able cleric welcomed this international stress, for it relieved a local situation that was fast assuming unbearable proportions.

How this ingenious and resourceful curer of souls cured Sir Philip of his "London ways," and won him for ever for the village, is a story which captures the very essence of the rural outlook, and at the same time provides a most amusing commentary on one aspect of the trials of a very difficult period.

How shall I begin to tell you about "Fiesta in Manhattan"?

This book is easily the greatest first novel I have ever read. It has a poignancy and a beauty which make it wholly unforgettable.

I hope sincerely that it will meet with the success it so richly deserves.

Messrs. Heinemann & Co., who publish this book at 7s. 6d., are to be congratulated on having discovered a new author of the calibre of Charles Kaugman.

As to the story, Miss Crane was the cause of it all. She took crushes on countries—and then came home to write "You'll Love Italy," or "You'll Love Spain."

She is collecting love for Mexico when she discovers Juan and Elena, and because Juan plays the guitar so beautifully, nothing will do but that they come to New York, where he can make big money playing for her friends.

So, to a rickety tenement in the Spanish town of Harlem, smelling of fish and onions, come the little peasants, missing their land and with an ache in their bones.

Miss Crane soon loses interest in her protégé. He wanders the streets, his feet smarting from the shoes he never has worn before. Elena sits at home terrified, in a world incredibly strange.

Then Juan meets Emilio, who deals in *marihuana*, and in one tragic night falls prey to the powers of the gringo metropolis that bring his and Elena's lives to a climax of terrific power and suspense.

Besides Juan and Elena, there are the memorable Garcias: Mama, big and blowsy; Coucha, strange and smouldering; Anulfo, who loved Elena; Lila, who worked all day and at night gave herself up to love.

This first novel is Manhattan New York through different eyes. Swing music, the "numbers," the public park as a narcotic patch, the choking terror of speed, dirt, noise to those who love the plain earth and the sun.

It is a book of light and shadow, of tragedy, comedy and pathos, that leaves the reader a little breathless for the beauty and awe of life.

"Old Home Week," by Minnie Hike Moody (Putnam & Co., 7s. 6d.), is another novel with a transatlantic background.

This is a gay and poignant story of a small American town.

"Old Home Week" brings carnival to sedate Prairieville when friends and relations return for a week at the old home town.

Mrs. Moody's sensitive, humorous description brings to life a world which every one knows—the world of a small provincial town. Nothing seems to happen in Prairieville—but in "Old Home Week," for a moment, the curtain is raised.

This story is exquisitely handled and although it deals in sentiment, it never becomes sentimental.

I suppose the author of every first novel feels that his or her book is "different."

How very rarely that feeling has the smallest justification!

Yet among this month's batch of books I find one which really does fulfil this exacting qualification.

"The Red Centaur," by Marjoire Mack (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.) is the book to which I refer.

This is a first novel whose imaginative quality and accomplished handling raise it far above the ordinary ruck of such works.

"The Red Centaur" was the family album of the Vicomte des Ebihans, who owned the château across the water from the villa in Brittany where a little English girl and her parents spent two summer holidays in the early years of the present century.

To the English child, the château and its inhabitants represented the very essence of romance—an impression which survived long after a closer acquaintance.

The difference in vision between the first summer in which the affairs of the French family are apprehended by the reader as through the senses of an eight-year-old child, and the second summer, two years later, into which tragedy has entered, is exquisitely conveyed.

Without indulging in a plethora of superlatives, I cannot pay adequate tribute to the skilful manner in which the author presents the niceties of perception with which she is dealing.

Such a theme calls for delicate treatment or, more accurately, perhaps, *balanced* treatment. And it is just this quality which so distinguishes Marjorie Mack's work.

Not less imaginative, for all its air of authenticity, is "Queen Anne Boleyn," by Francis Hackett (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.).

Many readers will remember "Henry VIII" by the same author. In his new book he returns to the same period. Whereas "Queen Anne Boleyn" benefits by the author's years of research, the book approaches the known material so freshly that it becomes far removed from the mere fictionising of history.

Finally, this month, we have a very inspiring work indeed.

All the grandeur of simplicity and all the simplicity of grandeur find expression in Richard Llewellyn's epic novel "How Green Was My Valley" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.).

This is a long book (there are 651 pages of it), but it is written with such intensity of feeling and with such obvious sincerity that it grips from start to finish.

Deservedly chosen by the Book Society, this novel tells the grim story of the individual aspirations of a Welsh mining family, and of what they made and un-made of their lives.

The story rings true—devastatingly true—in every phrase, and it is punctuated on almost every page with flashes of insight and of imagery of truly epic quality.

END

Christmas By Post (*Continued from page* 60)

Knitteds. Bunk sox; sleeping cap, muffler, socklets to cover toes and heels to prevent shoe rub, bandeau to wear under tin hat, mittens (soldiers like fingerless mittens because they can be slipped on either hand in a hurry in the dark).

Plum Cake: 1 lb. flour, ½ lb. margarine, 6 oz. sugar, ½ lb. sultanas, 1 egg, ½ pint milk. Rub margarine into flour, add pinch of salt, then sugar and sultanas. Well beat egg and add milk. Mix well together. Bake 1½ to 2 hours.

Roast chicken to eat cold. Cook with inch-thick layer of ham round it to prevent dryness.

If sending a home-made Christmas pudding, put in the parcel a tiny bag of icing sugar, a sprig of holly and a miniature bottle of rum.

END

ROLLS-ROYCE

REPAIRS AND SERVICE

As the whole of the resources of their Works are devoted to Government work, the Repairs and Service Departments have been

TRANSFERRED TO LONDON.

Full facilities for repairs and service for all Rolls-Royce cars are available at HYTHE ROAD, SCRUBS LANE, WILLESDEN, N.W.10
Telephone Ladbroke 2444 (5 lines), Telegrams Silvagost, Phone, London.

The Company can supply from stock new cars or chassis of the 40/50 h.p. Phantom III or 25/30 h.p. Wraith types.

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED
14-15 Conduit Street, London, W.1. Telephone Mayfair 6201-6

Give them the 'model' present!
WONDERLAND
Though fashions in Christmas toys change from year to year, Harbutt's 'Plasticine' consistently maintains the same high level of popularity. For nearly half a century this famous modelling material has provided never-ending pleasure and amusement for young and old alike. Made in 16 brilliant colours, it is obtainable everywhere. Below are given a few of many fascinating outfits from which to choose. Order early.
Jollybox 2/6 Little Builder 4/-
Elfin Wonderland 3/6 Complete Modeller 5/-
Other outfits from sixpence to a guinea.
Postage 6d. to 9d. extra
HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE LTD.
88, BATHAMPTON, BATH
HARBUTT'S
Plasticine

This takes the cake!
It's time you had a Vulcan!
The Gas Cooker of your dreams! Every refinement of engineering skill is yours in the VULCAN Gas Cooker. Automatic Oven-heat Control; large oven space; single back burner; and, to crown all, an oven door of double Armourplate glass, steam-resisting, unbreakable. Perfect results every time; richness and flavour sealed in your joints and pies .... cakes beautifully "risen" ... everything cooked to a turn. It's time you had a VULCAN!
-you can SEE
If you have no gas supply, write for special list of Vulcan Cookers for use with Calor Gas, or bottled Butane Gas, which can be installed in isolated homes, yachts, caravans, etc. Calor Gas cylinder service is available anywhere in the British Isles.
VULCAN
STOVES
Ask to see Vulcan Stoves at your local Gas Showrooms, or write for free list to The Vulcan Stove Co. Ltd. (Dept. BE18), Exeter.
how well it cooks!
V18A

WHAT ABOUT MOTORING NOW?

By Alan Hess

CHRISTMAS is upon us. And what sort of motoring Christmas will this be, I wonder?

With taxation at 25s. per horse-power and with small quantities of inferior petrol at our disposal to take us away through the blacked-out night, there is little enough incentive to use our cars at all; and yet, what is the alternative prospect?

Seemingly interminable journeys in overcrowded trains—also blacked-out.

Heigh-ho! I guess it will have to be the car. At any rate, one may as well use it during the few remaining days of 1939, for with Income Tax at 7s. 6d. in the £ providing the *coup de grâce*, so to speak, there seems little prospect of more than a few thousand private cars being in commission at all after the end of this month!

Not, mind you, that I agree with this idea of jacking up the car. After all, the business of the nation *must* go on—(we have been told that so often, now, that we really are coming to believe it!). And this goes for the garage trade as much as any other.

But more than this; the recreation afforded by a car is more than ever necessary, I think, when life is more than usually anxious.

I conceive it to be a very real need of the community that motoring should continue and that is why I still hope—and believe—that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will take steps to alleviate the present situation in which the unhappy motorist finds himself.

Do you remember other, happier, motoring Christmases?

Do you recall how, four years ago, you ran down to the South Coast for the vacation and how unexpectedly glorious the weather was?

And do you remember how, three years ago, your drive was jammed with cars which gleamed in the cold, hard starlight when you saw your guests off in the early hours of the morning?

Perhaps, also, you remember how, because you forgot to drain the radiator, your cylinder block cracked last Christmas—but we won't go into that, for of course you remember it . . . your wife sees to it that you do!

Well, don't risk it this year!

I know that, by the law of averages, this Christmas should be a mild one, but—just the same—don't risk it. Get some anti-freeze mixture NOW—if you can.

I say "if you can" because I happen to know that, in these days of military mechanisation, vast quantities of the stuff have been bought up by the Services and even without the impetus of a freak demand such as last year's freeze-up gave, there's bound to be a shortage.

I wonder what difference to future motoring the present motoring conditions are going to make?

I can imagine that post-war motoring will be habitually slower and more economical than it was immediately prior to the present unpleasantness, but what else?

Probably drivers will have grown a little careless through having driven with fewer cars on the road. Possibly they will be less inclined to sound their horns at cross-roads. Almost certainly, however, they will have a more highly-developed *mechanical* sense. They will drive more by ear, relying less upon their instruments—a legacy from having driven during the war without their dashlamps to guide them as to the mechanical performance of their cars.

As to the cars themselves, the most obvious trend will be, I think, to provide roomier bodies—a hang-over from get-together motoring during the Rumpus—and, even more noticeably still, smaller headlamps.

Blackout driving has at least taught us that we can get along quite well with far less light than we had grown accustomed to; while by diminishing headlamp area, a far more pleasing streamline effect can be achieved.

I WONDER whether you have had any experience of what might be termed the Advertising Mind?

It really is extraordinary how so many men, all of them experts in the same branch of commerce and imbued with a common object—that of fostering goodwill and, so, of building up sales—can hold views diametrically opposed to each other.

One group of advertising men will say that it is when a firm is inundated with orders that it is most desirable to advertise, announcing its successful trading policy. Another will say what is the good of stimulating a further demand which you cannot hope to meet?

Again, some believe that when business is slack, advertising is the surest way to pull it round; while another will assert that advertising when there is no demand is simply throwing good money after bad.

My own view is a quite definite one, but I will not bore you with it, for I prefer to give you the view of a real expert.

Of all the firms in the world whose name is so synonymous with excellence that the possibility of a dwindling goodwill need never bother it, that firm is the Rolls-Royce Company.

And yet, here is what Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, the managing director of Rolls-Royce Ltd., announced recently:

"At the end of the last war it was impossible for the public to buy new British cars or to obtain satisfaction as to a definite date of delivery, with the result that American manufacturers stepped in and monopolised the British market. When motor manufacturers in this country were again in production, it took a 'Buy British' publicity campaign to regain the home market, and this was largely due to the fact that the buying public of 1918 had become unfamiliar with the prominent makes of English cars.

"Although Rolls-Royce are now entirely engaged upon the manufacture of aero engines and will not make any motor vehicles during wartime, we intend to continue to advertise in order to keep the public informed of our activities and thus preserve our goodwill for the future. I believe it would be in the interest of all makers of British cars to do the same, irrespective of whether they continue to turn out any private vehicles, because by so doing they will retain an invaluable asset—namely, their goodwill with the public—which will surely stand them in good stead when later on they return to normal working conditions."

THE Lucas A.R.P. Headlamp Replacement Unit. This shield fully complies with the latest Home Office lighting regulations. It must be fitted to the offside headlamp, and provides a driving light which illuminates the full width of the road, but prevents a direct beam being seen from above or in front. The unit has the advantage of being supplied as a complete replacement of the existing headlamp rim and glass, no adjustments or modifications being necessary

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

followed by a soothing paternal voice pronouncing the words "*Deo gratias.*" He looked through the keyhole and saw a Dominican friar. He opened the door and the holy man entered with the most engaging smile. He said that God had sent him there to offer consolation and comfort to a troubled soul. He asked Goldoni to trust him, as he too was going to Chioggia; and to allow him to be his companion for the rest of the journey.

He explained to the unhappy boy that peace of soul was only attainable through sincere repentance and complete confession. The two were interrupted by the captain calling the friar to supper. The latter rose, recommending Goldoni to make a thorough examination of his conscience, for in half an hour he would return and relieve his heavy heart from the misery that was oppressing it.

Goldoni already felt much happier, and when the friar returned he told him the whole story without omitting any detail, and recited also some verses of the regrettable poem. The friar seemed deeply horrified. Every now and then he covered his face with his hands, and concluded by saying that the sin committed against so many honourable families could only be atoned for by an adequate compensation. But the victims, alas, were too far away, and so the only thing left to do was to devote a sum of money to charity, Christian charity, before the absolution could be given.

Goldoni would have willingly done anything to expiate his wicked deeds, but his entire possession amounted to only fifteen paoli. Eyeing the coins, the friar pronounced touching words on the admirable feelings of the penitent, and suggested that he should hand them over to him and he would distribute them to some well-deserving cause.

The trustful Goldoni did not notice the gleam of joy that flashed through the eyes of the monk when the fifteen paoli disappeared into the big pocket of his ample cassock. The boy was obsessed with gratitude to the kind friar who was so adroit in turning the misdeeds of an unwise young man into charity for those in need.

For eight days Goldoni and the Dominican monk kept each other company while the banks of the river slowly glided by.

In his memoirs, Goldoni says that he was so relieved by that confession and absolution that he would have willingly repeated it every day if only he had had more money for further repentance.

As they reached Chioggia it was arranged that the pious friar should intercede with Goldoni's father, in order to induce him to take mild and lenient views of the escapade.

AT the house they found that Dr. Goldoni was absent, and Carlo was received in the arms of his mother who, incidentally, already knew all about it, as the college had wasted no time in sending to the family a full account of their son's misconduct. But mothers have ever been the same, and she had forgiven him in advance. In addition to the joy of the meeting, there was the added touch of homecoming at Christmas time.

Dr. Goldoni was due to arrive from Venice the same evening, so the friar was begged to return again later to meet the doctor. But the holy man, who had already established himself in a comfortable chair near the fire, sniffing the air and licking his lips in anticipation, told the hospitable lady that as the doctor might arrive at any moment it was wiser that he remained there and have dinner with them. In fact, when the time came, he blessed the table and hurried grace over a large and steaming turkey. Dinner was half over when the doctor arrived. Carlo sprang up from his seat and hid in his room, from which refuge, with his heart in his throat, he overheard the first explosion of parental wrath. His mother and the friar pleaded his cause most successfully, and when the voice of Dr. Goldoni became quieter, Carlo was fetched back to his empty seat at table. After all, it was Christmastide. So better drown any grievance in a good glass of wine and be merry. . . . At least, this was the healthy precept adopted by the Dominican peacemaker.

AT the end of the meal, Goldoni's family expressed their gratitude and their apology for having kept the kind servant of God so long from, surely, important business. But the friar had no important business. Nor had he anywhere to go. He was instead relying on an introduction, that Dr. Goldoni could not refuse, to obtain for him access to the convent of the Franciscan nuns at Chioggia.

In spite of not being known by any one, he obtained a few days' hospitality in the convent. Later he succeeded in impressing the pious Goldoni family with an astonishing statement. He said that he was in possession of an authentic fragment of the girdle worn by the Virgin Mary. This old relic could perform miracles and he was going to prove it. He succeeded in obtaining money from several sources for special functions for which the day and time was fixed. What really happened is not told in Goldoni's memoirs, but it is sufficient to know that the curiosity of the Mayor of Chioggia had been aroused, and the authorities ordered an inquiry. They found that the friar was nothing more than an impostor and an adventurer with a genius for exploiting any circumstances in which he happened to find himself.

It was easier to find what he was than where he was. For at the first sign of suspicion the friar vanished as if suddenly swallowed up by the earth.

After this little adventure as a student, Goldoni pursued his studies for the law, and took a degree which proved to be quite useless to him. Body and soul he devoted himself to writing for the theatre. Needless to say, he had many sensational love affairs, spent thirty years of his life in France and wrote in French as well as in Italian.

His life started with a comedy and finished with a drama. Ruined by the French Revolution, penniless, old and sick, he was abandoned and forgotten by that very public who in previous years had shaken the principal theatres of the Continent with their applause. Then Andrea Chénier boldly risked his own head and pleaded the cause of a man who had been befriended by Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Convention was conquered by Chénier's eloquence, and a generous pension was obtained for Goldoni. But when the formalities were completed, Goldoni was already asleep for ever.

To-day, in the centre of a characteristic Piazetta, at Venice, stands Goldoni in bronze. In his expression one sees all his intimate nature and the spirit of his brilliant work. His shoulders are the favourite haunt of the pigeons of Venice. They seem to go there and whisper in his ear something that makes him smile.

END

Rockets to the Moon (*Continued from page 11*)

story that the Nazis have a liquid-air bomb of immense power appeared in the English and American press last summer. It may not have been a coincidence that when the new Zeppelin, *LZ 130*, was launched in September, 1938, she was christened with a bottle of liquid-air instead of champagne!

The Rakatenflugplatz is a huge field, larger than the famous Tempelhof aerodrome, and elaborate precautionary measures are taken against accidents due to inquisitive strangers. The work of rocket testing is undeniably dangerous, and the engineers are not only clothed in thickly-padded asbestos suits, but take refuge behind earth banks whenever tests are made. Fuels are turned on by remote control, and firing is accomplished electrically by means of long cables.

Meanwhile, investigators in England have been looking far ahead and working out the problems which might arise in space itself, such as the chances a rocket would have of colliding with those wandering lumps of iron known as "meteors."

It is estimated that the Earth meets with some ten million fragments of cosmic iron every day, and the fact that most of these are burnt away by friction with the upper atmosphere, becoming visible as "shooting stars," raises another problem—the space ship itself will have to be protected from a similar fate. It would not travel fast enough to burn away, but it might get uncomfortably hot for the passengers within!

Dr. Goddard assumed the meteors in space to occur at an average of one every 250 miles, and has comforted the interplanetary societies with the information that the chances of a rocket one foot in diameter meeting with a meteor on a journey to the moon would only be one in a hundred million.

Another problem of fascinating interest concerns food. For a journey to Mars at a thousand miles per hour it would be necessary to take two or three months' food supply—or wouldn't it? It has been suggested that once away from the earth's gravity the weightless human body might not require any food at all for weeks at a time. There might also be difficulties in swallowing weightless food, and it would certainly be impossible to pour liquids out of vessels, so systems of eating and drinking by squeezing bags and sponges have been worked out.

THE interplanetary enthusiasts have also designed "space suits" to enable explorers to walk about in unfamiliar atmospheres and partial vacuums. Covetous eyes have long been cast at the moon, which appears to be devoid of both air and water, and Mars, of course, has always had its would-be pilgrims. The atmosphere of Mars, although it contains some oxygen, is very thin, and the equatorial temperature of the planet compares with our own polar regions.

The atmosphere of Venus contains much water vapour but no oxygen, and this planet is warmer than the earth. The giant planets are unfortunately out of the question, not only because their atmospheres consist largely of ammonia and marsh-gas, and their temperatures never exceed *minus* 150 degrees C., but also because of their size. Jupiter's force of gravity, for instance, is so great that a ten-stone man would weigh about three hundredweight on its surface, and he would be unable to stand up.

But even if the planets are uninhabitable a simple "round trip" through space would be of immense value to science, and the theoretical possibility of this has already been demonstrated. It is certainly not inconceivable that the practical difficulties will one day be overcome.

The latest idea in interplanetary machines is a step rocket consisting of several hexagonal batteries of which the last is reserved for the return journey. Additional rockets in the nose of the machine would serve to check the landing speed, while little side rockets would impart a rotary motion to the ship.

This last little piece of thoughtfulness is designed to make the space travellers comfortable. Out in space there is no force of gravity to keep them on their feet, and they would float helplessly about in the centre of their cabin, in mid-air. A slight rotary motion would, however, throw them out to the walls of the machine, where they could sit quite comfortably back-to-back—or rather, head-to-head. Magnetic boots have also been devised to enable the travellers to walk cautiously over the steel floor and walls.

Whatever other charge may be levied against these space rocket enthusiasts, no one can deny their diligent attention to detail—or their abundant faith in the new method of propulsion!

END

THERE'S FIGURE FLATTERY

in every line of this cleverly draped "Koupy" model

FROM MARSHALL & SNELGROVE BIRMINGHAM, SHEFFIELD AND HARROGATE

AND ALSO FROM WILLIAMS AND HOPKINS OF BOURNEMOUTH

Carelessness (*Continued from page 15*)

Wu-Fi organisation had been sold to them. Certainly the Chinese thought this was what had happened. The sequel was inevitable. No one familiar with Chinese mentality will need to be told what it was. In China the penalty for a double-cross is the same as in the American underworld.

Nothing happened immediately. The Chinese are always content to wait, but though the first three attempts upon his life were unsuccessful, Major Ferney knew he must lose in the end.

Gradually his nerve broke. Ling, his number one boy was responsible for this. There was no one in the world Ferney trusted as implicitly as Ling. It was Ling who had told him of the plans of the Wu-Fi. Ling said that he had heard that the manner of Major Ferney's death had been decided on. He was to be killed in his sleep. The major, who had to stay on in China until he could be relieved, did not sleep so well after this. When he was nearly demented with insomnia, he said to Ling: "How do you know I'll be safe when I get to England?"

"You build a big l'all a'lound house," Ling suggested.

To the Chinese a wall symbolises safety.

At the time the major thought the idea good. He telegraphed orders home for the wall to be built round Pyehampton Manor. Later he was to become secretly ashamed of what he had done. This was during his voyage home as a passenger in a cruiser under the special facilities granted by the navy to British officers returning on leave. He felt safe in the cruiser, slept well, recovered his nerve. Then he began to wonder what people would think of a man who built a wall twelve feet high round his house. No one must know the reason. They would laugh if he told them he was afraid of being killed in his sleep.

After the interview with Sir Walter Blacket, he left London wondering if the friends of the men whose lives he had lost might not try to get him even in England. Travelling down with the pretty girl in the train took his mind off his troubles and he went to his house, looking forward to meeting her again after tea.

ZILLA made her way to the beach by a footpath running through meadows behind her home. She walked slowly, delighting in the smell of the grass, the wild flowers, and the hot evening sun. She came to the end of the path through the meadows and stood upon the cliff. Her hut lay immediately below, the third from the end. She looked to see if any one was bathing opposite the Manor House; there was no one in the sea. On the sand a man lay flat on his back. Zilla could not see his face but a look at the thick hair and long legs convinced her this was Major Ferney. Except at holiday time, most of the Pyehampton men, in bathing kit, had figures like freshly-fed snakes. She walked down to the beach. "Hullo!" she said to the figure on the ground.

Major Ferney sat up. "I've been waiting half an hour for you."

"I didn't know you were coming."

"No?" His tone and the smile in his eyes made her laugh.

Zilla sat down on the sand. "Well, did you find your house ready for you?"

"One room is. Ling has fixed me up a bed, he also has brought food with him. I shall be all right till Monday."

"Ling is a cook as well as chauffeur?"

"Ling is everything," Ferney said. "What about going in while the sun is still hot enough to sit and dry in. Do you come down like that?"

"Yes, I walk back in my wrap, I have two meadows to cross and I am home." Zilla began to pull on a rubber cap, rose-coloured to match her swimming trunks and brassière. Standing up she dropped her wrap to the ground, ran down the beach and dived into the sea. Ferney followed, striking out with a strong overhand stroke and passing her; after a short while he turned over on his back and waited for her to catch up and join him.

"Lovely, isn't it?" Zilla called.

They swam together, making a big half-circle that brought them back to shore, then scrambled up to where their wraps and towels lay and began drying their faces; Zilla took off her cap, shaking out her hair.

"What are you going to do this evening?" he asked.

"Have supper with my family, take the dog for a walk, and so to bed."

"Where does the dog have his walk?"

She pointed behind. "Along the cliffs."

She wondered if he would come out again that evening to meet her; getting up, she pulled her wrap round her shoulders. "You go back to your fort?"

He laughed, but did not say anything.

The sun was sinking. "I must be getting back," Zilla said. "You can go along the beach, there are steps up the cliff, leading right to the door of your house."

"Convenient for anybody coming to see me by boat," Ferney said.

"Very. Have you got any friends with yachts?"

Ferney laughed again. "You want to know an awful lot. Well, I'll be seeing you this evening. S'long," he started to walk along the beach.

CAPTAIN MAULE was mowing his lawn when Zilla got home, and Zilla went into the house to help her mother prepare supper.

"Did you see your friend?" Mrs. Maule asked. A glance at her daughter's face gave the answer; Zilla's blue eyes were alive.

Captain Maule came in wiping his forehead, he was carrying a tankard which he filled from a cask in a corner of the larder.

"Major Ferney has been bathing with me," Zilla said.

"Oh," said the captain, taking a pull at his beer, which tasted extra good because he was not generally allowed to sit and drink in the kitchen.

"Dad, do you think he is afraid of something happening to him?"

"Why should he be?"

"Well, you said he was in the Intelligence Service."

"That's right; pretty good man at his job, so I heard."

"Well, I think that is why he has built the wall. He is afraid of somebody."

The captain passed his hand over his weather-seamed neck. "Here? In England?"

"Yes."

"What could happen?"

"I don't know."

Captain Maule took another pull of beer. "If he got mixed up on the wrong side of the Chinks, he might have had to come away; they are a rum race—memories like elephants, no good trying to do the dirty on 'em.' The captain eyed his tankard, which was empty and also his wife who was moving between the kitchen and the parlour laying the table.

Zilla knew what was in his mind; she waited till her mother's back was turned then took the tankard quietly, half filled it, and set it by the old sailor.

"Would it have been possible for Major Ferney to have done something when he was doing Intelligence work which made the Chinese angry?" she asked.

"He might have."

"And then they would punish him?"

Captain Maule laughed. "You've got that man on your mind. No, I don't think they would try anything like that here. A Chink may get knifed occasionally in the side streets by the docks, but they would not try anything with an Englishman unless he had done something awful bad; they'd wait and get him when he went back to China."

"I see."

"Supper is ready," Mrs. Maule called.

Zilla and her father went into the parlour.

"You are eating very quickly, dear," Mrs. Maule said.

Zilla looked up. "Am I? It's such a lovely evening, I want to get out."

Ferney was waiting for her when she got out on to the cliffs. It was nearly dark, a moon was rising. As she came out of the meadows he walked across the turf to meet her, her terrier sniffed his heels then ran off into the gorse to hunt for rabbits.

"Which way shall we go?" he asked.

"I generally go that way," Zilla said, pointing to a path along the edge of the cliff that ran past his house.

"All right." He threw back his head. "What an evening! This must be something to look forward to when you are working in London all the week."

"It is."

They walked along side by side. "I've been out here a long time," Ferney said. "I did not want to miss you." His arm, bare beneath short-sleeved shirt and pullover, touched hers.

Zilla was looking ahead at the outline of Pyehampton Manor. Though it was bright moonlight, all four arc lights were blazing at the corners of the building. The wall stood out more starkly than usual.

They came abreast the great double oak doors; these were closed. Zilla looked up at the house. A moment later she caught her breath; a yellow face was peering at them from the roof.

Her hand gripped Ferney's arm. "There is someone on the roof!"

Ferney looked up. Zilla, watching his face, saw the change that came over it. A few moments before he had been pleased to be with her, serene, contented. Now his mouth was taut, his whole expression grim.

"That is Ling," he said.

"On the roof?"

Ferney nodded. "Something must have happened. I must go into my house for a minute. Will you wait out here?"

Zilla said that she would. She stood where she was while Ferney took a key from his pocket and unlocked a small door in the great oak gate, he passed through the door, leaving it ajar.

Ten minutes passed, no sound came from the house, the arc lights blazed at the corners, there was no sign of movement on the roof. Standing under the shadow of the wall, Zilla became obsessed with misgiving. Why the silence? Why did not Ferney come back? She looked round for her terrier. The little dog had been back a couple of times, but had gone off rabbiting again. Another five minutes passed; she decided to go into the house to find out what had happened. She made her way through the door in the gate and walked up the drive to the front door which stood open. She saw now that, except for the arc lights, the house was in darkness. Her first idea was to call Ferney by name; then she thought that if anything had happened to him, she would be heard by any one else in the house. A better plan would be to steal into the hall, and listen. In that way she might learn something and she would also be able to run out and get help.

Treading softly in her rubber-soled shoes she crept into the hall, making towards a patch of moonlight shining through a window.

She was half-way down the hall when she saw a figure standing against the wall just beyond the patch of light. She stopped instantly. "Who is there?" she whispered.

No reply.

She drew back against the wall and stood watching the figure. The moonlight coming through the window was creeping along the wall. In a few moments the figure would be lit up. There was still no sign of Major Ferney, nor any sound.

Zilla waited, watching the beam of moonlight. First the figure's right shoulder was revealed; she saw a long coat embroidered with gold, trousers peeping beneath. From costumes she had seen on the stage she knew the embroidered coat was part of a Chinese ceremonial dress. A moment later she realised what she was looking at. A round black silk cap, surmounted by a coral button, was perched above the coat. Both coat and cap were fixed on (*Continued on page 74*)

. . . . AND THIS CHRISTMAS AGAIN I HOPE!

t seems a shame but it always works ut well in the end. He asks me refully guarded questions about y wardrobe, surveys my handbag, umps my friends for new ideas, and oks more harassed as the days go by. In the end he does the right thing, and gives in the grand manner, bless his husbandly heart! Boxes of sheer, beautiful Bear Brand Stockings. Just the very gift, in fact, I would have given myself."

Bear Brand

Silk Luxury Stockings

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a wire frame, they formed part of a collection of Chinese art with which the hall was filled.

She stepped forward, as she did so she heard footsteps. There were not ordinary footsteps, but laboured. One—thump ! pause —two. Like that ! And they were coming down some stairs.

She looked again at the mandarin's hat and robes; in a few moments the moonlight would have passed, leaving them in semi-darkness. The footsteps continued to descend the stairs, one — thump — pause — two. Someone was dragging something down.

Looking to her right, Zilla saw the door leading to the main gate. There was no other way of getting in or out, for the twelve-foot wall ran the whole way round. Whoever left the house must pass along the hall.

An idea came to her. She was a trained model, used to holding a pose for long periods. If she put on the mandarin's dress !

One—thump—pause—two ! The footsteps were at the bottom of the stairs. She slipped on the Chinese coat and hat and drew back against the wall.

A few more moments passed, then a bowed figure shuffled by, walking backwards, dragging something. The figure paused when it came into the moonlight and straightened out.

Zilla grew rigid as she saw Ling standing over Major Ferney, gagged and tied with cords. As long as she kept motionless, she knew that he would think it was the mandarin's costume in the shadows. His intention was obviously to drag his master from the house. She would let him do this. On the cliff there might be people within earshot, in the house she had no chance against the Chinaman alone.

The procession passed. Zilla remained where she was. She watched the Chinaman pull Ferney along the drive and out through the little gate. He could only move a few steps at a time. Now her turn had come. She slipped off the mandarin's coat and followed quietly. In the gateway she paused. Ling was working his victim over the grass towards the steps leading down to the sea.

Suddenly a tiny object scampered out from some bushes. There was a shrill bark—another. Those who do ill by night dread nothing so much as the barking of a dog. Ling dropped his burden and drew back. Zilla rushed out. "Good dog ! Seize him !" she called to the terrier, then cupped her hands and yelled "Help !"

Lights went on in a house nearby. Figures came running along the cliff. Without a word, Ling turned and ran.

"HE stunned me as I climbed on to the roof," Ferney said. "Then he was going to drag me down to the beach and drown me. He would have taken the cords away when I was dead; they were tied over my clothes so there would have been no marks."

He had told her the whole story. This was just the end.

"Was he in the pay of the people who were trying to kill you?" Zilla asked.

"He may have been."

"Then why didn't he kill you when you were in China?"

"Perhaps they did not want to kill me too quickly. To stop a man from sleeping is quite a good punishment, you know. Then I surprised them by going home in a cruiser. Ling came with me, but he had to wait."

"He'll be charged with attempted murder now."

"Not if you do as I told you. You will tell the police you were walking along the cliff when you found me chasing him out of the house; he had been insolent to me. He will be sent back to China."

Zilla had certainly had these orders about what she was to say if the police came to her after picking up Ling. Her instructions had amazed her. She said : "I should have thought he ought to be put on trial for the sake of justice."

"For the sake of justice," Major Ferney looked at the ground. He was thinking of his chief's words—"In secret service work there is one unpardonable crime—*carelessness !* Have you anything to say?"

"No, for the sake of justice, I am going to let Ling go," he said.

"Why?" Zilla asked.

Ferney did not answer at once. He was thinking he had caused three men to lose their lives. His carelessness had been so gross that he knew it was he who had been the criminal. Trials for attempted murder are not held *in camera*.

Looking at Zilla he explained. "Ling was only acting according to his creed. I shall talk to him, tell him I did not sell his people as they think—that I did a very stupid thing. Perhaps that will end the vendetta. After all, most people make at least one big mistake in their lives. Then I want to start again; go back to the work I was trained to do. Maybe they will give me a Field Company; I'm not a bad engineer."

"I think you are right," Zilla said slowly.

"Do you think I'm yellow?"

"No. I think what you said about everybody making one big mistake is true; we all do."

"Thank you. There is something else I want to say. It is this." He took her hand. "I don't want to start again alone."

END

Standing Orders (*Continued from page 9*)

Her lips moved. "He was kind to me, *Herr Oberleutnant.*"

"It is their method to enslave those of Aryan blood. With your beauty, *Fräulein*, others will be kind to you, too. Max Lutzker is well dead. He wrote treasonably of the world." He paused.

"I know nothing of his writing, *Herr Oberleutnant*. I am a dancer at the Strobel Café. Now I will be late, and if I lose my position, I starve."

The officer gathered up the manuscript and put it under his arm. "You are free to go to your dancing, Fräulein Freystadt, but you will be here at ten in the morning. There will be an investigation of this suicide. I shall leave a man on guard."

He beckoned to the trooper who had lost his gun, and with a click of heels, raised his arm stiffly in salute. As though her fingers were drawn up with string, Judy returned it. Running through her head was the phrase from the sundial she had remembered less than an hour before : *It's later than you think !*

The retreating footsteps on the stairs merged into the street sounds below. Judy listened to them without actually realising that the officer and one of the soldiers had gone. A clink of metal arrested her attention as the dark-eyed youth left on guard brought his gun up sharply to his side.

"Heartbreak comes when there are no tears, Fräulein Lutzker," he said.

Judy freed herself from the friendly support of the mantel, picked her father's slippers from the floor and put them away. Her supple muscles, trained by years of dancing, sent sharp pains through her from the simple effort of bending over. Some great hunger, or great illness, had entered her youthful body, never to leave again.

"My name is Freystadt, *mein Herr.*" She kept her gaze away from the bedroom door, and fought to dispel the shadows which were closing about her mind. She had to think clearly; had to be clever. There was some excuse which would take her into the kitchen, but it seemed elusive and hard to find."

"You underrate the *Gestapo*, Fräulein Lutzker. You do not know how carefully they play their little game !"

She sensed that the soldier was speaking again, using her name a second time. A merciful numbness had seized her and held her comfortably in its grasp while she fumbled with objects on the table. His words broke annoyingly into the spell forcing her to recognise that he was a man and living, when her thoughts were with the dead.

"Must you talk?" she asked dazedly. "Isn't it enough that my only friend is gone?"

"They know he was your father, *Fräulein*. He was an obstacle to their plans. His life history—and yours—has been in their files for years. They accepted his desperate story that you were his mistress and not his daughter because it happened to suit their ends."

All at once her mind was alert and clear. "If that were true, *mein Herr*, I would not be free !"

"You will be followed, *Fräulein.*" The soldier's words were soft and sincere. "Your father's sixth book has fallen unpublished into their hands. Another might arouse the world because he saw clearly and wrote clearly. You are given seeming freedom, to make certain no such work exists. I can do no more than warn you."

"*Danke schön !*" Judy sat down and closed her slim fingers over the arms of the chair. "You are warning me—wearing their uniform and carrying their insignia on your arm. The *Gestapo* is clever, soldier. Tell them that Austria is not a nation of fools. You even know how many books Max Lutzker has written. Is that also part of their plan—to trick me into something which can hurt him even after he's gone?"

"Softly, *Fräulein !*" The soldier raised his hand. He opened the door and glanced briefly into the darkness of the hall. When the door was shut again, he said : "I know how many books Max Lutzker wrote, because I have read them all."

Judy searched for insincerity in his words and found none. Helplessness and futility drew her to him, forcing her to accept him as a friend. She left the chair and studied his face, looking deeply into his fathomless eyes. Motionless he returned her gaze until she said at last : "Soldier, tell me your name."

"That is long dead, *Fräulein*—buried as your father tried to bury yours to-day. I have lived without it, because dead I am useless."

"What can the living do?"

"Much," he said shortly. "Alive and nameless, I am a weakness in a system which has forcibly taken me in. It prates of purging itself clean, and in wild fanaticism overlooks the flaw. My race, absorbed and blended, was weak and ineffectual. Now its flowing blood, swept into the gutter by persecution, has united into a rushing stream."

"I think I know what you mean," said Judy softly. "I became part of that stream to-day !"

The soldier stood in the kitchen doorway and watched as Judy took down the bag from its place of concealment. When she showed him the typed manuscript inside, he shook his head.

"There might be a chance of smuggling that out of Germany," he told her gravely, "but not from here. Everything is searched at the border. Austria is ringed in."

"The weakness you speak of is weak indeed. It can't protect its own."

"It is cautious first," said the soldier. "Without caution, it cannot long survive. You have one chance. Take that manuscript with you to-night. Perhaps you can find a place to hide it in the café. Later, if you can get it into Germany, I have friends."

Judy took filmy things from a drawer and threw them in on top of the paper. The typewriter case was crowded when she closed it again."

"Where can I reach you?" she asked.

"You may never reach me, *Fräulein*," he said slowly. "It's better that I get in touch with you." He paused listening. "You're in grave peril carrying that with you. Don't forget you'll be followed. Perhaps——"

"My gravest peril is that I fail to give my father's work to posterity," said Judy. She picked up the case (*Continued on page 76*)

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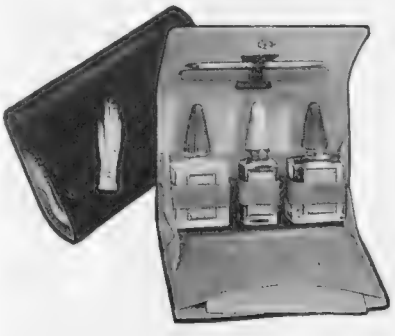

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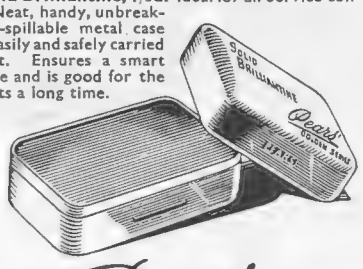

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and walked quickly with it into the hall.

Her light feet sounded on the stairs. Quickly the soldier ran into the bedroom, stepped across Max Lutzker's crumpled body, and snatched up the rifle from the floor. He twisted the bolt of the Mauser, pulled it back, and closed it, throwing a fresh cartridge into place.

The window stuck. By frantic tugging, he forced it loose and raised it high. When he leaned out, Judy's slim figure was just leaving the doorway below. The crowds on Ringstrasse were thinning out. The soldier watched her progress to the corner and her wait to get across. He also watched the jubilant rockets, still staining the sky.

As she stepped from the curb, a man left the doorway of the house next door. The soldier noted his quickened step and his anxious glance after the girl. He was a harmless-looking creature, neatly and inconspicuously dressed. A turning taxi halted him briefly at the corner, and at the same instant another rocket, trailing gold, hissed up into the air. It burst as the soldier aimed the Mauser and shot the man through the head.

He drew back into the bedroom, closed the window, and replaced the rifle on the floor. In the sitting-room again, he resumed his guard of the door to the hall, standing rigidly with no sign of a tremor.

"Another atrocity," he said to himself grimly. "A member of the *Gestapo* shot in the streets of Vienna—an eye for a thousand eyes. A tooth for a thousand teeth."

"AND so," said the rotund Herr Strobel, beaming, "we ask the graceful *Fräulein* Judy to dance again!" The patrons of the Café Strobel voiced their approval with a roar and a banging of steins on the tables.

Judy came up from her low professional curtsy wondering why they wanted to see her perform a second time.

The band behind her crashed out an opening chord heavy with brass. She swung lightly to face it and started her dance a beat too late, remembering again that the regular orchestra of the Café Strobel had been replaced for the evening.

Her number ended in a dizzy whirl. She took two bows and ran from the floor just as the band broke out again. Every one in the café arose and stood stiffly at attention. Shielded by the purple curtains which circled the bandstand, Judy watched the stir at the café's entrance. Some important personage was leaving.

She extended one foot under a fold of the curtain on the floor, moved it along, and breathed more easily. The portable typewriter case was still where she had hidden it half an hour before. It was safe only until the café closed. Cleaners went over the floor thoroughly after the patrons were gone.

Behind the curtains at the rear of the bandstand, a man in a musician's uniform was busily packing musical scores into a large oblong metal box. He looked up, saw Judy watching him, and said:

"Your dancing made an impression on the High Command, *Fräulein*. Congratulations!"

"*Danke schön.*" Judy bent over and looked in the box. "And who, *mein Herr*, is the High Command?"

The man's eyes widened. "Herr Oberst von Luden. He just left. Surely, *Fräulein* . . ."

"I'm sorry," said Judy. "I'm glad he was pleased. Is that why your band is playing here to-night?"

"Not my band, *Fräulein*. The band of the High Command's guard." He pointed to the stenciled lettering on the lid of the box. "Where Herr Oberst von Luden goes, his guard goes. Where his guard goes, his band goes! We leave for Berlin to-morrow."

Judy forced herself to steadiness. "But you're packing the music of the orchestra which plays here. You're not going to destroy that, are you?"

"We have standing orders to destroy nothing, *Fräulein*," said the man stiffly. Judy listened, as she had listened to the *Herr Oberleutnant*, weighing words which flowed without thought behind them.

"The German people hear the music they want to hear," the man went on. "For many years, without protest, they have been forced to listen to this——" He picked a heavy score of a Viennese light opera from the box and held it in his hand. "We shall not destroy it, for the world lies when it says we are destructive. We are taking it with us. Shortly, the German people of Austria will have a chance to vote. Until then, all music will be preserved. The vote will tell the world what our people want. After that——" He shrugged and tossed the score into the chest.

"*Danke, mein Herr,*" said Judy.

In her small dressing-room she changed quickly from costume to evening dress. When she opened the door, it was intermission and several members of the band were talking outside of her room. She closed herself in again, and smoked until she heard the band resume its playing. When she came out, the man who was packing the chest was nowhere to be seen.

Ten minutes later, carrying the black typewriter case, she slipped from the Café Strobel, hailed a taxi and gave the address of the Ringstrasse apartment.

The downstairs hall was dimly lighted with a small bulb. She climbed the single flight and knocked lightly on the door. It swung open instantly, disclosing two soldiers. They were thickset and blond, and might have been brothers. The light from the pink lamp glinted on the numeral "8" on their shoulder straps.

"*Ja. Bitte?*" said one.

Her head was light and singing, and the loudness of the High Command's band was still beating against her ears.

"I'm Judy Freystadt," she said. "I've been living here. I found I had left some of my clothes."

"Come in." One of the soldiers moved aside. He was looking at the typewriter case in her hand.

She set it down on the floor, crossed the room, and began to pull things from a drawer. When nightgown, *negligée*, and slippers were in a pile on the chair, she placed the typewriter case on the table and opened it.

One of the men moved up to her side and said, "Wait, *Fräulein!*"

He picked the case from the table and dumped its contents on the floor. Stooping over, he took up the filmy things she had carried with her to the café, but his attention was on the thick heap of paper which had slid into disarray. He gathered it together and said:

"You'll have to leave this music here, *Fräulein*. It will not be destroyed. The German people . . ."

He talked on and on as Judy thrust her clothes into the bag. Long before he was through, she turned on her way to the door and said, "Good night, and thank you. I'm learning about your standing orders!"

The troops of the High Command were moving out. Sunlight touched their bayonets and burnished their helmets, but Judy had no eye for their beauty. She was watching the numbers on their regimental flags.

Gun caissons bumped and rumbled, followed by growling tanks and restive horses, and still they came, filling the street beyond the line of vision. Overhead droned the planes.

The single flower which Judy held in her hand was wilting. Near to her a woman cheered, broke through the lines and ran into the street to kiss a man. The number on his shoulder was "5."

Somewhere in a steeple a clock struck nine. The movement of men and machinery halted, leaving a sudden quiet.

Judy began to run. Ruthlessly she bumped into startled watchers, pushing them out of her way, fighting to get nearer to the end of the procession which had no end.

Blood was dripping from her finger stabbed by the thorns of the rose when she saw the "7" on the banner. As though the sight of it were a signal, the procession began to move again.

He was flank man on the fifth rank. She had figured that might be so because he was

exceptionally tall. Now, with success so near, the black sickness of reaction seized her, and for long seconds she could only watch him slowly marching by. When power to move returned and she pushed through to the street, she had to run half a block to get by his side.

She pinned the rose to his uniform and kissed him, and her words reached his ears alone, made safe by the roaring cheers.

"Find the band of the High Command in Berlin, soldier, and take the Viennese opera *Springtime* from their chest of forbidden music."

"*Auf Wiedersehen, Fraulein,*" he said.

She was back on the sidewalk when the blare of brass reached her ears. She stopped and turned, and as the glittering horns went by she mockingly raised her hand.

"*Heil!*" she said softly. "You are carrying something far more precious than you know. Guard it well, soldiers. The work of Max Lutzker is in the cover of another great composer of his own blood—a man whose music you never intend to play. Try as you will, you can never kill them. They'll live on through the years, though you burn them in a thousand fires, for the works of those inspired never die. Those are standing orders, soldiers—and the High Command who gave them is higher than your own!"

END

Green Brocade

(*Continued from page* 33)

"And I couldn't possibly marry a princess."

Irma disposed of both objections. "Maman would understand and approve. And I would call myself just Mrs. Malford. Mrs. Bernard Malford," she repeated, as if the sound pleased her very much.

He caught her to him.

'You darling," he said. And then he kissed her—which, of course, was a mistake, because it meant that he had to kiss her again, at once, and then persuade her to kiss him, and then kiss her again in gratitude.

"We are engaged to be married," said Irma solemnly, when these delightful preliminaries were over. "And as soon as I get home I shall tell Maman, and make you known to her. She will love you, of course."

But her words brought Bernard back to earth. "It's madness," he groaned. "Oh, Irma sweet, why did you ever come in and order green brocade?"

He persuaded Irma, with difficulty, not to tell her mother about him just yet. "Let me get accustomed to the wonderful fact that you may be my wife one day, before we each let our families into the secret."

They walked back to the car, arm in arm. Irma carrying her hat; her dark hair was a loose cloud round her face. Happiness danced in her eyes as she looked up at Bernard.

Neither of them noticed a large Daimler car, with a royal crest on the door, and Great Aunt Augusta inside it, taking her first drive since her illness. The car did not stop, but rolled majestically on its way towards the mellow red-brick edifice which housed the old princess. And Bernard and Irma walked on their way, to his car, and drove back to a London which seemed transformed for both of them.

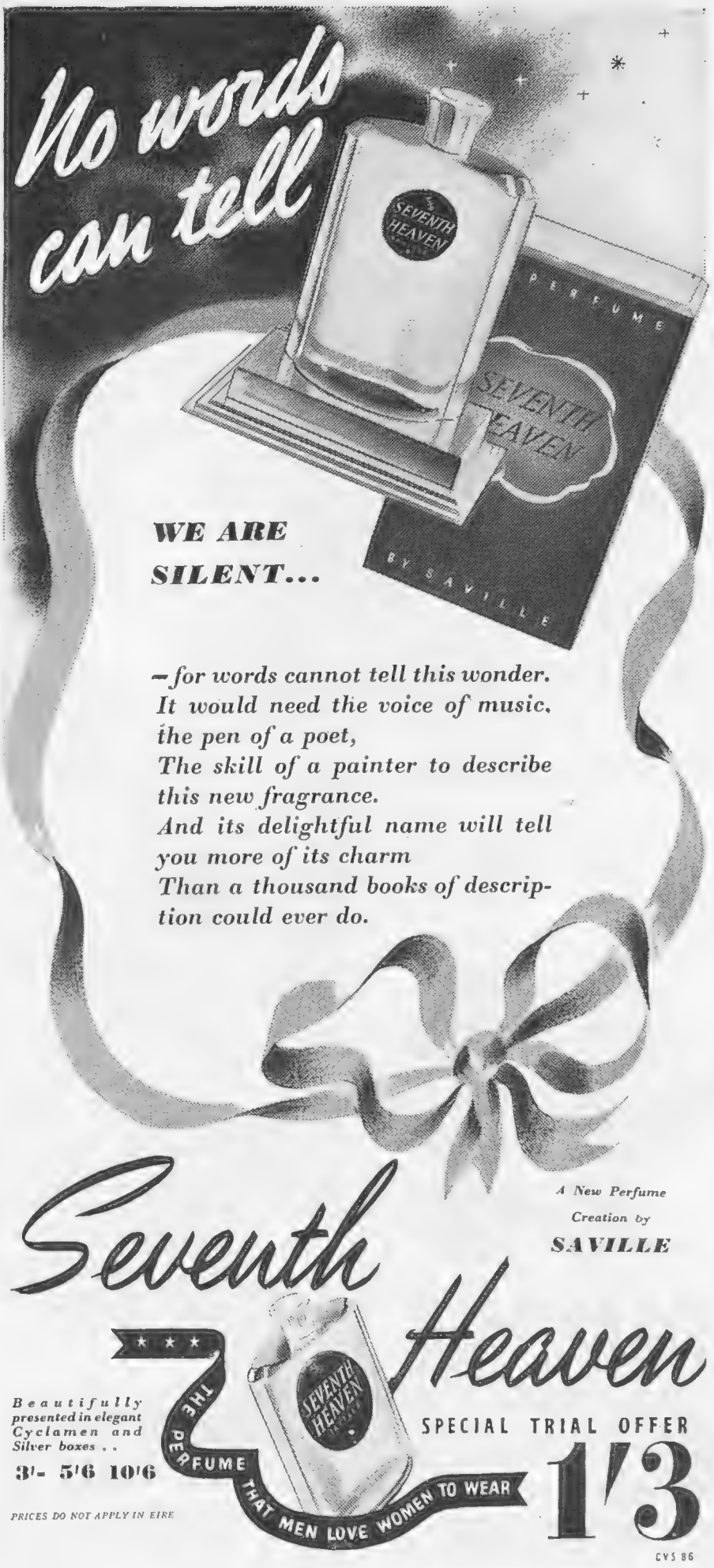
He could not kiss her, when he dropped her at the corner of Wyvern Place, but he did manage to lift her hand for a moment to his lips.

"Is it really true, Irma? Can nothing part us now?"

"Nothing," promised Irma, reckoning without Great Aunt Augusta.

"MY dear child," said Great Aunt Augusta throatily. "It's not a bit of good denying it. I saw you. Who is he? And how does he dare . . . ?"

Irma, sitting on a low stool close by her aged relative, didn't attempt to deny it. She explained all about the buying of the green brocade, and the meeting with young Mr. Malford. Then she stopped, looking helplessly at the photographs of the crowned heads round her. (*Continued on page* 78)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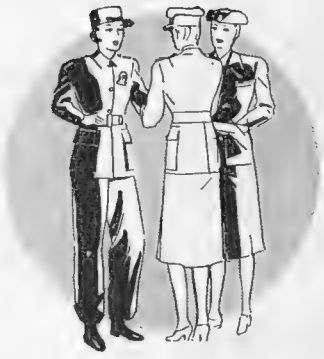

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"How often have you two met?" Great Aunt Augusta wanted to know. And shortly she did know, because it was no use hiding anything from her.

"We are engaged, Aunt Augusta," Irma added, with a kind of quavering firmness.

Aunt Augusta laid a claw-like hand on her arm.

"You are not engaged, Irma, my poor child. But I see how it has all come about. He is a very worthy young man, no doubt, and he will marry some worthy woman. But not you, Irma. Certainly not you."

Then, because she was an astute old party, she changed her tactics altogether. She looked sly and solemn at the same moment, as she said, "Prince Helmuth of Avonia is in London at this moment. He is also looking for a wife. He is a most charming young man, and his father, the king, is old and delicate. His wife, when he finds one, will very soon be a queen. A queen, Irma," she repeated, and all the crowned heads in the photographs seemed to nod approval.

Irma did not beat about the bush. "I won't be a queen," she said. "I'm going to be Mrs. Bernard Malford."

Aunt Augusta frowned. Then changed the frown into a most winning smile. "All the same, you will not refuse your old great aunt the pleasure of your company at the opera next Wednesday. And you will not refuse to meet her guest, Prince Helmuth."

No, Irma couldn't refuse that. "But it's not a bit of use my meeting him," she said vehemently. "Because my mind is made up."

"So is mine," thought Great Aunt Augusta, but she only said, "Be here at seven-thirty, and mind you wear a new dress, whether you can afford it or not." And left it at that.

PRINCE HELMUTH was a fine-looking young man, with sleek dark hair and dark heavy-lidded eyes. His English and his tailoring were alike perfect, and he seemed to find a good deal to say to the white-clad Irma who sat beside him in the back of the box, while Great Aunt Augusta, flanked by a gentleman-in-waiting, dozed intermittently in the front.

The love music of Wagner swirled round them emotionally, but Prince Helmuth, who didn't care for music, talked through it to Irma. Talked of his country, and hers. Said how much he admired her late father, and how sorry he was for her mother.

This was more the kind of talk to which Irma was accustomed. She got a curious feeling that she was home again. That she was Her Serene Highness Princess Irma, entertaining an illustrious visitor. It was rather soothing, and made her forget much that was painful and humiliating to remember, such as the revolution and their flight and their new cramped life in London.

When he kissed her hand at parting, he said formally, "May I call upon the grand duchess the day after to-morrow, and pay my respects. And may I hope to find you also at home?"

His eyes said much more than this, and Irma, flattered at his attention to her mother, agreed, not quite realising the significance of this request, from one who was a bachelor and would so soon be a king.

It was Aunt Augusta who enlightened her, as they drove home. "He is coming to ask your mother for your hand in marriage," she said bluntly. "There is no doubt of it." And she arranged the fur-lined motor rug so that it covered Irma's knees with a gesture of equality, implying the respect due to a future queen.

FOR the first time, Irma met Bernard at his own flat. Why not, since whatever Great Aunt Augusta said, they were engaged, and they could certainly talk more comfortably in those lovely modern rooms in the top floor of a luxury block near Princes Gate.

Irma poured out tea for both of them, and tried to eat the buttered toast and thin bread and butter his housekeeper had provided. But she was too worried to keep up the pretence for long.

"Aunt Augusta has found out about us," she began, her blue eyes apprehensive.

"Ah," said Bernard, feeling he had known all the time that this would happen.

"She made me go to the opera with her last night, to meet the Crown Prince of Avonia. He wishes to marry me, so she says, and is calling upon my mother to-morrow to ask for my hand. They will try to make me do it. But I told Aunt Augusta I never, never would." And she burst into tears, and cried piteously over the slice of bread and butter she held.

Bernard took out a fine silk handkerchief, and wiped her eyes. And all the time he thought harder than he had ever done in his life.

"Leave it to me, Irma," he said. "I think I know what you must do."

"Let us be married at once, secretly," she urged, clinging to him. "Then there could be no question of my marrying any one else."

Over her dark head, Bernard Malford looked into the future. Saw this royal girl as his wife. As the wife of a man who was prosperous enough, no doubt, and who certainly loved her with all his heart, but who could never give her the great glittering destiny to which she was born, had lost, and was now incredibly offered again. "She'll hate me one day," he thought, with certainty, "if I stand between her and her real future."

"My sweet Irma," he said, still not looking at her, "you must marry this man. You will learn to love him, and you will be happy. I know it. I see now that to marry me would be for you to make a big mistake. The fact is that his coming has changed everything."

It took a long, long time to make Irma see it. But she was very young, and her will was not so strong as Bernard's, and the moment came when she knew in her heart he was right.

"But, oh Bernard," she sobbed, "you'll always think of me, and of Richmond Park, and how we kissed. You'll never quite forget me. . . ."

"Always," he said.

Driving home, Irma was very unhappy, and just a little relieved, because it wouldn't be necessary now to fight Maman and Great Aunt Augusta. And she wasn't the fighting sort. And perhaps Helmuth would be patient with her, and not expect her to love him all at once.

SITTING on one of those sofas covered with nile green brocade, "I do not love you," she told the Crown Prince of Avonia. "But I am quite willing to be your wife, if that is what you want."

"It is indeed what I want," averred the dark young man who sat beside her. And then, because Great Aunt Augusta, who neglected nothing, had given him the weeniest hint of a foolish little bygone love affair, which was not quite so bygone as she could have wished, he was extremely tactful.

"I think it will be quite enough to begin with if I love you," he said gently, "and I do that already. And I need you, Irma, to help me live my life, which is rather a difficult one—and, up to now, very lonely."

Women love to be needed, and Irma brightened up, as he kissed her lightly on the forehead, and presented her with an emerald ring of great beauty.

"It will make so many people happy," he assured her. "That is something, is it not?"

It was a great deal. Irma had been properly taught, and one of her lessons had been that queens, and future queens, too, must live to make people happy. Hundreds and thousands of people the happier for their having been born. So she smiled at him as she slipped the emerald on her finger, and together they went downstairs to see Maman, and then into the waiting car to visit Great Aunt Augusta, and receive her blessing.

TEN years later, Malford's had an important order. They were directed to send an experienced representative to undertake the redecorating of the palace of the widowed Queen Regent of Avonia.

"Her Majesty has a particular preference for English fabrics," wrote the comptroller of her household. "But she wishes the

estimates to be kept as reasonable as possible."

When this letter was shown to Sir Bernard Malford, it woke a memory and provoked a smile. "She is still frugally minded," he thought.

"Who shall go to Avonia, Sir Bernard?" asked his manager doubtfully. "We don't seem to have quite the right man to send. It ought to be someone who is accustomed to dealing with royalty, and good at languages."

"I can think of no one," said Sir Bernard, "except myself."

The manager's eyebrows shot up into his hair. "But this is hardly a job for the head of the firm," he couldn't help pointing out.

"The queen is a friend of mine," said Sir Bernard genially. "I'm not bragging, Hammond, but it happens to be a fact. At least, she used to be a friend," he corrected meticulously. "Anyway, I think she would have confidence in me."

So a letter was written to the comptroller, and a royal car met the plane and drove Malford's representative swiftly through wide streets, past white buildings glittering in the sunshine, towards a sentry-guarded gateway and into a wide courtyard.

Seeing Irma was quite a business these days, Bernard reflected, as official after official impeded his progress to her with requests to wait a moment, and more requests to state his business. But at last, in an enormous mirror-lined ballroom, they met.

Bernard stood, very upright, his case of patterns on the floor beside him, and looked at the double doors, through which two red and gold footmen were bowing the Queen of Avonia.

She walked very slowly towards him, over spaces of polished floor, and he had time to see that she was thinner, statelier, and far more beautiful. Only her eyes were the same, and the way she walked, half diffident, half proud. She wore black, and three rows of tremendous pearls, and pearl ear-rings so big they hid the lobes of her small ears.

He saw surprise flash into her face. Surprise and—something else. Some emotion he couldn't define.

"They never told me it would be you," she said in English, and added with the old frankness, "but I hoped it might be."

She sat down on a stiff gilt settee, and Bernard unlocked the case which held the latest fabrics, and began to show them to her, one by one.

Irma exclaimed admiringly at all of them, but it seemed that none of them would do for the room in which they sat.

"The blue is too cold. It will not light up well. And the white—well, it is too white for this big room. And the brown will not do, either."

Bernard bent his head over the case to find something else, and the queen watched him. Ten years had only made him stronger, harder, more important looking. They had not thinned his hair or dimmed its bright fairness.

Irma sighed a little, as she watched him.

"I don't know that I've brought anything else quite suitable," he said. And then suddenly he came upon it, the piece of green brocade which had been put in because, though the pattern was an old one, it was so popular that Malford's always kept it in stock.

"There's this," he said in an expressionless voice. And laid its shimmering green folds on the edge of the sofa where she sat.

Irma touched it caressingly, with her fingers. "You sold me this ten years ago," she said, "the day we met."

"I did, your Majesty."

"This is the one I choose. I will have it hung between the mirrors, and curtains of it, and coverings for the chairs and sofas. Please, arrange it."

"I will, your Majesty."

"And now," said the queen, "will you not take a chair and let us have a little talk?"

He sat down close to her, and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Is there anything to say, madam?"

The queen looked down at the green brocade. "Are you married, Bernard?"

"No," he said briefly, and forgot to add her title. (*Continued on page* 80)

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"Is not that a pity?"

"Perhaps." Sir Bernard shrugged broad shoulders. "But I have got on very well as I am."

Her eyes drew him on. "My father is dead, and I'm the head of the firm now. Malford's are doing better than ever, and I was knighted last year."

"I congratulate you," she said at once. "It is nice you have been honoured."

"And you, madam?" he said softly.

"I was happy with Helmuth," she said, still absently fingering the green brocade. "I was able to help him, and I gave him a son and heir. And I grieved when he died. But——" She left the sentence unfinished for an instant, and then finished it. "One can live without romance," said Irma, with her old frankness. "But one always knows it is not there."

"Exactly," said Sir Bernard. But he could not leave it at that. She looked so beautiful, sitting under the splendid chandelier. He remembered how they had kissed in Richmond Park. One could not forget a thing like that. And besides, she had forbidden him to forget, and he had obeyed her. "I gave you some advice ten years ago. Was I right to give it to you, and were you right to take it? I've often wondered that."

"Ah, Bernard," she said, "that is a very difficult question to answer. I do not think I shall ever know the answer." Her face quivered. "Please marry, Bernard," she said. "It is best for you, and I think I wish it."

Green Brocade

She held out her hand. He took it and kissed it.

"I think," he said, "you must leave that to me."

When the lady-in-waiting opened the door a moment later, and came to tell the queen the carriage was ready for her afternoon drive, and the little king was ready too, she came upon a scene of the utmost correctness

"Then it is all settled, Sir Bernard," the queen said, inclining her dark head graciously towards the head of the English firm of Malford.

"Quite settled, your Majesty. I will send the green brocade with competent workmen who will carry out my instructions."

She walked away without looking back, but he had another sight of her, because he went to one of the tall windows, which overlooked the courtyard, and saw her start out for her drive. A dark-haired little boy sat beside her in the big open motor-car. The sentries presented arms smartly. The people cheered as the car rolled through the gates into the sunshine.

She waved her hand to them. She looked happy.

"I was right," said Bernard Malford to himself.

But as he gathered up the green brocade he was not quite so sure. For he saw something upon its shimmering surface. A small watery stain made by the dropping of a tear.

END

Taglioni

(*Continued from page* 29)

on account of the weather, but because all his cronies told him tales of the bad band of highwaymen commanded by Trischka. Papa had charge of all the fees paid in cash to his daughter; likewise in his charge were the jewels which the wealthy Russians had showered on the dancer. All the treasures were in iron boxes with the Taglioni luggage.

Maria herself had been told often enough of the dangers she ran if she left St. Petersburg now, but she refused to listen; she wanted to be off, back to Paris. Her father begged her either to postpone the journey or at least to ask the tsar for an armed escort. Maria Taglioni refused to do the one or the other. In vain, Maria pointed out to her father that if she remained in St. Petersburg, as he wanted her to do, until the middle of the summer, she would lose large sums of money through lost fees. Filippo was determined that even if his daughter had to lose fat fees, she should not lose the valuable jewels and all the other fabulous presents she had received during her stay in Russia. When her father learned for a fact that Trischka operated all the year round, and that he was just as likely to be robbed at midsummer as in April, he consented to leave. But, first of all, he purchased a brace of pistols, very big and cumbersome, but quite useless as lethal weapons. Maria's friends rocked with laughter when they saw her father grab the pistols and begin to be ready to defend himself and his daughter's jewels almost before the Taglioni cavalcade was clear of the gates of St. Petersburg.

There were two large and very roomy carriages for the party. In the first carriage rode Maria Taglioni and her father, her personal maid, and two German violinists. The second carriage contained the luggage and the precious jewels, as well as all the money earned in Russia. For the first twelve miles of the journey the carriages were accompanied by a host of Taglioni's friends. They waved their farewells, and the *cortége* moved on to Pakoff for the first change of horses. The postmaster, welcoming the visitors of distinction, said that the Trischka band had been seen a few days previously on the road to Dunaburg. The postmaster made light of the matter, however, and, speaking semi-seriously to La Taglioni, he advised her to keep calm, to use tact, saying that it was pretty certain she would meet the bandit, and if she did as he advised all would be well.

The cavalcade continued its way, stopping to change horses and pushing on. They were riding through the second night of the journey when in the middle of a thick forest the first carriage was stopped by two horsemen who barred the way, while a third man opened the door of the carriage. He raised his hat and bowed. Speaking in German, he asked whether the pretty lady was Taglioni. The dancer, speaking for herself and in French, said she was indeed that person. The man was Trischka himself. He bowed even lower, and said: "I know. I heard you were passing this way. I am sorry, mademoiselle, that I could not give myself the pleasure of going to St. Petersburg to see you dance, but this pleasant meeting can rectify my omission. I hope you will do me the honour of dancing before me here and now."

"How can I dance here?" wailed Taglioni piteously.

"I am sorry, mademoiselle," replied Trischka, still most polite, "that I have no salon to offer you; but if you think it cannot be done, then I shall be under the painful necessity of confiscating your carriages and your luggage and sending you back whence you came—on foot."

"But," protested Taglioni, "the road is ankle deep in melted snow and mud!"

"That is true," laughed the highwayman, showing his excellent white teeth, "but your weight won't let you sink into the mud; apart from that, my men will spread for you the rugs you most undoubtedly have in your carriage."

All through the conversation, Filippo Taglioni had not spoken; but seeing that his daughter was determined to dance for the bandit, he told the two Germans to tune up their violins. They played while Taglioni danced for a quarter of an hour. Afterwards she said that never had she had a more appreciative audience. At the close of her performance, Trischka, who was most profuse in his thanks, said he would not give back the rugs on which she had danced and that never would he part with them. Mounting his horse, Trischka rode a little way with the two carriages. The last Taglioni saw of the highwayman was at a bend in the road, where he sat his horse, waving a last farewell.

In 1832 Taglioni gave a season in London, dancing in a ballet composed by her father, called *Nathalie*, or *The Swiss Milkmaid*. For the purposes of the London season, the scene

of the ballet had been changed from Switzerland to Scotland. After the fatigues of the season, Taglioni thought she would spend a holiday in the country to which the scene of her ballet had been moved. To Scotland she went, and among the other places she visited was Perth. Here she wrote down her name in the visitors' book and went out to see the sights. When the dancer returned to her hotel, she found a deputation of the leading citizens of Perth awaiting her. Nothing else would satisfy them but a performance in the local theatre. Taglioni protested she had neither a *corps de ballet* with her nor a male dancer, but the worthy citizens of Perth intimated this was small beer to them, and while Taglioni was protesting, with considerable good humour, she found herself hustled into a carriage to inspect the theatre. She said afterwards that both the theatre and the scenery were terrible. Nevertheless, she gave in and agreed on a performance, provided that there was a manager and a director. Both were promised. So far the conversations had been carried on through an interpreter, because the deputation spoke no French, and Taglioni's English was very sketchy. The interpreter happened to be a German waiter from the dancer's hotel, whose knowledge of the English and French languages was not very fluent.

Taglioni managed to make the waiter understand the plot of the ballet and this was conveyed to the director. The plot centred round a lay figure on which the Swiss maid Nathalie lavished all her affection. A Swiss swain changes places with the dummy. Taglioni thought the waiter had understood everything; she herself provided the dummy, but failed to ask who was going to play the part of the young man who changes places with the dummy. The first act passed off well enough, the curtain fell to great applause. Then Taglioni asked to see the man who was going to play the part of the swain. There was no such person. Finally, Taglioni decided that her personal servant, Pierre, should enact the part. He was dressed in the right clothes. Up went the curtain and Taglioni began to dance. She came to the part of the ballet where she had to dance off, and thinking to pick up the lay figure she picks up the live man, but there was no Pierre in the wings. Taglioni danced to her cue; she saw nothing, but heard a violent row going on back-stage. She danced whatever the equivalent is of "gagging," but still there was no Pierre. On and on danced the Italian, to the frantic delight of the Scotch audience. Finally, on came Pierre and the ballet ended as it should.

When the curtain fell, Pierre exploded into French. The delay had been caused by his whiskers. He had a fine pair, but the manager at the last moment decided that the part needed no whiskers, so despite Pierre's protests, both verbal and physical, two hefty Scotchmen held down the protesting Pierre while the local barber removed his whiskers. Then he was allowed to play his part.

TAGLIONI danced her way through Europe, making money and breaking hearts, but her love life though adventurous was unhappy. She married a Frenchman who left her almost directly after the wedding. The one man who knew the secret of the broken marriage was Dr. Véron, and he would not tell. "Why should I?" he used to say to those who pressed him to tell what he knew. "Why should I? After all, it is Taglioni who helped to make my fortune."

That was quite true. London, Vienna and St. Petersburg, they were all visited in turn; but Paris was the dancer's spiritual home, and the Opera House, "the big theatre so gloomy," was the theatre she loved the most. Yet even Paris became slightly weary of the dancer, and for nearly four years she stayed away. She danced for the last time in 1840 and did not appear again in Paris until 1844. Dr. Véron was her best friend, and in his salon she met Meyerbeer, also the aforementioned de Musset.

Among the other famous people Taglioni met at the house of the director of the opera —or, rather, the (*Continued on page* 82)

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AT ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

former director, because he resigned, but retained even more power in the operatic world—was the actress Rachel and the famous Minister of the Interior, Count (afterwards Duc) de Morny, and her former husband.

The story of the meeting is told in the diary of Lord Seymour, who was present at a small dinner party given by de Morny. The only women present were Rachel and Taglioni. The dancer was then approaching the age of fifty. She showed in conversation her active dislike of all members of the Latin races, but towards the English, the Russians, and particularly the Viennese, she was most amiable. Dinner at the duke's was held back for a late guest; he did not arrive, so dinner was served. Very soon after the guests sat down to table, the Count Gilbert de Voisins entered the room and sat down two seats away on the left of Lord Seymour. Seymour knew the count, but not intimately. After a few minutes the count turned to his neighbour on his right and asked, with a nod of his head towards Taglioni: "Who is that governess-looking old maid?" The neighbour told him. He was evidently not aware, when he asked the question, that the woman was his wife. The count, writes Lord Seymour, showed neither surprise nor emotion; if an artist had painted his picture at that moment, it would have registered nothing but a blank look. The count seemed to be holding a dumb monologue: "Is it?" he seemed to ask himself. "Well, maybe after all it is. Anyway, let us get on with our dinner." And he did.

Taglioni recognised her husband the moment he entered the room, and in a clear voice made a remark to her host concerning tardy guests. The Duc de Morny was not a practical joker, and he had either invited both Taglioni and her husband to the same dinner party through absent-mindedness or else he had some idea at the back of his mind of bringing about a reconciliation. There is no evidence, however, of any practical attempt being made, neither is there any explanation of why, when the men joined the two ladies after dinner, there was the following scene, which if staged in a play or film would be frowned upon as quite ridiculous, and yet it happened. While the Duc was out of the room, Count Gilbert de Voisins asked a friend to introduce him to Taglioni. Maybe there was some spirit of devilry inside him, or else he thought he was being most polite. I cannot possibly explain the motive. The count marched towards the dancer side by side with his friend. "May I," pleaded the friend to Taglioni, "may I have the honour of introducing the Count Gilbert de Voisins?" Taglioni made a most stately bow. Then she spoke thus to her husband: "I am under the impression that I have met you before, about the year 1832 was it not?" Then she turned away.

There never was a reconciliation, of course, but the middle-aged dancer and her father continued their tours of Europe. Maria Taglioni, a star at fourteen and at forty, pirouetted her way across the map of Europe while Time marched on. Revolutions and wars, it mattered not, the aged father-fiddler and the ageing dancing daughter packed their baggage and went on touring. Stage coaches gave way to slow-moving trains; the glories of Imperial France faded; Louis Napoleon, after being President, became Emperor of the French, and Taglioni tip-toed on the points of her toes back to the Paris Opera House.

Slavery was abolished in the United States; the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) married Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and Taglioni danced on. With the death of Filippo Taglioni there came, of course, the complete end of an epoch. He lived six years short of a century, and he had created both paternally and in the impressario sense the greatest figure in the ballet world. Not, of course, the ballet as we know it to-day, but still the ballet dance tradition which even Pavlova carried on. Novelists and playwrights have idealised a figure, draped their words around a woman who is the Columbine of all time, and although I find Taglioni was called at one time a *pimbèche*, which in plain English means shrew, I believe nevertheless that all of us will in the shadows of our minds for ever believe that Maria Taglioni, whose character I have sought to humanise, was indeed the Spirit of the Dance.

END

Unfinished Symphony

(*Continued from page* 39)

identical dinners—which brought him, in all, six glimpses of his lady; always in white, always at the same table, always in the same company; always, alas, farther than the farthest star from young George Sanders and his throbbing heart of dreams.

For, of course, he thought of nothing else. He did not, one regrets to say, make the slightest effort to carry out the ambition which had brought him to London. After his morning eggs and bacon, he simply mooned about the parks and open spaces, thinking about the little white girl, and counting the hours until it was time to put on his dinner jacket, tremblingly to fix the white carnation in his lapel, and, always with that Childe-Roland-to-the-Dark-Tower-came sensation, to storm the fastness of the Réserve, in the hope of once more seeing her.

If he had not been so hopelessly shy, and so terrified of making himself conspicuous, he could have asked the friendly waiter her name. He tried once or twice, but the words dried on his lips. What was the use? Her name, for him, would always be the little white girl. He reached the point of wondering, tremblingly, if she ever thought of him as the boy with the white carnation.

For she looked at him sometimes, in that shadowed, almost blind fashion; as though they were separated, not by a few yards of hot, food-laden, perfume-laden air, but by space itself—by all the vast nothingness that stretches between planet and planet; and it had gradually come to young George Sanders that her look was a look of hopelessness; that she was, indeed, what she appeared—Beauty, chained to the Beast, and that for her there was no deliverance under the sun.

A medieval knight would have snatched her and borne her away across the crupper of his charger. George, alas, was no medieval knight, and doubted whether, had he been born in the Middle Ages, he would have had the temperament for chivalrous manœuvres. He would more likely have been grinding colours and laying on gold leaf for some contemporary scribe; at all events, he would have been rotten across a horse. Still, if she would but give him a hint, a single glance of encouragement, he would, he told himself, gladly have flown in the face of nature itself, to perform her behests.

It was a minute incident which, taking place on the occasion of their fifth encounter, gave George the clue to her situation.

The girl sat, as usual, opposite him, against the wall, looking into the room. On her right, as usual, was the man with the monocle, but the other man had changed places with the woman. On the girl's left sat, lumpishly, a fat, middle-aged female in a cheap tailor-made, and opposite them with his back to George was the narrow-shouldered, round-backed husband of the woman.

It was obvious to George five minutes after the party settled itself that the girl was in a distrait mood that night. Having given her order to the waiter, she proceeded almost to ignore her companions; her dark eyes—that appeared so much larger and darker in her small pale face—flew about the room as though she were looking for someone. She sat on the edge of the seat, with her hands pressed down upon the plush on either side, almost as though she only awaited a signal to spring up and take flight, a wild white bird, from her evidently distasteful surroundings.

Instinctively, George shifted to the edge of his seat as well. (*Continued on page* 85)

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Perhaps—perhaps the miracle was going to happen! Perhaps she was going to run and place her hands in his and say, "I know I can trust you! Take me and look after me—please!" It just shows the state George's mind had got into, that he could imagine such a thing happening—anywhere—let alone at Perugini's Réserve.

Then the fat woman, looking at her sharply, gave her a nudge with her elbow, and nodded and frowned towards the man with the monocle; who sat scowling at his cocktail, plainly disgruntled by his failure to capture her attention.

George saw her brows fly together, her dark rose-coloured lips tighten and a blaze come into her eyes. This transformation of his little white girl into a young woman with an angry personality of her own startled him so much that his mouth dropped open. Suddenly she raised both her hands with the fingers clenched—and he saw in a flash there was no ring on the finger of her left hand.

For a moment, it really looked as though she was going to bring her fists crashing down on the china and the glass, then the man with his back to George lifted his head and evidently muttered something to her. She frowned at him, then suddenly her brow cleared; her fingers opened in an exquisitely mocking little gesture, she shrugged her shoulders, and, with a smile that was the perfection of coquetry, leaned towards and spoke to the man with the monocle.

During the remainder of the meal, while George had the agony of watching a flirtation as accomplished as—on the girl's part—it was evidently heartless, between her and her elderly cavalier—the solution came to him.

Gosh, why hadn't he thought of it before? It was as plain as a pikestaff! The girl was the daughter of the unprepossessing-looking couple—barnyard fowls do hatch out cygnets now and again—and they were trying to marry her to that rich, elderly bounder, whose infatuation was as evident as it was disgusting. The girl didn't want it, of course; but, for some reason or other, she'd got to accept the situation. For her parents' sake, most likely. The man had got himself into some sort of trouble—he looked just the sort of seedy customer to falsify accounts or help himself out of the petty cash or something, and the rich chap knew about it and had promised to get him out of the mess in return for his daughter's hand.

The more George thought about this, the more reasonable and accurate it began to appear. "It *must* be that," he told himself. "After all, I've got no power whatever of invention, but this is just a plain matter of deduction from given premises! She hates him, but she's got to be nice to him; they make her. Oh, gosh, what a frightful, horrible thing! There must be some way out—why can't I think of some way out?"

As though she felt waves of sympathy coming from George's direction, the little white girl, as the dance carried her past his table, leaned upon her partner's shoulder and smiled fully into George's eyes. And what a smile! All of despair, all of understanding, all of tender and hopeless gratitude that can be put into a glance penetrated George's soul and made his head swim so that he had to clutch the edge of the table to prevent his falling from his chair. That night he did not sleep a wink; he spent the hours until dawn in trying to imagine how he could rescue Beauty from the Beast—and it is to be feared that his madness, round about 5 a.m., went so far as to wonder what his mother would say if, on his return from town, he were to present her with a little white daughter-in-law.

ON this, his last evening at the Réserve, which had started so inauspiciously by his tripping over the doorstep, a cold and motionless calm settled upon George Sanders after he had overcome the embarrassment of his entrance. He had thought it all out, and was there to put his fortunes to the test. It all depended, of course, on whether she came to-night.

In his waistcoat pocket—besides the railway ticket, which he had bought to be on the safe side, was a tiny sheet of thin paper on which, after much thought, and many destroyed pages, he had written:

"I am leaving London tomorrow, but if there is any way in which I can help you or be of use to you, I will stay. George Sanders, 43 Norval Terrace, Earls Court. Telephone KEN 0069."

The first and on to the tenth versions had been a good deal more flowery; but on thinking it over, it seemed to George the bare facts were enough. She could guess the rest. Then, if she wanted him (his heart stood still at the thought), he could write to his father for some more money or borrow a bit from Charles Manners. He felt that he only needed her assurance to become bold, inventive, operative—all the things which, normally, he was not. He sat very still, and the hands of his watch moved on to half-past eight. Every time a party of three or four people came into the room he felt his palms turn wet, but the table in the corner remained unoccupied—and at a quarter to nine o'clock his patience met its reward.

As usual, she was the first to enter—his little white princess, with that strange, sweet mingling of dignity and shyness that kept her for a moment lingering at the door, as though she could not quite make her mind up to cross the wide, bare dancing floor (the band was taking a rest). How well George knew that entrance! Just half-way across the floor she faltered, as though, for a moment, her timidity overcame her, as though she needed the support of the man with a monocle who, summoned by that appealing upward sweep of night-black lashes, stepped to her side, laid his hand lightly—and, damn him, possessively!—upon her fragile arm, and guided her with a protective smile to the table over which the waiters were bowing. Every one looked at them, and at the couple who shambled after them; there was a brief silence, before the conversations, the laughter, and a few sly smiles broke out again. George was sufficiently knowledgeable, by now, to notice the smiles. What cats women were about each other! Of course, they were all just sick jealous of her lovely youth, her freshness, her delicate innocence that shone like a star in a place as tough as the Réserve.

He was calm enough to look straight towards her, after she had sat down; their eyes met full, and not only was there a secret greeting in hers, but across her menu—her companions were engrossed in theirs—she ventured to give him a shy, faint smile. Strangely calm, strangely confident, now that he had made up his mind to action, George gave a slow, hardly perceptible bend of the head. "It's all right—it's going to be quite all right," it was meant to tell her. He could not tell if she had grasped his message, for she looked hurriedly away and made some quick suggestion about the menu to the man on her right. She seemed gay, excited, tonight; she drank some wine hurriedly, she laughed, and George heard the faint note of wildness in her laughter. Did she feel her delivery at hand? Steady, George, you've got to keep your head, because this has got to be done quickly and neatly.

The most casual observer could hardly have failed to notice an unwonted tension about their table that night. The monocled man's attentions to the girl were strained, were over-emphasised—as though he were trying to impress his efforts, not only on the girl herself, but on the onlookers; none of whom, George noticed, took much interest in the performance.

The band slid into a slow foxtrot, and the girl's movement, as she stood up to dance, was like that of a released spring. At the same moment, George, with a gesture of un-George-like decision, beckoned his waiter and asked for the bill. "As quick as you can, please."

"*Cer*tainly, sir." While the bill was being prepared, George watched the dancers. How divinely she danced—with that fat bounder, who might be a gigolo, the way he tricked about with his feet and swung her just where he pleased! He, (*Continued on page* 86)

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George, would have to have some dancing lessons, if . . .

The bill was paid; he stood up. Now, steady, George!

His heart was thudding against his breast-bone, and they were coming round towards him. Her eyes were on him! Oh, if only she'd understand and make it easy.

One little step out, towards the dancers, and the tiniest bump, a mere brush; just enough to make an apology necessary, to make the fractional pause in which he would slip the note into her hand. Her hand, as though it knew, was ready; she had taken it for a moment off her partner's shoulder, was gesturing, leaning back against his arm, while her little feet kept up the perfect rhythm, and her eyes, so deep, so full of anxious query, were on George Sanders.

It would have been all right if it had not been for that miserable selfconsciousness which, in the depth and concentration of George's mind upon he subject in hand, had been forgotten, that came surging over him full strength when two elegant young women, who had been dining *tête-à-tête* at the neighbouring table, looked up and the prettier and nuder of the two—to whom George, as a *habitué* of the Réserve, was well known by sight and an object of mystified amusement—observed.

"Going home already, charming?"

George went the colour of beetroot, shied like a frightened mule two good yards on to the dancing floor, took a poke in the small of the back from somebody's elbow and measured his length among the feet of the dancers

It can only be painful to the sympathisers with young George Sanders to continue this section of his history. When a thing like that happens at the Réserve, people don't laugh good-naturedly, as they might do in less glorified surroundings. The Marchioness of Melton went on foxtrotting with her "boy friend" as though nothing whatever had happened; Miss Gloria Garden remarked to her partner, with the brand-new American accent she had found it expedient to import from Hollywood, "Blahtto, I s'pose," and among all the other dancers who, instead of giving poor George a hand up, stared coldly at his recumbent figure, the opinion circulated that he was, variously, oiled, binged, lit up, boozed and such other epithets as are used to cover the fact that a person is drunk.

Two waiters lugged him to his feet and escorted him briskly towards the door; the cloakroom attendant was there, as though forewarned, with his hat and coat. Five minutes later poor George took the cloak of night for pall—for his burning shame, his shattered hopes, and the end of his last romance. For what white girl, having witnessed his shameful inability even to look after himself, would confide her future to so inept a cavalier? What would Andromeda have felt like if Perseus, at the critical moment, had got his sword between his legs and missed the dragon? The wound to George's pride vanished in a rush of futile tears, as he thought of his white Andromeda, delivered to the dragon. Quite honestly, he regarded himself as not fit to be alive.

"NOW then, Abe," said the thin man with round shoulders, who was lying back in the corner of the hired Daimler, smoking a big cigar. "It's no good going on at Annie——"

"Annalise to you," put in the young lady in question.

"Shut up. I'm your father, and I ought to know what you was christened. You may think you're no end of a swell guy in publicity, Abe, but you ain't putting her across proper. I said to her ma—didn't I, ma?—this early Victorian stuff wouldn't get us anywhere. It ain't showy enough."

"Look here, Sid, you may be the girl's father, but you ain't got education and you ain't got drama sense. I told you—I'm telling you again—if Lizzie's not to stick among the extras till she's old enough to play

widowed mothers, she's got to catch the eye of the right people."

"And whose eye d'you think she's caught to-night? What's the good of Gloria Garden and the United Films crowd—sitting around licking their chops as if they'd bought up the whole film industry and Perugini into the bargain? Not a dam' producer in the place——"

"That's not my fault. I tell you that's where young Buffles Vincent and all the society crowd that's mixed up in films goes, nine nights out of ten. I tell you Vincent's looking for a girl to play Mimi in his version of *Vie de Bohème* and Lizzie's his number, if only he gets his eye on her. It's no good sending her to see him because, like all these fancy high-class amateurs, he likes to think he's discovered 'em for himself."

"Rats!" interrupted the young woman variously addressed as Annie, Annalise or Lizzie, and shifted the wad of chewing gum from the south-west to the north-east corner of her mouth. "Who wants to play in a chestnut like *Vie de Bohème*, anyhow? Give me some good live Ginger Rogers stuff and you can keep your art and lit'rature. I'm with pa—I'm sick of this Little Orphant Annie get-up, and I don't care what you say, Abe. I'm going to buy some real smart things to-morrow and be my age, instead of something out of Gavarini's *Messenger*! I'm going to see Tauchzig myself, and if I can't throw a spanner in Gloria Garden's works I'll have a darn good try. They say she's had her face lifted, don't they? I bet it took a crane. And listen, Abe, I can do my own publicity, and it won't cost pa a fiver a time and a whole lot of dirty looks from those stiffs at the Réserve. I——"

Abe Muller raised the flat of his hand and closed his eyes; the monocle, unheeded, tinkled against his waistcoat buttons—which he had loosened, for greater ease, after a generous repast.

"You can do as you dam' well please. You can wear scarlet tights and a bunch of feathers on your tail if you like. I don't believe you'd have done for Vincent, anyhow. You got no reel refinement, Lizzie."

"Refinement nothing. I got better than that," said the little white girl, as she stepped out of the car in sprightly fashion upon her Ealing doorstep. "If I can get a chap so balled-up over me he doesn't even see where he's going, and falls flat on the floor, I guess I don't have to worry about refinement. So good night to you, *Mister* Muller."

END

All in the Downs

(*Continued from page* 41)

suitable augers," he continued, "would probably reveal the presence of many an old craft, and the next question would be to arrange for rapid tunnelling." Although the president of the Society of Engineers classed the quest for the treasure of the Goodwins as a "highly speculative adventure," it is undoubtedly, as the gallant admiral observes, "more sound than many a mining proposition, for the treasure is really there; unless, that is, it has not been swallowed by the sands at all." Recent attempts of a similar kind, however—notably that to recover sunken gold from Table Bay—have proved so unremunerative that it seems unlikely they would be more successful in this instance.

PEOPLE who during this and the last war have witnessed the sinking of merchantmen and of U-boats within sight of land have merely been repeating an experience which has fallen to the folk of Deal and its vicinity on more than one previous occasion. In the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries sea engagements, both great and small, took place at various times round about the Goodwins and even in the Downs themselves. In 1572 a ship belonging to John Hawkins and his brother William was seized in the Downs by a French pirate while on her way from Plymouth to Hamburg with a cargo. In 1639 a Spanish fleet of sixty-seven sail, carrying 37,000 seamen (*Continued on page* 88)

Chilprufe for Cheerfulness

CHILPRUFE PURE WOOL promotes a sense of cheerfulness and well-being, sending a glow of health through the body. CHILPRUFE underwear is the greatest health safeguard anyone can wear, keeping winter colds and chills at bay even in the bitterest weather. Its finest PURE WOOL fabric never chafes or irritates, but is always soft, smooth, cosy and wholly agreeable to the most delicate skin! And how it wears. Truly, this is the most economical underwear obtainable!

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"Yes, John,- and the beauty of it is, that 'MANSION' gives a lasting shine so easily!"

Mansion Polish is made from the finest waxes obtainable. All waxes are subjected to exacting laboratory tests and are specially refined, purified and scientifically blended to a consistency which makes 'Mansion' easy and economical to spread and ensure a hard, bright and extremely lasting brilliance to Floors and Furniture. Its antiseptic and cleansing properties also maintain the highest standard of hygiene in the home.

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Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin, containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

MP/MA/19

and soldiers to Flanders, was attacked by the redoubtable Martin Tromp with only seventeen ships, and driven into Dover Roads, whence they retired for shelter to the Downs, and sent forth an S O S to King Charles for protection against attack while in neutral waters. No response was however forthcoming, and after three weeks, during which time Pennington, the British admiral commanding in the Downs, had kept the peace between the two fleets, Tromp, now reinforced so that he had a hundred sail under his command, launched an attack. Twenty-three of the Spanish ships were driven ashore, and of the rest only ten finally made their escape. The fight took place so close inshore that it was watched with the keenest excitement by the people on land, and one man had his horse killed by a stray bullet from one of the ships.

Thirteen years later Tromp was once more in the same waters, but this time he was less fortunate in his encounter. The Dutch admiral had refused to conform to the custom by which all foreign vessels were expected to recognise British sovereignty in the Narrow Seas by striking their flags and dipping their topsails. Blake, then commanding in the Downs, followed up his demand for compliance by engaging the Dutch Fleet, and although greatly outnumbered—Tromp had forty men-of-war against Blake's thirteen ships, of which some were hired merchantmen—the British vessels inflicted heavy damage, destroying one ship and badly punishing a second, and returned to the Downs with honours even, having themselves received very little serious injury. This was the first of a succession of meetings between the British and Dutch fleets. Alas, for a favourite popular fable! There seems to be no solid ground for believing the story of the broom which Tromp hoisted at his masthead, or of Blake's retort of the whip. Both commanders were, as a matter of fact, too good seamen and too great gentlemen for such childish and Nazi-like pieces of braggadocio.

None the less, the picturesque element is not lacking. An eye-witness on board Blake's flagship tells how "before the fight began, a small vessel came out of Dover to the general, with about forty volunteers, to each of whom the general gave a beer glass of old Malaga, after having drunk one himself, in thanks for their so timely help."

THE needs of the anchored shipping in the Downs brought into being during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, much as did somewhat similar conditions in Carrick Roads at the height of the sailing ship era, a type of craft and a breed of hardy seamen calculated to stand up to the worst of weather conditions. The Deal lugger, now for some years extinct, was probably one of the finest types of English small craft, and the stories of her achievements would fill more than one volume. To take but one example, in November, 1848, a German sailing ship, the *Atlantic*, drove ashore on the Goodwins in a terrific gale. The plight of the vessel and her crew seemed hopeless, but in response to her signals the lugger *Prince of Wales* and others put out from Deal and succeeded in taking off all but two of the ship's company, the captain and a seaman having been washed overboard and lost before the lugger's arrival.

The luggers' occupation was not, indeed, always so praiseworthy. Both they and the galleys, or "long eights," were sometimes engaged during the French wars in the smuggling of gold across the Channel, and this, with other forms of "free trade," provided a good deal of their owners' livelihood. To this fact was due a particular high-handed and cruel piece of official tyranny, at the close of the eighteenth century, when a number of boats drawn up on Deal beach were seized by the military and burnt.

But these Deal boatmen had other occupations still. In the sailing ship days the homeward-bound vessel making the Channel in heavy weather was often only too glad to take on board one of the "hovellers"—as the unofficial Deal pilots were called—who ranged

much farther afield than the regular Trinity House men, and who, knowing the coast between the Foreland and the Start like the palms of their hands, were able to con a ship into safety almost by the use of a sort of sixth sense. The East Indiaman *Earl of Eglinton*, wrecked in 1860 with a cargo valued at £100,000, would probably have escaped her fate had her commander not boggled at a payment of £8, the fee asked by an unofficial pilot. The "hoveller's" payment was hardly earned. In his undecked boat he cruised often as far as the Start or even the Scillies, thinking himself well paid for services which might well prevent the loss of a valuable ship and cargo and a score or more human lives, by a few pounds in cash and a pound or two of tobacco.

And so it goes on. Times and ships change, but the Downs remain. And although to the perils of the Goodwins and the old risks of war are added those from the air and from the new piracy undersea, the spirit of the men who meet them is still the same as it was when the forty volunteers put out to join Blake in the *Sovereign*, and when the crews of the luggers and the galleys were ready to risk their lives daily for a job of work that wanted doing, or a smuggled cargo to be run, or a fellow creature's life to be snatched from the sea.

END

Broken Wings

(*Continued from page* 19)

"It had to come some time, Anne," he said, and she guessed he had expected something like this for years. "Things are changing, all the world is airminded to-day. One can't avoid it for ever."

"Listen, dear," she said. "I said I loved this place and I do, but I love being with you even more. If you gave this up and tramped the roads I would be happy tramping with you. We both know that flying now is perfectly safe—much safer than motoring here—but if something inside you shrinks from the prospect, then that something is inside me, too. If it means opening an old wound that might bleed us to death, is it worth it? Let's face it, Don. If you miss Barton you'll miss his contract and that would mean either resigning this post or accepting a lower one. If we go down by air and——"

"We?" Don interrupted.

"Yes, dear. We," she replied quickly, and before he could speak again, she continued: "We would probably land Barton and his contract and be settled here for as long as we cared to stay. But—and this is the point—what is it likely to do to you?"

"Scare me out of my wits, I suppose," said Don.

"And worry me out of mine," Anne added. "Consider it, dear. Is it worth it? We've been so happy together. It's like—like challenging the future—defying the unknown."

Don shrugged. "We do that when we're born," he said, "and when we die. All life is a challenge to the future." They were silent a while, then Don said quite suddenly: "I'll go down in the morning by Enta's then."

"We will, my dear," Anne said quickly.

"Do you really want to go?"

"I want to go and I am going."

He rose and stood over her cupping her chin in his hand.

"What's a mere man in face of that?" he said.

"God created mere man to do a job here," Anne retorted, "then He had to create woman to tell mere man how to do it."

"I see, simple as all that, is it?" he asked, smiling down at her.

"Yes. As simple as that, Don. You'll see to-morrow morning."

But long before the morning Anne discovered the problem wasn't quite as simple as she had expected. And the discovery was startlingly sudden. It came some time after midnight after they had retired, and it began with a muffled groaning that rapidly grew to a wild shriek. (*Continued on page* 90)

☆

"My complexion is marvellously improved thanks to the 'Skin-Vitamin' in Pond's Creams!"

says LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON

ANALYSIS

of Lady Brigid King-Tenison's features

(1) *Forehead.* Wide, and very smooth, without the least trace of lines or wrinkles.

(2) *Eyes.* Hazel, large, and brilliant, shadowed by long lashes.

(3) *Nose.* Short, classically straight... the skin free from blemishes.

(4) *Mouth.* Delicately modelled, with an attractively short upper lip. No lines at the corners.

(5) *Chin.* Round, with clear, velvet-smooth skin.

(6) *Hair.* Chestnut brown, lustrous—a lovely frame for Lady Brigid's "peaches and cream" complexion.

Much of the credit for her complexion's loveliness, Lady Brigid insists, is due to Pond's Creams, and especially to the "skin-vitamin" these famous creams contain.

What Pond's Creams have done for her complexion they will do also for yours! Thanks to the "skin-vitamin," they can *transform* your complexion. Use these creams regularly, and you will see big pores gradually closing up, blackheads and blemishes disappearing, lines and wrinkles softening away as shrunken under-tissues, stimulated by the "skin-vitamin," fill out! Use Pond's Cold Cream every night for cleansing and softening your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream for day-time protection and to hold on powder smoothly.

LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kingston. She is enthusiastic about the effects of the "skin-vitamin." "It's made a wonderful improvement in my skin," she says. "It is a better colour, the pores seem smaller. The texture is much smoother and lines have utterly faded away. I could see the difference after just a few weeks."

UP THE SPOUT

"Your name and college, Sir?"

"*Digby, Sir. St. Marks.*"

"I watched your recent exploit, Mr. Digby — it had a certain element of daring."

"*Yes, Sir.*"

"But no element of originality."

"*No, Sir.*"

"It will be necessary to send workmen up in the morning to remove the object — not without some danger to life and limb."

"*Yes, Sir.*"

"From your appearance and your manner, Mr. Digby, I assume that you are celebrating some event of great importance — some outstanding academic achievement no doubt."

"*Yes, Sir.*"

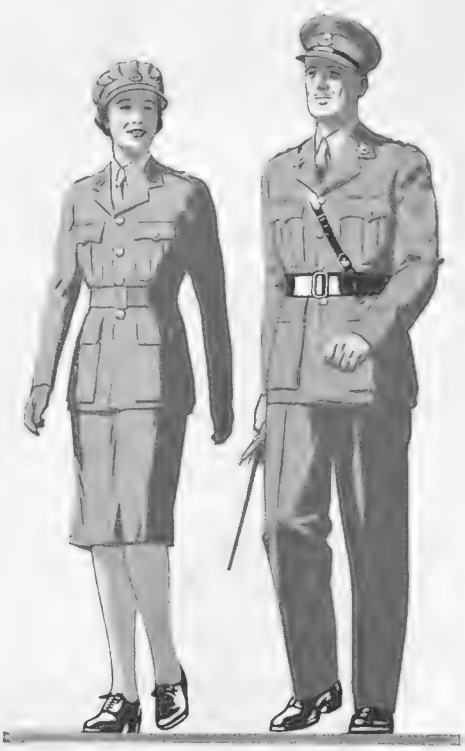
"H'm — my advice, sir, is that you retire to bed immediately, having first taken a long draught of Rose's Lime Juice. Its therapeutic effects may help you to face the wrath to come in the morning."

"*Thank you, Sir.*"

"And by the way — I notice you chose the long way up. Actually there is a shorter way. I remember in '88 or was it '89 — H'm — H'm. Good night."

"*Good night, Sir.*"

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.



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There was a frantic fluttering of bedclothes in the darkness; a gasping, choking sound like somebody fighting for breath, and then a heavy thump.

With a startled jerk Anne sat up and switched on the light. For a moment she stared about her in amazement, then her eyes settled on Don and her mouth opened, but no sound came. He was standing by his bed, his hair tousled, his eyes wide and staring, his face yellow beneath the tan.

In a moment Anne had recovered from her fright. She slipped out of bed and ran to him. "Don! Whatever's the matter?" She gripped his arm and the touch of that quivering flesh sent a cold chill through her. "Don, what is it, dear?"

Still he did not answer her. His hands fell weakly to his sides and his head drooped. Then slowly he passed one hand across his face.

At last he raised his head and met her gaze and the expression in his eyes shocked her. In that moment Anne Martin realised just how much he had lost in that last aerial fight. He was no longer the straight, military figure with the impudent half-smile and quiet, humorous eyes, he was a boy, cowed and beaten and terrified.

Yes, her Don, Captain Don Martin was terrified. Terrified of something that had already happened, something that lived within him and in which he lived, and she was powerless to help.

"Go back to bed, Anne, please," he said, and his voice sounded weak and strained. "It's nothing, dear. I'm all right now. I must have been dreaming. It used to happen often, but I thought it had gone." He moved unsteadily across to his bed and slumped down staring miserably at the carpet.

"No. You lie down and keep quiet, old chap," Anne answered. "I'll make coffee." She tried to press him back but he resisted her.

"I'm sorry, Anne, terribly sorry, dear. Startled you a bit, didn't it? You see how things are now?"

"Yes, I see how things are, Don. I thought I understood before just as I suppose most people think they understand. I didn't realise it was quite so bad."

"It isn't so bad now, Anne. Why at first it used to happen almost every night. I dreaded going to bed."

Anne was pale, and shaken. She fought to control herself. "No more of it now," she said briskly, for she was anxious to divert his thoughts. "Let's have coffee and talk of other things. Where we'll move to when we leave here."

"We're not leaving here, Anne. We're going down to Cristobal in the morning and we're going to pull that contract off with Barton." He was standing now and into his eyes came an expression of almost fanatical determination.

HE was still wearing that set expression when at nine o'clock that morning they drove the fifteen miles from San José to the airport at Santa Ana.

Barton and his contract had taken a secondary place in each of their thoughts; the trip had developed into something of an experiment in psychology. A dangerous experiment, she felt.

As he got their tickets she stood close beside him silently applauding his every move. As they approached the machine one of the engines started with a sudden bursting roar. For the slightest fraction of a second he hesitated then went forward again towards what must have seemed to him the essence of every nightmare he had ever had. She slipped her arm through his and touched his hand. It was hot and damp. She could feel his whole body rigid and flexed. A tiny muscle in his jaw stood out making his face look even flatter than it usually did.

As they neared the machine they paused and she turned to him saying: "Are you ready, Don?"

"Yes, I'm ready, Anne." He clipped the words off short as though he felt this was no

Gifts

PLEASING

and practical

Of all welcome gifts, Atkinsons Eau de Cologne heads the Christmas list. There isn't one of your friends who won't wholeheartedly mean their 'thank you' when they receive Atkinsons. After all, Atkinsons Eau de Cologne *is* the best — and that in itself is a compliment to your friends. Atkinsons is British made — has been these 100 years — a significant point these days. So whether it's the largest, most sumptuous size, or the more modest minor size—let it be Atkinsons!

Atkinsons high concentration Eau de Cologne is obtainable in size varying from 40/- down to a mere 1/6. Your chemist will show you the range.

ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
Eau de Cologne

AEC 100-640-100

time for conversation. Standing side by side at the foot of the steps leading to the cabin she watched his eyes running over the clean lines of the air liner.

It was evident to her that he was comparing this twin-engined, low-winged monoplane with its high cabin and perfect streamlining with aeroplanes as he knew them—crazy-looking birdcages that most modern pilots would hesitate to fly. She fancied she caught a fleeting smile in his eyes, but she could not be sure. He was gazing intently at the tail unit and back again to the retractable undercarriage. Was he seeing it through the eyes of a pilot—expert, critical? Or was he mentally measuring its stability—its safety? She had no means of knowing for he just stared, saying nothing.

Ten minutes later they were seated side by side in the machine listening to the dull thumps of the tail wheel and the squeal of brakes above the roar of the engines as the plane pulled round into the wind. She felt for his hand and gripped it hard. So far everything had gone easily and smoothly. True he was sitting stiff and erect as though every moment he expected the whole craft to explode, but his strained attitude was not noticed by the other half-dozen passengers.

Unlike the giant land planes of Pan-American Airways that plied between the States and Central and South America, the smaller passenger machines of E.N.T.A. Air Line that served the central Americas carried a crew of two only, one pilot and one wireless operator-navigator.

As they circled for height, Anne, despite her intention of concentrating entirely on Don's reactions, found herself studying the scene below. The deep blue of the Pacific on one side, and the ash blue of the Atlantic on the other, divided, it seemed, by a mere strip of rocky mountain, fascinated her. Even at this height she felt she could throw a stone from one ocean to the other. Almost it seemed the two mighty spans of water were striving to meet like armies anxious for the clash. She tried to pick out the various plantations that she knew but already she found that San José was a sprawling dark patch among a collection of still darker patches.

She turned to Don to find him still sitting rigid with his eyes glued on the altimeter on the front cabin door watching the needle of the instrument quivering upwards as they gained height, his ears straining to catch every note of the rhythmic beat of the engines. She ached to take his head to her and crush out the roar, he seemed so weak and helpless.

For an hour the machine droned on keeping a steady altitude of fourteen thousand feet, fifteen hundred feet higher than the highest peak in that rugged chain that stretches the whole length of Costa Rica, joining the Rockies of the north with the Andes of the south. Despite the tropical sunshine below it was cold at this altitude and Anne pulled her coat round her, and snuggled into Don's side. Several times she attempted conversation, but he answered her absently and at last they had fallen into a prolonged silence that the roar of the engines seemed to emphasise.

Then suddenly above the noise of the engines there came a dull thump and the crash of breaking glass. For a second the whole machine seemed to pause and shudder. Every head in the cabin lifted suddenly and peered out at a world of billowing cotton-wool cloud that rolled and eddied about them. Anne clutched at Don's hand, and for a moment it steadied her. He sat rigid as stone, his eyes fixed on the communicating door to the pilot's cabin in a glassy stare.

"Don, what was that?" She tried to make her voice sound calm and unconcerned, but shouting against the noise didn't help her.

"I don't know. Felt as though something struck us." His eyes flashed to the altimeter again. "Plenty of height. But something hit us. Yes, something hit us." He repeated himself unconsciously as though trying to confirm a suspicion.

Throughout the cabin now there was an air of vague uneasiness. (*Continued on page* 92)

Gifts

NOVEL-

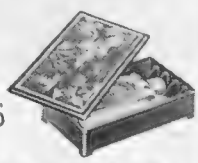
yet useful

For a touch of light relief this Christmas, why not give your friends one of the charming Atkinsons novelties shown below? First in order of popularity comes the Atkinsons Sedan Chair—a really irresistible miniature reproduction containing a bottle of the famous Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. As well as the novelties, there are also several really attractive Gift Cases, as useful as they are ornamental. (And for the men, what could be jollier—and more practical too—than one of the 'dartboard' shaving bowls.)

Atkinsons Sedan Chair
A miniature, faithfully reproduced in gilt and lacquer finish, of an 18th century Sedan Chair. Containing, of course, the famous Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. 2/6

For the men— 'Dartboard' Shaving Bowl
Rich lathering Shaving Soap, perfumed with Eau de Cologne, packed in the amusing 'dartboard' container. 2/6

'Chinese Lacquer' Cigarette Box
Even when the Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is gone, this Cigarette Box, in Chinese design, remains as a perpetual (and practical) reminder of your Christmas present. 3/6



ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
Eau de Cologne

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Lips are *the* potent weapon in love's delicious armoury. Nature intended that a woman's lips should be luscious, provocative, soft, inviting. Lips should spell beauty. *Spell* beauty, remember, not *spoil* beauty. Every woman can improve her lips not by painting them with clogging cosmetics, but by emphasising their blush-rose beauty. The secret of natural, inviting lip-loveliness lies in TANGEE, the perfect lipstick that changes on your lips to the colour that's best for you. Just smooth Tangee gently on your lips, and you see it changing to the very tint that harmonises with your colour. The rich cream base of Tangee nourishes the cells of the skin, keeps the lips smooth and lovely and prevents chap, in-.

Try TANGEE Theatrical for evening occasions when a brighter colour is required.

Tangee Lipstick *for YOUR individual colour,* **1/9** *and* **4/6**
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Please send Miracle Make-up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).

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BLOCK LETTERS B.E.129A.

Anne could feel it closing in around her, a dull impression that something was drastically wrong somewhere. She wondered if that was how a pilot felt when he was flying blind for that was exactly how she felt, as though they were all flying blind.

Then a moment later the communicating door flew open, and the navigator stood there with his eyes and mouth open staring at them. He was shouting something. A cold wind tore the words from him and hurled them about until they were distorted and meaningless.

Then she heard : suddenly, clearly, words that seemed to pass straight through her like an icy blast. "Can anybody fly? Pilot unconscious. Hurry up—can nobody fly?" He stood there swaying slightly in the wind, his mouth opening and closing although no word reached them.

After that first moment of shocked horror Anne instinctively tightened her grip on Don's hand. She wanted to speak, to say something, to shout Don's name and ability, but her tongue seemed fixed against her clenched teeth. Then it seemed everybody moved at once. Above the noise of the machine the voices became a blurred confusion of sound. A woman's scream rose until it dominated everything else and challenged even the wind to crush it.

Then Anne's brain cleared and she became again the quiet, confident woman who had cheerfully shouldered the burden of a man with a broken soul. Her face was deathly white, almost as white as Don's beneath his tan, as she turned to him. He was sitting staring before him like a man in a trance, but in his eyes was that same expression of numbed terror that had startled her during the night.

She had been about to add her voice to the babble, to coax him, urge him to do something, but that dazed, awful expression of his silenced her.

Suppose he couldn't fly this machine! Suppose he just sat there incapable of moving, too terrified even to speak! Her brain whirled with this new angle. Would he, could he sit still while they all rushed headlong to certain destruction?

Again she made to rise and speak and again she sat back silent. If Don could do anything then he would. She could not and would not bully him with any reference to her own danger or anybody else's. If this was the end then they would meet it together. The irony of the position stung her. Don Martin—her Don ; air ace, master of the skies, sitting stunned and stupefied with fear while they all rushed to a frightful death. She thought of the other passengers. It was hard on them. They would never understand. The world would hear of the tragedy with amazement and Don would stand condemned. And the world would not understand.

In those few brief seconds Anne Martin fought her battle. Her natural concern for the safety of others struggled with her desire to shield and protect him. Her grip on his arm relaxed and at the same moment Don rose, steadied himself against the seat and faced the navigator.

In a moment she had flung herself on him, kissing him wildly. A tremendous, overwhelming joy flooded her so that she did not notice that he was not returning her embrace or her kisses.

With her hand on his arm she guided him towards that open door through which the cold wind screamed, for he moved like a man walking for the first time after a long illness.

The navigator watched them with his mouth open stupidly. In his eyes was a glimmer of hope that he dared not voice. Anne saw it and pitied him. Perhaps he had a wife and kiddies waiting for him somewhere down there.

"I was a pilot once. I'll try." That was all Don said, but the words brought a sudden hush in the cabin while to Anne it seemed that God had reached out to help them.

"You can fly? You can fly? Thank God!" The navigator choked over his words. He grabbed Don's sleeve. "Hurry for heaven's sake. Neil's out. I'll help you."

They squeezed into the cockpit, Anne still holding on to Don's arm. For a moment Don stared vacantly at the confusing mass of instruments, at the control wheel, at the smashed windshield and then his gaze dropped to the pilot lying back in his seat, his belt still fastened, and in his lap the battered remains of a tawny eagle.

The navigator was shouting : "It came in —came in through the windshield. Wham—crash—like that—hit Neil in the face. Stunned him."

Anne grasped the situation in a flash. The force with which the bird had met them was evident by the mess it had made of itself and the state of the pilot. His head was a mass of feathers and blood. Blood oozed from several gashes and ran down his neck soaking into the white tunic.

Frantically they pulled him from his seat, and while Anne indicated to some of the passengers to drag him into the cabin, Don dropped into the control seat and gripped the wheel.

Slowly, very slowly, it seemed, Don felt for and found the rudder control pedals, and moved the wheel to and from him. He hadn't the faintest idea what he was doing. Aeroplanes as he knew them had a central stick with a gun trigger attached to it. And those instruments! He hadn't seen so many in all his life. An altimeter, a revolution counter, a compass, and a temperature gauge was all they had needed, and was all that was issued or used except for the dozen-and-one personal gadgets with which wartime pilots decorated the cockpits of their planes.

The navigator leaned over and knocked out the automatic pilot switch, explaining at the same time what he had done. "She's yours now," he shouted, "I'll contact Santa Ana, tell 'em we're turning back."

The wind screamed through the broken windshield so that Don was unable to hear what was said. Even without the noise it is doubtful if he would have heard. His mind was paralysed with the position in which he found himself.

Presently the navigator turned to him and there was a grave anxiety in his eyes. "Santa Ana report not so good," he said. "Cold front coming up driving a cloud bank down to earth. Visibility one mile, ceiling three hundred feet. That means nil by the time we get there. Do you think you could get through to Cristobal?"

"I don't know," Don replied unsteadily. "This is all so strange."

"Don hasn't flown since the war," Anne interrupted. She felt it was the least she could do. "He was smashed up. Never been up since."

"Oh, I see. But you could do it, couldn't you? You must." The navigator was shouting and again Anne thought of a wife and kiddies somewhere. "The controls are the same, the principal instruments are the same." He leaned over to Don searching his face for some sign of confidence.

"Yes, Don can do it," Anne answered him, "but we must help him."

For several minutes Don sat there like a bewildered novice. Twice when he tried to correct a fault in the flying trim he overshot the mark. First one wing dropped then the other as he moved the wheel about in jerky snatches.

The wind howled through the broken windshield and whipped the hair over his eyes, but he was too intent on gripping the control wheel to brush it back. He felt gingerly over the throttle levers and gazed down at them as though he had never before seen anything so complicated. He moved one slightly and immediately the tone of the engines dropped a shade and the tachometer fell back a little. The navigator watched him narrowly, every now and again glancing at Anne standing behind Don, his expression betraying his anxiety.

For ten minutes they flew on through thickening cloud while the navigator explained to Don the use of the newer instruments. The artificial horizon and bank-and-climb gyro received a second (*Continued on page* 94)

This is the Gin

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon since *1769*.

The Gin with world reputation

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

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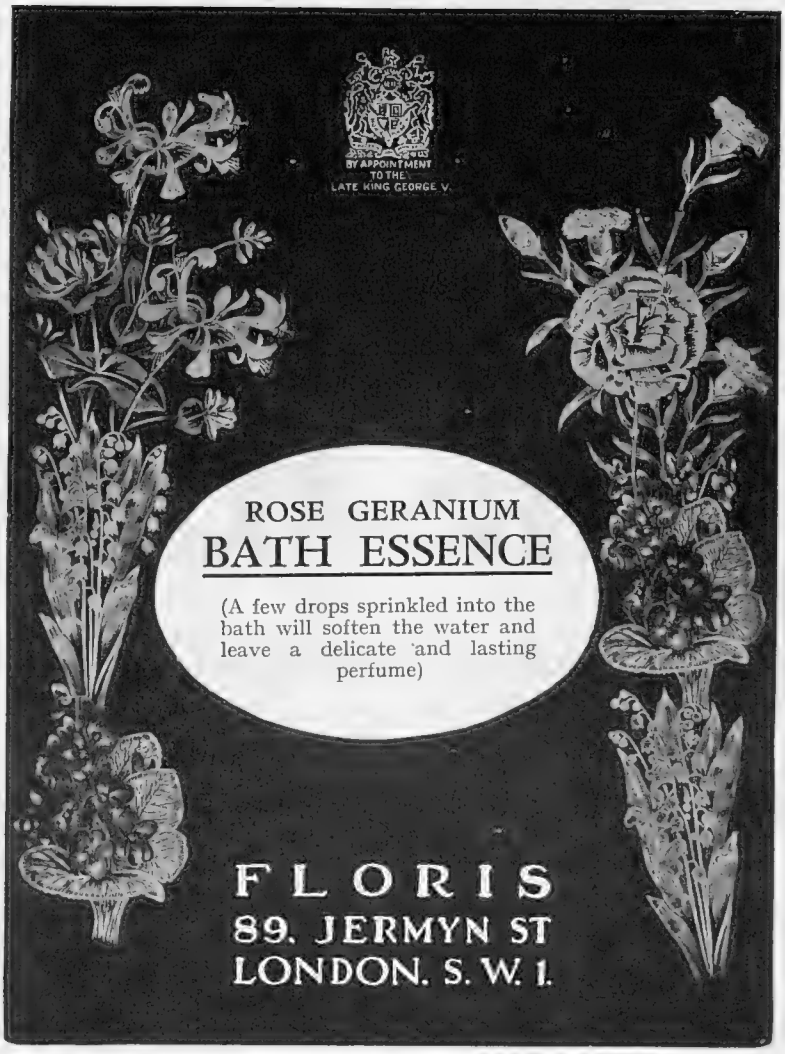
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glance, but the remainder he passed over with hardly a sign of interest. His gaze flitted between the master compass, the tachometer and the altimeter, they were the instruments he understood, the instruments he had learned to fly by.

Anne suddenly became aware that they were flying through a gap in the clouds. The sky above was brighter but not clear. Before them and rapidly closing in on each side rose a gigantic wall of impenetrable blackness. Storm clouds. She knew the sudden violence of these mountain storms but she little knew the tremendous force and fury of them. Don stared at them dully. For a moment he hesitated and his grip on the control wheel slackened slightly. She slid her arm across his shoulder and spoke to him, but the wind and noise mocked her voice so that she hardly heard it herself.

THEN the storm hit them. Rain tore through the broken windshield with the force of a fire hose drenching them almost immediately. All around them a boiling, seething black mass writhed and tore at the plane. A terrific upcurrent of air caught them and lifted them like a leaf in a gale, carrying them up a thousand feet, then the wind smashed them down again with a hollow, booming jolt that shook the machine until it quivered and trembled like a terrified horse.

Abruptly, darkness, utter and complete, added to the terror of the storm. The plane rolled, pitched and tossed helplessly, falling over on one wing with its nose to the earth, then standing almost vertical on its tail. Don was half out of his seat now, hanging on desperately to the wheel, too terrified to let go.

Anne gripped his shoulders hard and tried to shake him but she only succeeded in falling heavily against him as the plane pitched forward and staggered as though struck by a giant hand.

The navigator leaned over and switched on the instrument lights; he shouted to Don but like Anne, he was unable to make himself heard above the roar of the storm and the dull, crashing bumps of the machine.

For ten minutes they battled on not knowing in which direction they were being carried, conscious only that the machine had so far resisted the efforts of the storm to tear it apart.

Quite suddenly the storm eased slightly. The wind became a little less savage although the rain smashed in on them heavier than before. The sky lightened and Anne seized the opportunity to look round at Don. His face was a frozen mask of terror, and yellow, as it had been last night. He was staring unseeingly at the instruments before him but his hands still clung tenaciously to that wheel.

A faint flickering light, distant but distinct, behind the clouds warned them that the storm was not yet finished. Then another, nearer now. A blinding flash that set the whole sky ablaze ripped across the nose of the machine. Don gave a strangled cry and struggled frantically to his feet, his fists pressed into his eyes. For one awful moment Anne felt the floor slipping from beneath her. Then she was clutching him, holding him.

He was trembling violently from head to foot and she pressed herself closer to him. She had a dim vision of him tearing himself from her and striving to reach the door. Then her terror passed and a cold deliberation that was like death itself swept over her.

She gripped him and shook him roughly. "Don ! Don !" She was shouting with her mouth close against his ear, striving desperately to penetrate the madness that enveloped his reason.

"I'll fly it ! I'll fly it, Don ! Stand by me, tell me what to do. Stand by me, Don !"

For a moment he stared clean through her then he started as though he had suddenly realised her presence.

It was then that the miracle happened. It was as though something deep within him snapped and a cloak of darkness fell from before his eyes. He stared at her again

before his eyes swept round the cockpit. His head lifted with a jerk and Anne fell back limply before the grim intensity of his expression. This was a Don she had never seen before, a Don she had never known, the Don Martin who, fighting to the last, had screamed down from the skies in a blanket of flames into complete oblivion all those years before.

It is possible that the similarity of those two experiences did something to Don Martin's brain that no surgeon or psychologist could perform. It is possible that a gap was suddenly bridged and a blank obliterated. It is possible that Anne's words reached down deeper into him than even his fear of flying and that the knowledge was suddenly born to him that there is something greater than death, greater even than fear—the love of a fine woman.

Anything is possible, but the things that Don Martin did with that machine after that moment were well nigh impossible.

The wind still hurled and buffeted them about, the rain slashed in through the broken windshield in horizontal sheets numbing the flesh of Don's face; lightning played around the plane, setting the towering masses of cloud on fire, but through it all Don sat tight, struggling to hold the plane on an even keel and keep her head on to the course. And behind him Anne stood firm, her hands holding to his shoulders, her face alight with a strange new joy.

Even the navigator stared with wide eyes at this amazing transformation, for the trembling, nervous wreck that he feared even more than the storm was gone and in his place was a man whose every movement was swift and sure and confident, a man whose hands and feet moved with the skill and precision of a master.

With each minute Don's confidence increased until he found himself anticipating the plane's every move. Gradually the old instinct of the born pilot returned. His spirits rose and the light of battle gleamed again in his blue eyes. Once more he was Captain Don Martin riding the skies with the fire of conquest in his heart.

Twenty minutes later they shot out from the storm-bank into brilliant sunshine. Beneath them the slate-blue Atlantic rolled away to the east, while under the starboard wing the coast of Costa Rica stood out bold and dark. They followed the coastline down, flying steadily at ten thousand feet, until the grey gash of the Panama Canal indicated that they were nearing Cristobal.

Over the airport Don circled several times carefully studying the lay of the 'drome. He still preferred to rely more on his eyes and his instinct than the instruments. At last they touched down and rolled to a halt, and only then did he turn to face Anne. His eyes were shining like an excited schoolboy's although his face was badly bruised from the battering of the rain.

Neither of them spoke for a full minute, then Don said: "We did it, Anne." He was speaking quietly. "I don't know what happened, I don't know how we did it but we did. Just we two."

Anne was still pale and shaken from her ordeal but she faced up to him bravely. "Only we two, Don?" she said. There was the faintest catch in her voice and an expression in her eyes that puzzled him.

And then in one blinding flash he knew. "Anne!" He caught her to him. "I didn't dream it was—like that."

She was smiling at him now, the smile of a woman who awaits the greatest event of her life. "I wasn't sure," she said, "but up there, I knew. And I couldn't tell you. I daren't."

He was silent while the full depth and meaning of her words sank into his consciousness, then he said quietly: "That was very fine of you, Anne. You were great."

He kissed her tenderly, then held her off smiling at her; the smile of a man who has flown through hell with broken wings and landed safely in the heart of a great and glorious woman.

END

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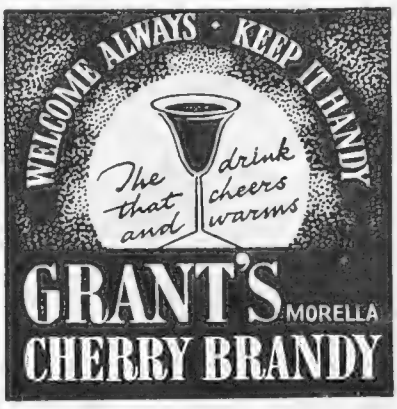

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Sequined Evening Blouse

(*Continued from page* 52)

SHAPE ARMHOLE
Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 5 armhole end rows. Work 5 ins. on remaining 50 sts.

SHAPE NECK
Cast off 10 sts. at neck edge. Work 2 ins. on remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 25 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER
Cast off 5 sts. every armhole end row 5 times.

SLEEVES
With No. 12 needles cast on 75 sts. Rib 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. for 5 ins., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 95 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK EDGING
Sew shoulder seams. With No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 110 sts. along neck. Rib 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off in rib.

FRONT STRIPS (2)
With No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 18 ins. Cast off.

BUTTONS (10)
With No. 12 needles cast on 14 sts. and work in stocking st. for 1 in. Cast off. Wind a *small* ball from the wool for each button. Gather the squares, put the ball inside and draw up neatly and fasten. Sew 3 sequins on each.

TO MAKE UP
Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew front strips to fronts. Sew in sleeves. Sew sequins to top of each half diamond on fronts. Sew on press studs. Sew on buttons.

END

Chic Cardigan

(*Continued from page* 53)

EDGING
With No. 8 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole: Rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3. *Next row:* Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3. Make 5 more buttonholes 2¼ ins. apart. Work until 50 ins. from start. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew edges to fronts and back of neck. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

END

Man's Lightweight Woolly

(*Continued from page* 53)

20th row: As 12th.
21st row: As 9th.
22nd row: As 10th.
23rd row: As 7th.
24th row: As 8th. These 24 rows form patt. Work until 12½ ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES
Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 96 sts. Work 7½ ins. without shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDERS
Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS
With No. 12 needles cast on 70 sts. Work as for back until 12½ ins. from cast-on edge (80 sts.).

SHAPE ARMHOLE
Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row twice. Then dec. 1 st. every row at armhole edge until 64 sts. remain. Work 7½ ins. dec. 1 st. every alternate row at neck edge until 24 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 3 times.

EDGINGS

With No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts. Work in plain knitting 2 strips 20 ins. long for armholes, and 1 strip 52 ins. long for outer edge.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side and shoulder seams. Fold edgings in half lengthwise and sew to armholes and outer edge, leaving 6 spaces on right side for buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

END

"Gold Bullets" Win Wars

(*Continued from page 25*)

imports of war materials. For very many months and even years we can carry on without calling on our gold reserves.

The overseas trade of Germany has been ended by our navy.

We have not only gold to back us. We have foreign securities worth at least £1,000,000,000, which the Government is now taking over and which will serve as credit in the countries which will supply us with the necessities of war. Germany's foreign securities are negligible.

"What about the gold standard, though?" What about it? Really, all that being on gold implied was that the Bank of England had to undertake to buy or sell gold at a fixed price of eighty-four shillings an ounce. Virtually, we never left gold backing for our currency. The issue of notes is still limited by the amount of gold in the deep bomb-proof vaults of the Bank of England.

In 1931 the bank merely said that you could no longer call round with a five pound note and demand five sovereigns. At once the gold-currency balance, held rigid during the standard days, was released to find its own equilibrium. Gold soared in value (or the pound dropped, if you like to look at it that way), until at the beginning of this war it reached nearly twice the old figure of eighty-four shillings.

Other countries followed suit and in 1934, Roosevelt decided that the only way to check falling prices in America was deliberately to de-value the gold value of the dollar down to about sixty per cent. of its old value. So in America, too, gold rose in "value" from about twenty dollars an ounce up to thirty-five dollars. And there it was fixed.

The U.S. became the only country in the world which undertook to buy all gold offered at this fixed price. The result was a mighty flow of gold across the Atlantic. In 1936 £300,000,000 worth crossed, in 1937 the figure was slightly higher. The year 1938–39, when Europe was racked with crises, saw a record outgoing which cannot yet be computed.

Many of the hundreds of millions in gold which have left Europe in recent years have come from our Exchange Equilisation Funds. The British fund used to have gold reserves of from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000 with which to play. This backing it used to support huge dealings in sterling and foreign exchange. As every one knows, money exchange rates are governed by the old supply-and-demand rule.

When the demand was going the wrong way for the Treasury's liking—and taking the pound's value in dollars up or down with it—the fund's job was to step into the market and neutralise the tendency by huge-scale buying or selling.

Normally this was no great strain on its reserves. Sometimes, even, it made an eventual profit of a few millions on its dealings in currencies. But there was a very different story to tell during the time of crises which began during the summer of 1938.

Foreign, especially American, confidence in Europe was strained. European financiers were feverishly turning their pounds and francs into safe dollars. The pound's value was threatened. (*Continued on page 98*)

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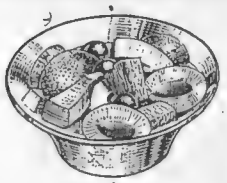

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"Gold Bullets" Win Wars

The fund's operations became enormous as it struggled to maintain the pound. And vastly expensive in gold. In March of 1938 it possessed about £315,000,000. But by the end of September—that black September which now seems mild to us—this had dropped to £161,000,0.00

During August alone £66,000,000 worth of gold bars crossed the Atlantic. The *Queen Mary* sailed with £9,000,000 worth on one trip. Every ounce of gold shipped cost one shilling in transport, insurance and loss of interest.

The Munich "appeasement" did not help. It further weakened American confidence in Britain. And the March 1939 crisis—you remember Hitler's long-off march into Prague?—came as a last straw. The total loss of gold to the fund during the year soared to £300,000,000, and would have left it virtually broke if the Bank of England had not stepped in with a contribution of another £315,000,000.

During peace, Britain could afford to lose great quantities of gold. Not so in wartime. To-day the pound cannot be held up in exchange value at the cost of our precious reserves. It must find its natural figure, unaided.

Directly after the outbreak of war the Government brought our gold reserves from the bank and the fund together into one great pool under their control. Shipping of gold abroad was rigidly limited. The nation was called upon to surrender its gold coin—of whatever sentimental interest.

But thanks to our vast financial strength, the women of Britain are never likely to be asked for their gold rings and trinkets as were the women of Italy and Germany.

So far, I have written only of existing reserves. What of production? Here again the empire is dominant. Sixty per cent of all new gold mined comes from the empire, the bulk of it from those great mines of the Witwatersrand.

During 1938 the South African mines produced twelve million ounces of gold, worth about £100,000,000 at present rates, or twice as much as any other country. Due to the record high price of gold it has now become economical to work poor ores and to sink expensively deep mines (some go down to two miles), which will expand production even further. Also recent prospecting in what are known as the Far East and Far West Rand promise tremendous reserves when the existing workings are exhausted. Production has not yet started in these areas, but war will certainly stimulate it into action.

World output of gold has doubled since pre-Great War days. Then the yearly average was between sixteen and twenty million ounces, and no one thought it would go higher. Yet in 1938 it had jumped to thirty-eight million ounces. Next year it will probably top the forty mark for the first time in history.

So that we may expect a contribution towards our reserves of gold of something like £200,000,000 during the year, and during every year that we need it. In the past, mined gold has been sold like any other commodity. But in wartime we may expect to see empire gold restricted to empire coffers.

Thanks to the ever-mounting price of gold and the yearly increase in production, the world store of "monetary" gold (which does not, of course, include the vast quantities absorbed by the jewellery and other industries), has doubled in value since 1932. In those distant days the world's vaults held about £2,800,000,000 worth. To-day the figure is nearer £5,700,000,000.

Whether the world as a whole is richer or happier is another question.

How much gold does the world possess? In tons, the figure is not impressive. Known bank stocks amount to about 26,000 tons—the weight of a medium-size Atlantic liner—and if you include privately held gold, the total can be swollen to 32,000 tons. Melt the lot into bricks and pile them up, and you could compress the gold of the world—the basis of most of its trade and the livelihood

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of hundreds of millions—into a dump 60 ft. long, 40 ft. wide and 27 ft. high.

According to known reserves, another 30,000 tons of gold, or enough for thirty years' mining at the present rate, awaits extraction. But almost certainly the next generation will see great *new* strikes, perhaps embarrassingly great for the economists.

Only rigid control by the nations could save our economic structure from collapse if some incautious prospector were to find and announce a hill of solid gold. . . . It is gold's rarity which constitutes its value.

New finds on a minor scale are made every year. The Russians are opening up gold-fields within the Arctic Circle, and these have helped them to multiply their output by six within a few years. Here whole towns have been transported by air and set up among the snows in the Kolyma district of Siberia, which is said to be even richer than Alaska ever was. Here great mechanical dredgers have replaced the miners' pans in the placer fields.

In Canada, too, air transport is now being used to open up far north districts which were, until recently, unexplored territory and to carry men, machines and supplies to new settlements hundreds of miles from the nearest railways. Canadian gold production is rising in a steep curve and now ranks third, after the Rand and U.S.S.R.

Now that Britain is "off gold," and that America virtually controls its price, it is curious that London still remains the world's gold centre.

It is the main market, handling between £200,000,000 and £300,000,000 worth every year, and London has more important assay firms—there are only a dozen big ones in the world—than any other country. Every consignment of gold is tested by the assayers before sale. One usually acts for the buyer and another for the seller, and if they disagree over the purity of the gold concerned, a third independent "referee" is called in.

Tiny chips of gold are taken from each "brick"—400-ounce bars worth over £3,200—and sent to the assayers, and the exact purity and composition of the gold determined to four decimal places. Nowadays, I believe, the Bank of England has its own staff assayers.

In London, too, the day's price of gold is announced, though it is America which is really responsible for the price. Every morning at eleven o'clock, representatives of four broking and refining firms meet in a room in Messrs. Rothschild and Co.'s building in St. Swithin's Lane. Here orders and sales are disclosed and discussed.

But it is really the Anglo-U.S. exchange rates which fix the price. For America's standing thirty-five-dollar-an-ounce price has pegged gold so that it rises in price here, as our pound depreciates by the dollar and vice versa. Supply and demand appear to have only a local variation effect. After brief study of exchange rates and buying and selling, the day's price is announced in the city room and cabled throughout the world.

Will the world ever really go "off gold" and turn to some other yardstick of monetary value? In the distant future it will almost certainly decide that wealth should be represented by something which represents real value. H. G. Wells, after one of his fictional "world collapses," predicted the eclipse of gold and the establishment of currency based on transport.

One's unit might thus become the price of transport by air for ten miles of one pound of merchandise at a speed of 200 m.p.h. There would be no exchange variations and the prices of commodities would find their own level in the new currency.

But this, or any other scheme depends on the co-operation—and the financial honesty of all nations. And both are at a discount just now.

Gold will probably continue to be used as a basis of world trade simply because it is rare, its approximate total amount known, and because it makes "cooking of accounts" and inter-national sharp practice impossible. And after this war a re-distribution of gold will be one of the major adjustments which will have to be made to world economy.

END

3/534

Easily prepared with

CHIVERS JELLIES

GALLEONS. Pint packet Chivers Jelly (Greengage, Lime or Lemon). A few large eating apples, lemon juice, cocktail sticks, rice paper. Cream if desired.
Make up jelly as directed on packet and place in individual dishes. Peel, core and quarter one or two apples, slightly hollow the inner side of each quarter to make boat shape and dip in lemon juice. When the jelly is almost set, place an apple boat on it, fix a cherry figure-head and two masts (cocktail sticks) set with rice paper sails. Decorate boat and mast-heads with whipped cream tinted with cochineal if desired.

FIRELIGHT CUBES. Pint packet Chivers Jelly (Pineapple, Lemon or Orange) Chivers Jam, tin of Pineapple in Syrup.
Melt jelly cubes in boiling water and pine-apple syrup, to make ¾-pint in all. Leave half to set in shallow dish. When remainder begins to thicken and adheres to side of basin whisk until stiff. Fold in the chopped pineapple. When quite cold and firm cut both clear and whipped jellies into cubes with a wet knife and arrange in individual glasses on a base of jam.

Whether your next "special" sweets are required for a party, for visitors or for the week-end you will find that the two novelty recipes illustrated above will win the praise and appreciation of your family and guests. "Galleons" are exceptionally economical and easy to prepare and will in particular appeal to the younger generation, whilst in "Firelight Cubes" you have a sweet of exquisite appearance, flavour and delicacy. Remember that even when served alone Chivers Jellies make a delicious and ever welcome table sweet.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

Christmas

THE spirit of Christmas will remain despite the War and there will be celebrations, though not in every home.

The Church Army is planning to carry the Spirit of Christmas into the little homes of lonely old people and gentle-women in distress and into the homes of the very poor as well.

Our Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen claim a large share of our attention. For them, the Christmas Spirit must not be lacking.

Will you help? Please send your gift to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips preparation of Magnesia.

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Eat, Drink and be Merry

(*Continued from page 5*)

at two more Christmas parties. At the first my host, from Virginia, greeted me with a goblet of rum punch, and dashed a spoonful of thick cream in the middle of the dark, rich liquor. "Here's to the South—and to hell with the Yankees!" The rum punch slid down smoothly; but I later regretted the cream.

I went on to the second party alone, and was held at the door to the salon by the butler, who was drunk but dignified. Inside, a renowned pianist was finishing what sounded like a Beethoven symphony. I saw him stagger and nearly fall when he got up, and discovered that he too was drunk, and that almost everybody was drunk; and as the soft, magical music had brought irrepressible tears to my eyes, I concluded that I, too, must be drunk, and so I had the butler put me in a taxi, and back at the hotel I went to bed and did not wake up till three next day, having missed an after-midnight Christmas supper party, which was the only one of the lot I had really wanted to be at.

Perhaps I ought to say that I am acutely aware that, according to the best authorities, December the twenty-fifth is not the day on which Our Saviour was born, but is the day conveniently kept to commemorate the event, since from time immemorial it has been a pagan feast day, so rooted in man's ingrained habits that the early fathers of the Christian Church did not care to disturb it, but merely adopted it for the purposes of the cult of the faith which was born in the world two thousand years ago. And I am among those who regard Christmas chiefly as the feast of feasts.

But I am not a gourmet, a gastronome, or an epicure. The Dumas' cook book is the only one of the great romanticist's thousand-page works I lack. Oscar Wilde and his ortolans make me tired. The high arts of Irbain - Dubois, Uder, Francatelli and Anthony Carême—who made soup more interesting by sprinkling it with Italian parmesan, and taught his master, Talleyrand, to clear the palate after soup by drinking dry Madeira, would be wasted on me.

I am equally at home with royal, bourgeoise, and plain folk cooking. I like Lobster Newburg; I also like mussel soup, Irish stew, and plain Cheddar cheese.

What you get out of food depends, of course, on your physical and mental condition at the time, and especially how keenly your system requires and demands sustenance. Martin Lindsay, the explorer, records that crossing the great Ice Cap of Greenland in his famous sledging journey with Croft and Godfrey, he made a pig of himself for the first time since leaving school. After weeks of sledge rations, he scoffed the whole of a pound tin of cocoa. Similiarly, one of the most remarkable Christmas lunches I ever had—it punctuated an eighteen-mile tramp in the Pyrenees—comprised a whole Camembert, a big bowl of salad, a bottle of vino tinto and a melon. A fine, satisfying meal, unforgettable.

By contrast, looking over a pile of menus and diary extracts relating to formal banquets I have attended over twenty years, I came across this sumptuous Guildhall menu:

Caviare
et
Hors d'Œuvres
Tortue Claire
Saumon d'Écossie
Sauce Concombres
Chaufroid de Cailles à la Ripon
Asperges, Beurre Fondu
Baron of Beef
Salad
Canetons, Petits Pois
Gelée à l'Orange
Soufflé Glacé Vanille
Petits Fours
Dessert—Café

The impression made by this Lucullan repast on my palate was so faint that it long ago disappeared. I cannot remember what the *Chaufroid de Cailles à la Ripon* tasted like, or whether I noticed any difference between the baron of beef and a cut from a home sirloin. All that I remember of the occasion is that I sat next to the late Sir Alfred Fripp, caught his professional interest with some remark, and he, in a slow and learned tone, developed an argument that sex begins at sixty, the idea being that in his youth man does not appreciate the rare pleasures of sex, he rushes at them crudely; it is only when they begin to slip from his grasp that he begins fully to appreciate them.

But I digress.

TOWARDS the end of 1928 I was in Rome. I had gone down to see Mussolini—the Duce was approachable then—and make a round of calls on the ministers of the regime. I wanted to find out what the regime proposed to do if the Duce died. But that's another story. I had still to see Bottai and Balbo, when Christmas week intervened. A gap of ten days before my next interviews.

I was tired of Rome, and took train for Naples. But the Excelsior at Naples was a bore. I took the smelly little rolling boat across the bay to Sorrento, stayed a couple of days, and then hired a car, and went on to Amalfi over that magnificent coast road cut high in the mountain side.

So we came to be in the old monastery hotel at Christmas. But when I looked at the Christmas menu, lo, it might have been composed by the chef of any of the Excelsior luxury-hotel chain. I hired a car, and we drove into the country. We stopped at a wayside *auberge* for lunch. We said we would have what they were having. And they were having onion soup, and ravioli filled with chicken and chopped ham and hard-boiled egg yokes, and spinach, and a sweet brioche with a salad.

I still remember the onion soup, ladled into a great soup plate from a big pot. The flavours of sage, leek roots, garlic, Parmesan cheese and beef, blended with the onions. A kingly soup for the feast of Christmas. You cannot get onion soup like that in luxury hotels and restaurants.

I HAD two Spanish Christmases. One was memorable for the old-style omelettes. I was in Bogota. Impossible to think of heavy meats in this land of plump game, fat pigs, luscious fruits, sweet wines and vegetables remarkable for their size and succulence.

In my honour, a turkey had been procured (my host, a minor hidalgo, had no turkeys on his small estate). But to serve a turkey whole and roasted in that house would have been like inviting a lovely young girl to dine, and giving her a Chateaubriand. No; the turkey was so sorted out and camouflaged as to be invisible and unrecognisable. The white meat went into a delicious entrée. It was garnished with tiny tartlets. In the tartlets, the dark meat. This information was furnished to me. Otherwise, this would have gone into my diary as one Christmas when I missed turkey.

But the memorable dish was mushroom and kidney with egg. That is my rough description, as one might say of a *Parisienne élégante*, "she clothed her nakedness in the woven threads of plants and worms, and shod her feet in goat skin," when, in fashion fact, the lady wore the most ravishing things in silk and crêpe de Chine, with shoes of fragile kid. Actually, these were omelettes of the king. My hostess provided me with the recipe. I have lost it, but I recall that the whites and yolks were beaten separately, cream went to the making, and fire was too rough for the cooking, so the process was done in a pan over boiling water.

The kidney and mushroom stuffing were cooked separately with minced ham, and that cooking process was another fine art in itself. The kidneys had to be so tender at the end that they could be put easily through a sieve. The old (*Continued on page 102*)

Then, life was natural, simple and full. To-day it is complicated, exhausting and nerve-racking. Your body is fighting an unequal struggle. Luckily, as the article below shows, 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food can restore the balance.

How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

In warfare, every new offensive weapon is quickly met by an effective method of defence. Poison gas brings the gas mask, more perfect aeroplanes are countered by bigger and better anti-aircraft guns, and so on. Luckily, science has already perfected an antidote to the latest form of warfare—the war of nerves. It is called 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. *During the last war a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' "is a national necessity for preserving good nerves."*

To-day, his statement is supported by more than 25,000 doctors who have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'. Ask *your* doctor about the effects of continued nervous strain. He will tell you that the strain can only be countered by adequate nerve-nourishment; that this nourishment is best supplied by organic phosphorus and protein.

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If your nerves are getting the better of you, start a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food at once. But don't wait until the enemy's attack has weakened you. Start building your defence line *now*. By putting yourself and your family on an eight weeks' course at once, you will be safely entrenched behind a wall of assured resistance. Buy a family jar to-day

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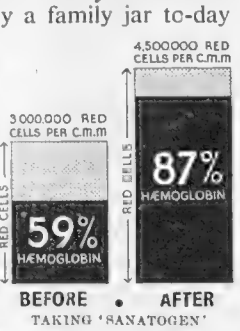

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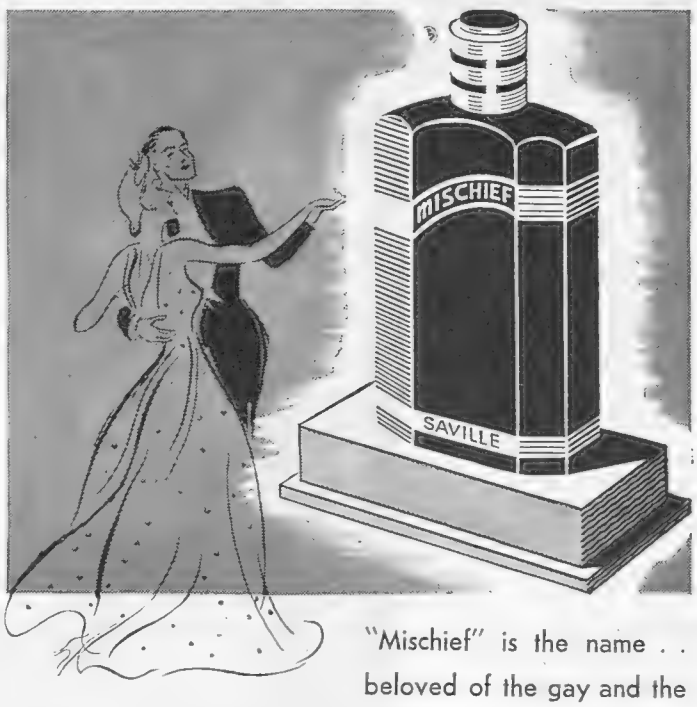

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Eat, Drink and be Merry

Spanish *conquistadores* ranked omelettes with beef as the food for warriors.

I spent my second Spanish Christmas on the road. I was motoring from Cadiz to Madrid, by way of Sevilla, going easily. Christmas Day began for me with my *desayuno* (early breakfast) served before I took the road for Sevilla. It was coffee, with an *Anise del Mono*, of the monkey brand, on the side. I had not ordered the kummel-like liqueur with breakfast. It is normal for a Spanish *caballero* to start the day with a chaser to his coffee or thick chocolate.

Luncheon I picked off the Lista de Platos at a wayside inn. A mushroom omelette, and *bifes*—a steak as thin as a minute steak, but hammered, and fried. A flask of vino tinto. Tangerines and nectarines. I stepped up the average mileage quite appreciably after lunch.

The lunch hit the spot more acutely than the dinner, at the Sevilla hotel, but perhaps I was tired by evening—a mistake to dine fully when one's tired. There were carp-like *dorado* from the Guadaliquiver, with Andalusian fish sauce, and a roast pheasant. The Marques de Riscal was good. The coffee was vile.

The Christmas of 1926 was another Latin country experience. I had some journalistic business in Mexico. Among other things, I wanted to have a talk with Calles, the poker-playing bull of a man who had made himself Mexican Number One. I was staying with a Canadian oil man, in Mexico City, and was included in the latter's invitation to dine with a Mexican *politico* with whom he had mutually profitable financial relations.

The *politico* had an *estancia* fifty miles out. We had been out there a week before, and he had shown us our dinner in its pen—a lamb which was being specially fattened for the great Christmas lamb stew. Mutton stew doesn't sound much of a delicacy, but Mexican lamb stew is remote from what the Briton knows under the general head of "stewed sheep."

The cooking of that lamb took three days. This was not because it was cooked whole It wasn't: it was most carefully jointed and boned, and the meat cut into pieces, all except the backbone with its precious meat on either side, the choicest cut of the whole. The cooking took a long time because the huge pot was kept gently simmering over a wood fire, while, at regular intervals, almost everything known to Mexican epicures went in—beans, and garlic, and pumpkin seeds, and red peppers, and leek roots.

But all I knew about this, at the time of that Christmas dinner, was that I was eating the most delicious savoury stew, in which the meat sat up as little cutlets that melted in the mouth. The taste was indescribable, but imperishable.

I missed one Christmas in Germany, It was in 1932, and owing to the events of the night before. I sat up with an American, and three Germans, in a Black Forest inn, on Christmas Eve, playing the cork game. You sit either side of a table, with a bottle of champagne. You toss to decide who opens it. The one who loses, cuts the wires, and lets her pop.

Across the ceiling is stretched a piece of rotted canvas. The trick is to pop the cork so that it bursts the canvas and sticks there. If it hits, or fails to hit, and falls, the opener pays for that bottle. If it sticks, the opener gets his drink—bottle shared equally among the glasses—free, and the others share the price of the bottle. There's a good deal of skill in it—as at bridge, where in long-sitting play, the best player usually collects.

We were all bachelors, and the night was young when we started. The Europeans were relatively poor ex-officers. We members of the old "conquering" allies were, compared to them, rich. We were new to the game, and I think we scored about one win between us. I would not have minded that at the time, or subsequently. But it was German champagne. The state of my head next day explains (*Continued on page* 104)

A Complete Beauty Treatment in one preparation

These difficult days you haven't much time to bother with your appearance, have you? Well here's where Anne French Cleansing Milk can *really* help. It's a quick inexpensive all-in beauty treatment. Just pour a little of the Milk on to cotton-wool and wipe it over your face. In a moment your skin feels soft, smooth and *really* clean. A dusting of powder over, and your complexion will stay matt for hours.

Write to Anne French with your beauty query at the address below enclosing 6d. in stamps for a trial bottle of her Cleansing Milk.

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Sold in Wooden Drums by all Grocers & Stores

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Never neglect an "ordinary cold"—it holds grim possibilities. Check it right away. At the slightest sign of catarrh or congestion, put the child to bed and burn some POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE so that the little sufferer inhales the aromatic healing vapours. Almost instantly congestion and catarrh melt away. Soothing sleep follows. Soon another dangerous cold has disappeared. Infantile Asthma is increasing. It must be checked at the outset. If your child has developed Asthma, you must attack it with POTTER'S. It gives INSTANT RELIEF. The awful strangulation and paroxysms of coughing soon cease. POTTER'S contains no opiates and prevents heart strain. Can be also used by grown-ups of all ages. All Chemists, Herbalists and Stores 1/6 tin or 1/9 post free from makers.

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Write today for helpful work "Are you Asthmatic?"

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POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

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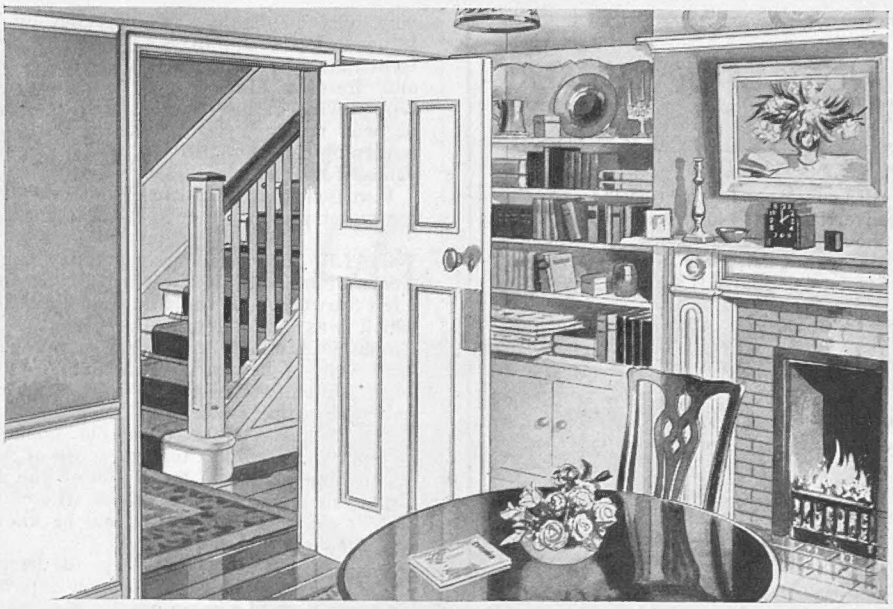

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Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and, being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle to-day. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

DON'T LET THE WAR HARM THE CHILDREN!

BARNARDO'S
ARE CARRYING ON

Headquarters staff—still at Stepney
Children safely evacuated
Family as large as ever—8,250
Fresh admissions every day

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

towards the upkeep of this National work will be heartily welcomed

TO-DAY'S CHILDREN ARE TOMORROW'S CITIZENS!

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INDEX to ADVERTISERS

December 1939

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

A

Aristoc Stockings .. .. .. Back cover
Arden, Elizabeth 59
Arrid Cream 82
Atkinson's Eau de Cologne 91
Allenbury's Pastilles 97
Anne French 102

B

Boots, Ltd. .. .. Cover ii
Ballito Stockings 2
Bear Brand Stockings 73
Bob Martin's 96
Batchelor's Peas 97
Batger's Figs 102

C

Courtaulds, Ltd. 71
Craven "A" Cigarettes 83
Cuticura 86
Chilprufe 87
Cointreau 98
Chivers Jellies 99
Church Army 99
California Syrup of Figs 103

D

Del Monte Fruits 65
Dr. Barnardo's Homes 103

E

Esse Cooker 96
Eugene, Ltd. 95

F

Firth-Vickers Stainless Steel 100
Floris 94

G

Gordon's Gins 93
Grant's Cherry Brandy 96
Gordana Hand Cream 98
Gladys Cooper Beauty Preparations .. 98
'Gor-ray' Skirts 102

H

Huntley and Palmers 61
Harbutt's Plasticine 68
Hofels' Curative Foods 85

L

Lenthéric Lipstick .. .. .. Cover iii
Larola 82
Leichner 85
Liberty 94

M

Mansion Polish 88
McCall's Paysandu Ox Tongue 97
Min Cream 103
Mischief Perfume 101

N

Nescafé 81
Nugget Polish 90

P

Phoenix Oven Ware .. .. .. Cover iii
Player's Cigarettes 66
Peggy Sage 75
Pears, A. F., Ltd. 76
Pond's Cream 89
Phillip's Dental Magnesia 99
Potter and Clark 103

R

Rolls-Royce 68
Rose's Lime Juice 90
Rover Cars 84

S

Smith's English Clocks .. .. Cover iii
Schweppes 63
Seventh Heaven Perfume 77
Salter, Geo. 80
Swan Brand Ware 98
Sanatogen 101

T

Tampax 78
Tangee Beauty Preparations 92

V

Vandré, Ltd. 80
Vapex 100
Vulcan Stoves 68

Y

Yardleys 79

why von Ribbentrop, ex-traveller in his father-in-law's champagne (an interest retained after he became Hitler's Ambassador and Foreign Minister) did not serve the family wine at his London banquets, when he was trying to win over the "effete" governing classes of Britain, who understand wines, if nothing else.

I missed that Christmas, and stayed on the water wagon a month to clear my liver.

I SHALL always remember three Christmases I had with the late Sir Harry Preston. I felt drawn to him the first time I met him, which was at a tête-à-tête lunch in the Embassy Club in 1924. I came to know him very well. I kept a room at his old Royal York Hotel, worked there half the week, rode with him, swam with him, met most of his friends, wrote both his books of memories—and didn't tell one-tenth of what he told me, or what I knew. Of all the men I ever met, he was the wisest where food and drink were concerned; and he knew a great deal about *homo sapiens*.

He had an excellent way of keeping Christmas. He would feast folk on Christmas Eve, but himself remain quietly abstemious. He was waiting for next day. On Christmas morning he would rise early, get his work done, and go over to his little fifty-acre estate at Anstye, twelve miles inland. There he met a few special friends, for his own private and personal Christmas, celebrated with the gift of Dom Perignon to mankind.

Seeing that golden gift working its magic, I could understand why champagne was regarded in pre-war France as the only industry in which a man of rank could engage. The best comes from a circle of land only twenty miles in diameter, covering the districts Rheims–Epernay–Chalons-sur-Marne. It was an old monk, visiting at the Heidsieck home in Rheims the day I lunched there, after watching the sun-tanned peasants trimming the July vines in the fields, who told me that for centuries religious orders cultivated and improved the vines which the Roman invaders imported in the third century, to replace those destroyed two hundred years before, and that when the French kings were crowned at Rheims, the crown and the local champagne were equally important items in the ceremony; and that we owe the champagne we know to the monk, Dom Perignon, who, at the end of the seventeenth century discovered the secret of blending and bottling champagne at the right season. Dom Perignon would have beamed over Harry's Christmas "breakfasts," one of which I recall made Sir Kingsley Wood feel less sure that his political career had come to a dead end in a parliamentary under-secretaryship, while another caused Arnold Bennett to come out of his shell, and make a few remarks, uninvited, and without a perceptible stutter. Harry's cheek was pink and fresh-shaven, his sleepy blue eyes twinkled as he took off his rimless pince-nez, and lifted his goblet. The logs burnt on the iron dogs, warming the low-ceiled dining-room. One Christmas the shaven lawn magically sprouted mushrooms as thick as a crocus bed. The Disney toads squatted in their secret green caverns around the stone pool. We visited

Eat, Drink and be Merry

the old horse and two fat ponies which did nothing at all except eat and meditate from one Christmas to another. And the cold golden champagne filtered its liquid sunshine into our veins, so that to-day was indeed to-day, and all was very well indeed, and to-morrow was another day.

The coming Christmas will be my forty-third. But in my private life I always count forty-four. This extra one is easily the most enchanted Christmas I ever had, although it never really got going. This is the way of it.

I found myself in a great banqueting hall, writing at my big table, which somehow seemed to have grown very big indeed, so that it stretched away almost out of sight on either side. Torches flared in wall brackets, and a mighty log fire blazed; but still the light was poor, and I could scarcely see to write, and the whole vast hall was shadowy and dim.

I was in the middle of some happy phrase when a distant sound of trumpets made me pause. It was a far, faint sound, but it approached. My Scottie dog was roused by it, and lifted his head from my feet. He hates trumpets, which suggest bugles, which suggest drums, which suggest thunder and guns, both noises which daunt him. I had my hand down to reassure him, when the wall at the far end swung back in two parts, and in marched a strange procession.

It was led by two small pages in gay motley, blowing trumpets shaped like elongated hunting horns. Behind came a long ragged line of men of all shapes and sizes. Men in hose and doublet, monks carried torches on long poles, and the blue smoke poured up. Other men in armour shouldered pikes with streaming pennons bearing heraldic devices. Several monks walked solemnly along.

But these men were only escorts for others bearing great boars' heads and joints of steaming meat on sumptuous dishes, barrels on their shoulders, giant flagons. At the tail end a little group dragged with ropes the hewn butt-end of a great tree, and I knew that this was the yule log, and it was Christmas.

At that moment I saw in the midst of the procession wending up to the table a slim blonde woman in a fur-trimmed gown and a medieval head-dress, and I recognised my wife. She carried a plum pudding stuck with mistletoe on top and lying in a bed of holly. It was a round plum pudding. And I got up, and the Scottie got up too and stood fantastically waist high beside me, and I said: "Why, it's round—how the devil did you do it?" Then I woke up.

This dream, of which I made a diary note on awakening, is a five-year-old memory now. But it is as vivid as any of my waking Christmases. Probably an old memory of a tale or children's book picture, one of those mind-pictures that sometimes come flitting back, in sleep, down the long corridor of the years.

But the plum pudding still intrigues me. I suppose that the old-time Christmas puddings were cooked in a cloth, and so came out round, instead of turning out pudding-basin-shaped. I wonder if anywhere in the modern world there is such a thing as a round Christmas pudding? Outside a dream, I have yet to see one.

Food to Make You Forget (*Continued from page 57*)

into a wetted mould and leave to set. Destone prunes and pass them through a sieve, adding enough juice to make ½ pint.

When the rest of the jelly is cold, but not set, stir the prune purée into it.

Pour carefully into the mould and leave until set. Turn out, and decorate with whipped cream.

Jellied Christmas Pudding

This will give a bright touch to the children's party buffet.

1 pint Chivers' vanilla jelly.
Quarter cupful currants, ½ pint milk.
Half cupful raisins, 1 oz. cocoa.
Half cupful stoned dates.
Half cupful chopped nuts.

Mix cocoa to a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Boil rest of milk. Add cocoa. Now put in currants, raisins, nuts and dates. Simmer gently for a few minutes, and then allow to cool. Dissolve jelly in ½ pint boiling water, cool, and stir in cocoa mixture. Set in a wetted mould.

Turn out, decorate with a sprig of holly, and serve with custard sauce.

Favourite Cake

This cake gives little trouble to make and is an immense favourite at children's parties. Make or buy three flat spongecake layers. On each layer put cream, well whipped. On the top of the cake put chocolate icing. In white icing, pipe the name of the young host or hostess, together with a Christmas greeting.

1.12.39

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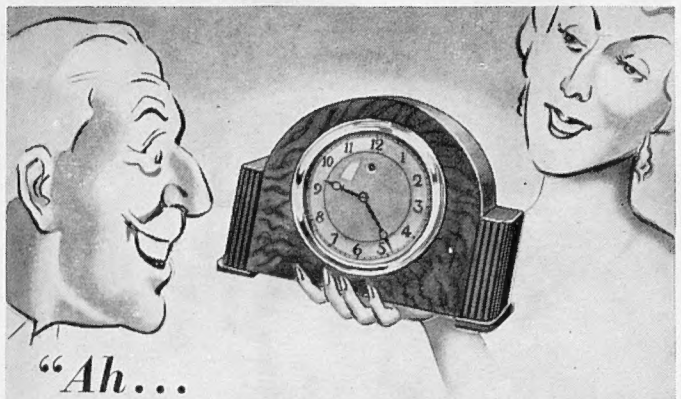

"Ah... the Unforgettable Gift"

FEW gifts are destined to give greater cause for gratification than a "Sectric" clock. Greenwich time *always*, never a fear that it has lost or gained even a single minute; no winding or regulating but a constant trouble-free service for a generation or more at a cost for current of only a shilling or so a year. What a gift for a relative or friend!

Prices from 22/-: Jewellers, Electricians and Stores stock Smith's "Sectric" clocks.

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time

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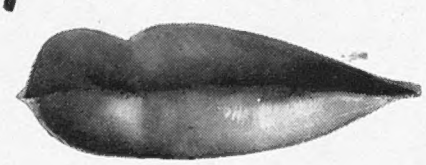
Lips by Lenthéric



The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller wears Lenthéric Rocket Red

Drawn from a studio portrait of Miss Yarde-Buller

For you whose skin has a tint of brown from the out-doors, Lenthéric has created *Rocket Red* — a bright, clear, vivid red.

For pastel-pale faces, Lenthéric proudly presents *Confetti Pink* — sentimental as the last rose of summer. a true pink to enhance the natural tone of your lips. There is also *Hunting Pink* — bright and crisp, in the new mode for clear red make-up.

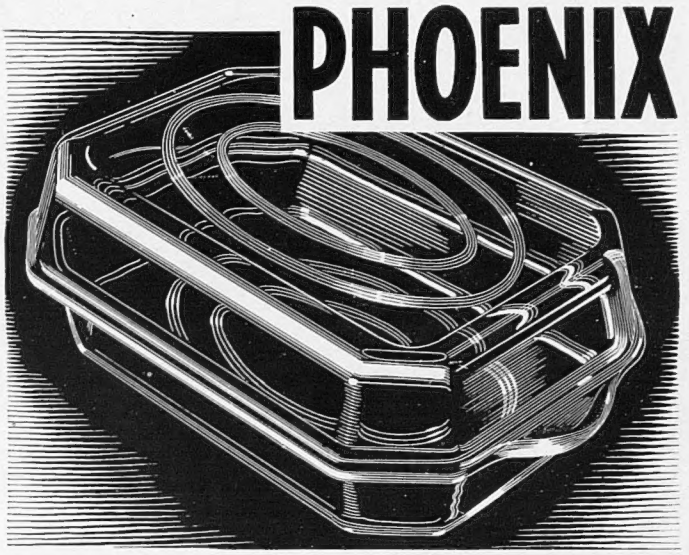
Lenthéric lipsticks boast three things of importance to lovely lips: Constant colour — unchanging on the lips. Fine texture — neither dry nor greasy. Fresh line that lasts amazingly.

Rocket Red is No. 5. *Confetti Pink* is No. 8. *Hunting Pink* is No. 2. For you who have never worn Lenthéric lipsticks, there is a special size at 2/6 — it will last you more than a month. Black and gold cases 5/6. White cases 4/6 and 2/6.

LENTHÉRIC, 17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Oven glass is crystal CLEAR when it's

PHOENIX



CLEAR AND STAYS CLEAR

YOU can easily pick out Phoenix oven glass by its crystal clearness. No amount of use will ever dull or yellow that shining transparency. And when you wash up Phoenix, all cooking stains come easily away from its specially polished surface. The many charming Phoenix designs by Elizabeth Craig have been a great success. It is not difficult to guess that Phoenix is designed by a woman—those easy-to-clean curves, the way the various shapes slip snugly into the oven; they are all obviously planned by someone who understands your cooking problems.

FOR WEDDING PRESENTS or for your own kitchen, insist on Phoenix. It costs no more. Guaranteed against oven breakage for 12 *months.*

CASSEROLE COOKING FOR ECONOMY

Phoenix cooking is casserole cooking at its best and most economical. The level, even heat obtained inside a Phoenix dish causes less meat shrinkage than by any other way. *Phoenix cooking preserves every drop of goodness in the valuable meat and vegetable juices. And you don't incur any waste through transferring from one dish to another. Cook in Phoenix. Serve in Phoenix, and keep the left-overs in Phoenix!*

PHOENIX

REGD TRADE MARK

THE CLEAREST GLASS OVEN-WARE

Dish up in smart Phoenix dishes. Saves washing up.

Oh! how she needs a gift of Aristoc!

If she's taken to wearing trousers and you'd prefer her to look like the lady in our picture — GIVE HER SOME ARISTOC. She'll soon be raising the national morale by showing her shapely legs once more, clad in Aristoc's clinging, dim-surfaced (but long-wearing!) silk. If she's gone all sensible and blue-stocking and you'd prefer her to look like the lady in our picture — GIVE HER SOME ARISTOC, and see how these lovely silk stockings will revive her dress-sense.

If she's still deliciously feminine (like the lovely lady in our picture) — SHE'LL ASK FOR ARISTOC ANYWAY. So why not read her thoughts and get them now?

With every pair of Aristoc you are entitled to a gay little Cartonette, all ready for the post. Just slip in the stockings, address, post, and then sit back and wait for a rapturous 'thank-you.'

Aristoc THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

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